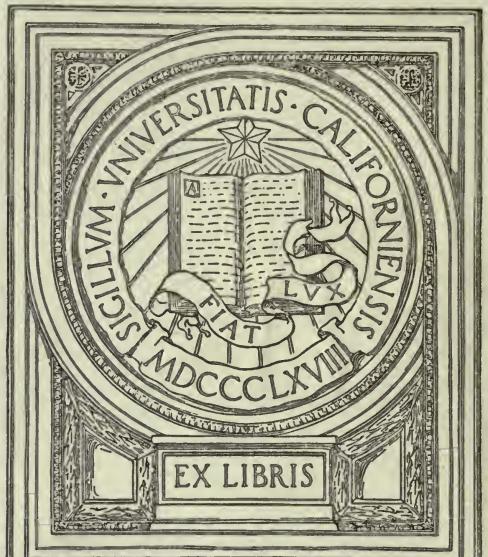
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A HAND-BOOK

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

INTENDED FOR THE

USE OF HIGH SCHOOLS,

AS WELL AS

A COMPANION AND GUIDE FOR PRIVATE STUDENTS,
AND FOR GENERAL READERS.

BY

FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, A. M.

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

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PREFACE.

When the first volume of the Hand-book of English Literature was published, some fifteen months ago, it was announced that a second volume, devoted to American authors, was nearly ready. But though the materials had been collected, the editor soon found it desirable to go over the ground again more thoroughly, and to consult original editions in all cases where it was practicable. The labor and perplexity involved in making the selections, and in furnishing biographical and critical notices, will hardly be over-estimated. Much of the labor led to no visible results; as, when a month's diligent reading sometimes failed to discover more than one or two authors that should be represented in the collection.

The rule of selection adopted, though clear as a general principle, is one that admits of some latitude in application, and has frequently led to results that were regretted by the editor. Writers of acknowledged genius are never very numerous, and it would be easy to make a *small* collection that would be considered judicious and fair. On the other hand, if it were desirable to make a new and complete cyclo-

pædia of our literature, the delicate choice between authors of nearly equal rank would be avoided. It appeared to the editor that a collection, to be useful for "high schools, private students, and general readers," should be fuller than an anthology, and should exhibit historically the growth of literature in its various departments; but it was not considered necessary to include in its pages specimens from *every* author. This Hand-book is accordingly the result of a compromise, and is believed to contain as large a quantity of specimens from as large a number of leading and representative authors as could be printed in one convenient volume.

The age and capacity of those who are most likely to use the work have been kept in mind; and in consequence the editor has printed some extracts (especially from philosophic writers) which are not the highest specimens of the powers of their authors. From similar considerations some eminent metaphysicans have not been represented at all, and a large proportion of humorous and entertaining articles has been chosen.

Those who expect to find this a compilation of altogether fresh pieces will be disappointed. The best productions of American authors are almost tediously familiar. Our literature is like our edifices — so new that there is no chance for a forgotten closet, a cobwebbed garret, or a dark, vaulted cellar. There is very little here to reward the labors of the literary antiquary. In England, where five centuries of accumulations fill the libraries, the case is different, and there is room for variety in strictly historical collections of prose and verse.

A friend who looked over the proof sheets of this volume objected to the insertion of Poe's Raven, because it had

appeared in every previous collection, and was thoroughly worn out. The conversation that followed will serve to illustrate further the general principle of selection that has been referred to.

Put in Socratic form, it stands thus: Is Poe an author who should be included in the book? Decidedly, yes. — Is he distinguished in poetry or in prose? Greatly in both. — First, as to his poetry, is not The Raven his most striking poem? Certainly. — And shall not the new generations have the best poem of each author to read when it is practicable to print it? I suppose they should. — Is the fact, then, that readers of the present generation have grown weary of its iteration a reason for omitting it? Probably not. — *Must* it not have a place in an historical compilation? Yes. — Next, as to his prose, what does the bulk of it consist of? Of tales, mostly of a marvellous kind. — Are any of them of proper length for this book? They are too long. — Are they separable? No; the interest is wholly in the development of the plot. — Are there any short episodes, either of description, of poetical sentiment, of human feeling, or of moral reflection, that could be taken so that each could stand by itself? None worth the space that would have to be taken from other more estimable writers of prose. — Then we shall allow The Raven, and one or two minor pieces, to represent Poe? Probably that will be best.

With this illustration the editor leaves the subject, and prefers, as to other cases, to imitate the reticence of the judge who declined to give his reasons for a decision he had made, saying he knew his law was right, although his reasons might be wrong. The editor would add that the results here presented, including the critical estimates of

authors, have been the subject of careful and conscientious study.

It will be noticed that a few poems are printed at the end of the collection without preliminary biographical notes. These are such productions as the editor was unwilling to omit, but were either from authors who had not written much else suited to his purpose, or from those whose standing has yet to be established.

The editor has made frequent use of Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature, Griswold's Prose Writers of America, and Drake's American Biography, and other collections, for dates and other matters of fact.

He desires further to acknowledge his obligations to Mr. William A. Wheeler, Assistant Superintendent of the Boston Public Library, for aid and advice in making researches; also to Mr. John S. White, Master in the Latin School, and to Dr. Thomas M. Brewer, for valuable notes.

BOSTON, July 15, 1872.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

THE history of literature in the United States is naturally divided into three periods, corresponding with the various stages of the political, commercial, and social progress of the country: 1. The colonial period, from the first settlements to near the middle of the eighteenth century; 2. The revolutionary period, from the first awakening of the spirit of independence to the successful issue of the struggle and the peaceful close of the administration of Washington; and 3. The period of national development in which we are now living.

For many and obvious reasons the colonial period was not favorable to literature. All the energies of the early settlers were expended in felling trees, providing shelter from the elements, procuring their daily food, and defending their families from the savages. There was no cessation from toil, no respite from danger. The grand scenery of the unbroken forests created no sentiment of admiration in the minds of the colonists. They were not landscapes to be mused upon in poetic reverie, but so many acres of stubborn *woods* to be chopped down and burned. The settler found the forest his enemy, as well as a shelter for his ambushed foes; and the feeling of hostility has been savagely kept up, as too many of our bare, windy hills and arid plains attest. The noble rivers, fringed with shrubs, through which the antlered deer pushed their way, were regarded less as mirrors of Nature's beauty than as obstructions to travel that required bridging. The painted warrior was not the picturesque figure of woodland romance, as in the novels of later days, but a demon with a torch, tomahawk, and scalping-knife.

There was little scope for the imagination, as an element of literature, in the midst of an all-pervading fear. The few letters sent to friends in Old England, the preachers' notes for Sabbath discourses, and the homely annals kept by secretaries and magistrates, were the principal intellectual performances for a generation. Not that there was any lack of ability and learning among the colonists. The settlers of Boston, in particular, had many well-educated men among their number; but only the clergy had leisure for literary culture, and they were, for the most part, so much occupied with the duties of their calling, that they wrote very few books of general interest. It was truly a "church militant" that ruled in the infant colonies. Controversy was the means and end of education. The very air shivered with theological subtilty. The feet of the doubter or the debater (on the wrong side) were sooner or later made acquainted with the stocks, or with the lonely ways that led away from Christian homes into the depths of the unpitying wilderness, or the haunts of the white man's pitiless foe.

The department of dramatic literature, at that time the most prolific of any in the language, was avoided and reprobated by the Puritans. The stage was regarded as unchristian, and all its literature was under ban. Prose fiction had not then been created. Science was but just awaking from the sleep of centuries, and the powerful influence it was to exert on letters was then unsuspected. A little reflection will show that these causes were sufficient to confine the efforts of writers in a comparatively narrow compass. And it is not to be forgotten that religion had a constant and an overwhelming interest, especially with educated men, so that all other topics seemed trivial and barren in comparison.

Therefore let us be just to the memory of the fathers. They had their task, and they accomplished it. Let us own that the very unloveliness of their temper, the severity of their discipline, and their disdain of sentiment, were indispensable to the great work of founding the colonies on an enduring basis; and that if they had come here to indite poems and romances, to dream of Utopias and Arcadias, and to dance around Maypoles, their mention in history would have been

a brief one, and their place in the respect of mankind far different from what it now is.

There were other influences unfavorable to the growth of literature, which affected not only New England, but the other colonies as well. There were few libraries, scanty means for the communication of ideas, and a want of literary centres. These indispensable elements could come only with the accumulation of wealth, the establishment of social order, and the opportunity for leisure. But the greatest obstacle was in the very condition of the people as colonists. They were Englishmen, but without a country. They had left the society, traditions, and history which made them proud of their lineage, and they had nothing, so far, as a substitute for these sources of inspiration.

Daniel Webster, speaking of the British empire, said, "She has dotted the whole surface of the globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." But where in that majestic round will you find any English literature in any colony that is still a colony, which does not depend upon the favorable judgment of English critics, and derive its support from the inhabitants of the British isles?

"Who reads an American book?" was the scornful question that was asked about us some forty years ago by Sydney Smith; but who has seen or read the literature of Montreal, Quebec, or Halifax? of Calcutta or Bombay? of Melbourne, Cape Town, Dunedin, or Hong Kong? Whatever buds of genius appear in those distant outposts of British civilization are transplanted to bloom in the heart of the empire. Literature, like the vine, requires something stable to cling to, and grows greenest when it adorns the structures and institutions that are venerable for their antiquity or for their patriotic associations.

Our early literature is interesting only to antiquarians and students of church history: there were few books written in America during the seventeenth century which the readers of our day, espe-

cially the younger ones, would peruse, except as a task. This is set down with a knowledge of the value of Winthrop's Journal and Letters, of Bradford's History of the Plymouth Colony, of Wood's New England Prospect, of Cotton Mather's laborious ecclesiastical history, of Ward's quaint pamphlet, and some other works, as foundations.

The first book printed in America was the Bay Psalm Book, compiled by the apostle Eliot, aided by Rev. Richard Mather and Rev. Thomas Weld. The work was done by Stephen Daye, in 1640, at Cambridge, on a press set up in the president's house. He was remembered for his work by the government. In the Records of the Colony, December, 1641, may be seen an order in these words: "Stephen Daye, being the first that set upon printing, is allowed three hundred acres of land where it may be convenient, without prejudice to any town." Not much can be said in favor of the poetry of the Bay Psalm Book. The verses have but little grace, and less melody. As a sample of

"The stretchéd metre of an antique song,"

we give some lines, in which David bewails his desolate condition.

From Psalm lxxxviii.

Thy fierce wrath over mee doth goe,
thy terrors they doe mee diſmay,
Encompaſſe mee about they doe,
cloſe mee together all the day.
Lover & friend a far thou haſt
removed off away from mee,
& mine acquaintance thou haſt caſt
into darkſom obſcuritee.

From Psalm civ.

For beaſts hee makes the graſſe to grow,
herbs alſo for mans good:
that hee may bring out of the earth
what may be for their food:

Wine alſo that mans heart may glad,
& oyle their face to bright:
and bread which to the heart of man
may it ſupply with might.
Gods trees are ſappy: his plantéd
Cedars of Lebanon:
Where birds doe neſt: as for the Storke,
Firres are her manſion.
The wilde Goates refuge are the hills:
rocks Conies doe incloſe.
The Moone hee hath for ſeaſons ſet,
the Sun his ſetting knows.

Not more than half a dozen copies of the original edition of this book are known to be extant.

The Journal and Letters of Governor Winthrop are more interesting in matter and more simple and effective in manner than any works that have been preserved of this period. The Journal is at once a history of the church, town, and colony. We give a short specimen from his defence, made after the election of Governor Thomas Dudley.

"The great questions that have troubled the country, are about the authority of the magistrates and the liberty of the people. It is yourselves that have called us to this office, and, being called by you, we have our authority from God, in the way of an ordinance, such as hath the image of God eminently stamped upon it, the contempt and violation whereof hath been vindicated with examples of divine vengeance. I entreat you to consider, that when you choose magistrates, you take them from among yourselves, men subject to like passions as you are. Therefore when you see infirmities in us, you should reflect upon your own, and that would make you bear the more with us, and not be severe censurers of the failings of your magistrates when you have continual experience of the like infirmities in yourselves and others."

His letters contain many beautiful passages. We print an extract from his farewell to his wife, when about starting to this country.

"It goeth very near my heart to leave thee; but I know to whom I have committed thee, even to him who loves thee much better than

any husband can, who hath taken account of the hairs of thy head, and puts all thy tears in his bottle, who can, and (if it be for his glory) will, bring us together again with peace and comfort. O, how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living! — that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in and beheld with so great content. . . . Yet if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thy heart. Neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy, nor any adversity deprive thee of thy husband or children. Therefore I will only take thee now and my sweet children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with my God. Farewell! farewell!

The "Simple Cobler of Aggawam," by the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, of Ipswich, written in 1645, and printed in London in 1647, is a production very characteristic of the times. It contains a satire upon the prevailing extravagance of women's dress (a theme not wholly obsolete yet), a furious attack upon the toleration of theological errors, some counsel to the English people upon the civil war then beginning, two or three vigorous and sensible letters to King Charles I., and various shots at the Baptists and lesser sectaries that disturbed the serenity of the colony. This is a sentence of his upon allowing freedom of religious opinions: —

"I dare averre that God doth no where in his word tolerate Christian States to give Tolerations to such adversaries of his Truth, if they have power in their hands to suppresse them."

Here is another sentence in the author's favorite style: "Truth does not grow old (*non senescit veritas*). No man ever saw a gray hair on the head or beard of any Truth, wrinkle or morphew on its face; the bed of Truth is green all the year long."

The title of the "Simple Cobler" is a misnomer, for the author is neither simple nor amusing, but is painfully pedantic; his sentences are crammed with Latin, and he delights in barbarous words of his own coining. In striving for wit he seldom gets farther than a play upon words. For example, read the following: —

"It is a more common than convenient saying, that nine Taylors make a man; it were well if nineteene could make a woman to her minde: if Taylors were men indeed, well furnished but with meer morall principles, they would disdain to be led about like Apes by such mymick Marmosets. It is a most unworthy thing for men that have bones in them to spend their lives in making fidle-cases for futilous womens phansies, which are the very pettitoes of infirmity, the gyblets of perquisquilian toyes."

But, in spite of all these evident blemishes, the "Simple Cobler" was a vigorous writer, with a power of clear statement, and no lack of forcible illustration.

One sentence of his shows that he appreciated the critic's function. In these days, when the bobolink is reproached because it is not an eagle, it may not be amiss to quote: "It is musick to me to heare every Dity speak its spirit in its apt tune; every breast to sing its proper part, and every creature to expresse itself in its naturall note; should I heare a Mouse roare like a Beare, a Cat lowgh like an Oxe, or a Horse whistle like a Redbreast, it would scare — mee."

Mistress Anne Bradstreet, daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley, and wife of Simon Bradstreet, secretary of the colony, wrote a volume of poems that was printed in 1647, and seems to have excited great admiration. Mrs. Bradstreet was a learned woman, and appears to have aimed at putting a compendium of what was known of history, philosophy, and religion, into ten-syllabled verse. First comes a dialogue between "the four elements" personified, Earth, Air, Fire, and Water; next, one between "the four humors" in the constitution of man, Choler, Blood, Melancholy, and Phlegm. Then appear "the four ages of man," "the four seasons of the year," and "the four monarchies of the world" (the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman). New and Old England next discourse together upon the civil war then arising between the king and the Commons; and then a collection of elegies and epitaphs ends the book.

It would seem that some discussion had taken place, even at that

early day, upon the proper sphere of woman, for Mistress Anne says, —

"I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits,
A poet's pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on Female wits:
If what I do prove well, it won't advance,
They'll say it's stol'n, or else it was by chance."

We print a few lines from "An Elegie upon that Honourable and renowned Knight, Sir Philip Sidney, who was untimely slain at the Siege of Zutphen, Anno 1586."

"When England did enjoy her Halsion dayes
Her noble *Sidney* wore the Crown of Bayes:
As well an honour to our *British* Land
As she that sway'd the scepter with her hand.
Mars and *Minerva* did in one agree,
Of Arms and Arts he should a pattern be,
Calliope with Terpsichore did sing,
Of Poesie and of Musick he was King.

. . . . .

"O, brave *Achilles*, I wish some *Homer* would *
Engrave in Marble with Characters of gold
The valiant feats thou didst on *Flanders* coast,
Which at this day fair *Belgia* may boast.
The more I say the more thy worth I stain,
Thy fame and praise are far beyond my strain.
O, *Zutphen*, *Zutphen*, that most fatal city,
Made famous by thy death, much more the pity:
Ah, in his blooming prime death pluckt this rose,
Ere he was ripe his thread cut *Atropos*."

It is quite needless to observe that Mrs. Bradstreet's poems are rather hard reading, and that the patient gleaner will find few blossoms among all the briery sheaves.

Let us turn to a great name in New England history — to Cotton Mather, who above all men was an epitome of the learning, the theological subtilty, the political opinions, and the credulity of the

* The rhyme would seem to indicate that the sound of l in "would" had not then become wholly silent.

age. His family might almost be called Levitical, since ten members of it within three generations were settled ministers of the gospel in Massachusetts. He was the son of a venerated clergyman, and may be said to have had his nurture and training in the sanctuary. His industry as a writer was amazing, his published works — chiefly sermons and memoirs — being three hundred and eighty-two in number. His principal work is commonly called the "Magnalia;" its full title is "Magnalia Christi Americana," the meaning of which is best expressed by a paraphrase, "the great things wrought by Christ for the American church." It contains a detailed account of the settlement of the New England colonies; lives of the governors, other magistrates, and clergy; the principal events in the Indian and French wars; a treatise upon special providences, including a great number of accounts of God's judgments by shipwreck, lightning, and sudden death, and narratives of the trials for witchcraft in Salem and elsewhere.

The general tone of the work makes a painful impression upon the mind; nor is the pervading gloom relieved by the intended amenities of style. Scraps of Latin, Greek, or Hebrew sprinkle nearly every page. Quotations of heathen poetry are forced into unhappy association with polemical theology, in a way almost to recall Virgil and his fellow Romans from the shades to claim their own. And the narration, though intelligible enough, often hobbles along until the reader fancies himself jolting over some of the dreadful roads that crossed the ancient wilderness. After the fashion of the time he indulges in never-ending quibbles and puns. In his controversy with Mr. Calef he must shorten his name to *calf*. In mentioning President Oakes he hopes he will be transplanted to the heavenly pasture, and he speaks of the students under him as young Druids. Three clergymen came over in the same vessel, named Cotton, Hooker, and Stone. Mather said the people had now something for each of their three great necessities — *Cotton* for their clothing, *Hooker* for their fishing, and *Stone* for their building. He afterwards calls the latter a *gem*, then a *flint*, and then a *lode stone*. In

the epitaph upon Francis Higginson the passer-by is admonished to be of this order of *Franciscans*. In the life of Ralph Partridge we see him hunted by Episcopal beak and claw upon the mountains until he makes a *flight* to America.

As Cotton Mather was a man of uncommon ability and learning, it is a matter of some difficulty to state the reasons why he occupies a place so much lower in literary than in ecclesiastical annals. What is said of him will apply, with some qualification, to other writers of his time. Parables, emblems, and metaphors were the prevailing fashion, both in England and America. To use this pictorial style effectively and with taste, requires an instinctive judgment and sense of the fitness of things which few men in a generation possess. Speakers and writers who are in the habit of employing figurative language, are apt to leave sentences with lame conclusions, because it is not every illustration that can be carried out to a symmetrical close. The image that rises to the mind is often like that seen by the prophet in vision, of which though the countenance was golden, the feet were of clay.

Michael Wigglesworth was the author of The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment, with a short Discourse about Eternity, and other pieces. This work was very successful at the time, owing more to the subject and to the religious character of the colonists than to the merit of the verses. The style is rugged and tasteless, and if we should give any specimens, even the best, it might be considered as tending to bring sacred things into ridicule.

Wood's New England Prospect is a lively description of the country and its resources, written in both prose and verse. It hardly belongs to our literature, as the author printed it in London in 1634, after a very brief residence in the colony, and it is doubtful whether he ever returned here.

There were many learned and able men among the New England clergy, such as Thomas Hooker, Thomas Shepard, John Eliot, and John Cotton; but their works belong to the history of theology.

The Plymouth Colony was even less fruitful in literature than the

Colony of the Bay. The latter had a very large number of graduates of old Cambridge and Oxford among its magistrates and clergy. But if the settlers of Plymouth were less educated, they were more tolerant, charitable, and amiable. The annals of the Old Colony were written by its governor, William Bradford; later, Nathaniel Morton wrote New England's Memorial, based on Bradford's History, and including contemporary elegies and anecdotes. Roger Williams, who has the honor of being the first advocate of liberty of conscience, was the author of controversial tracts only.

The peculiar genius of the Puritans seems to have attained its highest development in Jonathan Edwards, who was born in East Windsor, Conn., in 1703, graduated at Yale College, and settled as preacher in Northampton, Mass. He was an original metaphysician, equal in sustained power and in clear-sightedness to any modern investigator. His works are masterpieces of abstract reasoning, written for thinkers, and are as abstruse and technical as treatises upon the higher mathematics.

Thomas Hutchinson was the author of a History of Massachusetts during the period from 1620 to 1691 — a very well written, and, in the main, trustworthy work. It was based upon original memoirs, and is regarded as an authority, but, further than that, it calls for no special mention.

In any just account of our literature, the influence of Harvard College must have a prominent place. Founded in 1636 as a seminary for religious teachers, it shared the poverty of the New England colonies in their day of small things; but it grew with their growth, and was ready to act its part on the larger field which spread with the increase of wealth and the demand for higher culture. For the first century its standard of scholarship was not very high, but its influence was constant and cumulative. By the end of the eighteenth century there was an army of its graduates in the learned professions, and every one communicated something of the spirit of his *alma mater* to the society of his neighborhood. Later came Yale, William and Mary, Princeton, and Union Colleges, all centres of active influences.

The literary history of the Colony of Virginia does not begin until a later period. The story of its discovery and early settlement was written by the famous Captain John Smith, who was not permanently identified with its interests, but returned to England. A few expatriated Englishmen of a classical turn amused themselves by making Latin translations, that afterwards appeared in London ; but there was no printing press to strike off, no booksellers to publish, no public to read or enjoy literature, in Virginia. Bancroft, under the date of 1674, says, "The generation now in existence were chiefly the fruit of the soil ; they were children of the woods, nurtured in the freedom of the wilderness, and dwelling in lonely cottages, scattered along the streams. No newspapers entered their houses ; no printing press furnished them a book. They had no recreations but such as Nature provides in her wilds, no education but such as parents in the desert could give their offspring."

Elsewhere the historian mentions the boast of the governor, Sir William Berkeley, that there was not a printing press in all Virginia.

In Pennsylvania there was liberty of the press, but the influence of Quakerism was even less favorable to literature than Puritanism had been. And, besides, there was no college like Harvard in Penn's otherwise thriving colony.

In New York the mixed origin of the people, the succession of conflicting governments, and other circumstances, kept back the development of literature until a comparatively recent period.

With the growing discontent of the colonies, the literature of the eighteenth century began to assume a new phase. Those who were engaged in manufactures and commerce began to demand freedom of action. The clergy, except the members of the English church, were universally active in resisting the royal claims over the colonies. The sense of wrong indited petitions to Parliament, and stimulated discussion upon the duties of rulers and the rights of their subjects. Slowly new theories were evolved. Some thinkers, like Jefferson and Paine, had pondered over the doctrines of Rousseau and other French philosophers. Others, like Franklin, Quincy, Otis, and the Adamses, had been applying the reasoning of Hamp-

den and the English patriots to the case of the colonies. It was a period of great intellectual activity, but of activity directed exclusively to one subject. Of general literature, whether history, essay, poem, or story, the country was almost barren. Besides the works of a few well-known writers, and the printed sermons (of which great numbers doubtless remain in country parsonages for future explorers), the intellectual efforts of the period were entirely ephemeral. Not a line of the brilliant speeches of James Otis remains; not a syllable of the eloquence of Patrick Henry; none of the massive arguments of John Adams. The energies of men were spent in action. The fancies of the poet and the arts of the rhetorician were laid aside with the scholar's gown. Men lived poems, radiated eloquence, and exemplified philosophy.

The cause of liberty in America was indebted probably more to Thomas Paine than to any writer of the time. His Common Sense, which was published in January, 1776, says Dr. Rush, "burst upon the world with an effect which has rarely been produced by types and paper, in any age or country." In December, of the same year, when the utmost depression prevailed, the first number of his Crisis appeared. The first sentence has been "familiar in our mouths as household words" ever since: "These are the times that try men's souls." This was read at the head of every regiment, and revived the drooping spirits of the troops. The impartial historian must declare that liberty owes nearly as much to the courageous advocacy of Paine as to the military services of Washington.

Unless we feel an interest in the causes that led to the revolutionary war, and in the arguments by which the patriotic fathers upheld their action, we shall not need to dwell long on this period. As in all times of excitement, ballads, songs, and versified gibes were quite plenty, and those who are fond of this species of literature will find a collection of them in Duyckinck's Cyclopædia. Besides these, there were the verses of Phillis Wheatley, a negro woman, sold as a slave, and educated in Boston, — verses that were remarkable considering the birth and education of

the authoress, but of little positive value to-day. There was one other author who has some claims upon our consideration — Philip Freneau. He was an active, not to say virulent, political writer, and the author of many poems. His prose works are no longer interesting, and his poems have been so completely eclipsed in later times that they are seldom read. The Indian Burying Ground, on page 593, contains the best lines we have been able to find in his poems.

Mention should be made of Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, a man of brilliant parts, devoted to his chosen pursuits, and a master of a beautiful style of writing. He will always share the regard of the world with his great contemporary, Audubon.

The Federalist is the name of a series of papers, written chiefly by James Madison and Alexander Hamilton, upon the Constitution of this country. The work is an invaluable one to lawyers and statesmen, and should not be overlooked by the student of history.

The prominent novelist of the last century was Charles Brockden Brown, born in Philadelphia in 1771. He was a man of unquestioned ability, and will have a place in all histories of our literature. His novels, however, are formed upon the model of William Godwin's Caleb Williams, and, though powerful and absorbing in interest, are at the same time repulsive to the last degree. The hero is always involved in the meshes of fate, either the witness or the victim of unspeakable atrocities, which no human foresight could avert. The influence of such morbid productions is neither exhilarating nor improving, and for that reason we have made no extracts from them in this volume, but refer the reader to the cyclopædias.

William Clifton, born in Philadelphia in 1772, was possessed of fine poetical powers, and has left many agreeable poems, which barely miss excellence. In a larger collection he would be sure of a place.

There will always be a charm in the prose of Franklin; Jefferson will always have some readers, and students of history may pore over the writings of a few other contemporary authors; but our literature has its real beginning with BRYANT and IRVING. When Thanatopsis was printed in the North American Review, and The

Sketch Book was printed in New York, the day of commonplace rhymes, and of dull and pedantic essayists, was done.

It is proper, however, that we should mention the names of a few literary periodicals, which were published near the beginning of this century. They do not contain many articles of permanent value, but their influence was powerful in moulding the public taste, and in preparing the way for the authors who were to follow. Among the first, and by far the best, of these early magazines, was The Farmer's Museum, established in Walpole, N. H., in 1793, by Isaiah Thomas and David Carlisle. Among its early contributors was Joseph Dennie, a native of Boston, and a graduate of Harvard College, who in 1796 became the responsible editor, and who called to his aid a circle of the brighest wits and best writers of the time. Royal Tyler, Thomas G. Fessenden, David Everett, and Isaac Story were among the corps. Dennie, among other things, wrote a series of pleasant essays, entitled The Lay Preacher, which were very much admired. In 1799 he removed to Philadelphia, and the next year commenced a literary periodical in that city called The Port Folio, edited by Oliver Oldschool. This was devoted to *belles lettres* and criticism, and was addressed wholly to cultivated readers. It contained elaborate treatises upon the poems of Gray and others, and many of the poems and epigrams printed in its columns were in French or Spanish. Thomas Moore, who was then living in the United States, contributed original poems for its pages. Dennie died about the end of the year 1811, but The Port Folio was continued under the management of other editors until 1827. The essays of The Lay Preacher were collected in a volume published at Walpole in 1796, and another edition appeared in Philadelphia in 1817; but the work has now fallen into almost total neglect.

There was an earlier venture, the American Museum, started in Philadelphia, in 1787, by Matthew Carey, an Irish emigrant. This was a meritorious and useful periodical, but could hardly be styled literary. It was a repository of old and new matter, chiefly designed for the instruction of the people in domestic economy and in their practical duties under the new constitution. The editor, among

other things, reprinted Thomas Paine's Common Sense, Trumbull's McFingal, and a rather tedious poem by David Humphreys. The undertaking appears to have had the valuable aid of Benjamin Franklin and of Dr. Benjamin Rush. The Museum was continued until 1799.

Another magazine was published in Philadelphia from 1803 to 1808, conducted, with considerable ability, by the celebrated novelist, Charles Brockden Brown. It was called The Literary Magazine and American Register. In 1813 The Analectic Magazine was commenced in Philadelphia, remembered chiefly as being edited by Washington Irving. This was mainly a compilation from foreign sources, although Irving wrote for it several able critical articles and biographies of naval commanders.

Isaiah Thomas, already mentioned in connection with The Farmer's Museum, published The Massachusetts Magazine from 1789 to 1796.

In New York, in 1811, was published The American Review, edited by Robert Walsh. This was the first quarterly established in this country. It continued for two years only.

One other magazine in this period deserves mention, and that is The Monthly Anthology, issued in Boston from 1803 to 1811. It was founded by a club (first of the series of Mutual Admiration Societies of the city) purely for the love of literature. It was conducted without reward, and the printer was magnanimously paid by the contributors. It numbered among its members Rev. William Emerson, father of the essayist and poet, Judge William Tudor, author of the Life of James Otis, Rev. William E. Channing, the famous preacher and essayist, Richard H. Dana, the poet, Dr. J. C. Warren, Dr. James Jackson, Dr. J. S. J. Gardiner, and others. To this club Boston owes the Athenæum Library, and Gallery. There are valuable critical and didactic articles in the Anthology, but it would not be considered a very brilliant magazine in our day. We give an extract from a poem by Thomas Paine (not the Thomas of the Age of Reason and the Rights of Man, but a Boston Thomas, who afterwards had his name changed to Robert Treat Paine, Jr.,

because he had not, he said, a *Christian* name). The poem was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge in 1797, and the reviewer in the Anthology, without rating it very high, considered that the poem, on the whole, was the best that had been written in the country at that time.

[From The Ruling Passion.]

"To fame unknown, to happier fortune born,
The blythe SAVOYARD hails the peep of morn;
And while the fluid gold his eye surveys,
The hoary GLACIERS fling their diamond blaze;
GENEVA's broad lake rushes from its shores,
ARVE gently murmurs and the rough RHONE roars.
'Mid the cleft ALPS his cabin peers from high,
Hangs o'er the clouds and perches on the sky.
O'er fields of ice, across the headlong flood,
From cliff to cliff he bounds in fearless mood.
While, far beneath, a night of tempest lies,
Deep thunder mutters, harmless lightning flies;
While far above, from battlements of snow,
Loud torrents tumble on the world below;
On rustic reed he wakes a merrier tune
Than the lark warbles on the '*Ides of June.*'
Far off let Glory's *clarion* shrilly swell;
He loves the music of his *pipe* as well.
Let shouting millions crown the hero's head,
And PRIDE her tessellated pavement tread;
More happy far, this denizen of air
Enjoys what NATURE condescends to spare;
His days are jocund, undisturbed his nights;
His *spouse* contents him, and his *mule* delights."

A few years later, in 1815, the North American Review was commenced. It was conducted mainly by the coterie that had maintained the Anthology. The country had become independent and prosperous. Public and private libraries were doing their silent but prodigious work. The tone of public sentiment was hopeful and patriotic. The Review became a leader of public opinion, and promoted the interests of learning and the development of taste. When we remember that most of its early contributors have been active

men within the memory of the present generation, and that one of them, Richard H. Dana, Sen., still survives with unimpaired faculties, we shall be sensible of the short space of time in which the bulk of our literature has been created. The venerable Review also survives, like an ancient line-of-battle ship, with a record of brilliant service, and not wholly superseded by the swifter craft of modern build.

Let us not be misunderstood. All the libraries and learning, all the literary clubs and reviews in the world can never produce a work of genius; but they create a literary atmosphere in which genius is nourished; they attract authors and artists to literary centres; and many minds are brought through these influences to a consciousness of their own powers.

As we have before mentioned, Bryant is the first of our poets, and Irving of our prose writers. From the time of their appearance the enumeration of our authors becomes more difficult, and we can mention only a few conspicuous names. With all our disadvantages, and in spite of the absence of an international copyright law, our literary fields show abundant culture and fruit. We are inclined to think that this is our Elizabethan age, and that the names of our chief poets will be hereafter remembered as the constellation of the nineteenth century. Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and Emerson are already classic on both sides of the Atlantic, and have their assured place in history. There are many others who, if they do not eventually come into the first rank, will have affectionate remembrance. Among novelists and romancers the world will not forget Cooper, Hawthorne, nor Mrs. Stowe. Prescott, Motley, and Parkman are secure for this age in the fields of their historic labors. The classic oratory of Webster, Everett, Wirt, Calhoun, and Sumner will only perish with the history of their times. Future generations, we like to believe, will turn over the pages of many of our brilliant essayists with the delight we feel in the fancies of Lamb and Leigh Hunt.

In literature, as in life, there is an ever-moving procession. At the most we can give only an instantaneous view of living writers and their

works, and before the picture can be prepared for exhibition we may find the grouping and perspective all wrong. Immature geniuses have begun to dwindle, and some venerable reputations to grow dim; monuments fondly thought to be more enduring than bronze have begun to crumble; the wisdom we reverenced is growing obsolete, and the humor we relished has gone, like the expression from poor Yorick's skull; while new men with strange names are coming to take the leading places without the least consideration for the elders whom they crowd into the background. Even while we write, and before the printer has done his work, new poems, new histories, and new travels may be appearing, which will totally disarrange the best-considered estimates of contemporary literature. Some author, inconspicuous hitherto, may blaze with a new and unexpected lustre. The attraction of some great genius may draw the thoughts and emotions of men into new channels, and leave our present favorites in hopeless neglect — until the turn of the tide.

The booksellers tell us that the lifetime of books does not exceed thirty years. (We do not refer to novels and tales, which the public expects fresh daily, like muffins.) It will be in vain to look on their shelves to-day for a volume bearing the date of 1840, unless it is one of the few that have become classic, in which case it will be catalogued as Vol. — of the Complete Works of ——. If it were only the worthless books that are whelmed in oblivion, there would be some satisfaction in the sure though slow vengeance which overtakes dulness and pretension. But there are notable exceptions. The reader of this volume will find on pages 378–9 several poems that are imaginative, thoughtful, and delicately wrought. It will be surprising, perhaps, to learn that he cannot find a copy of the volume from which they were taken in any bookstore in America. There are numerous instances of the same kind in this collection, well known to those who have made a study of the subject, — instances which furnish some justification for the existence of Hand-books.

With these reflections in mind we are willing to abandon the task we had proposed, of making a preliminary survey of contemporary literature. It will perhaps be sufficient if we make some observa-

tions upon the character and tendencies of the current thought and the prevailing style of the time.

It is obvious that our literature has to a great extent adopted the thought and reflected the changing taste of the mother country. Every English master has been acknowledged here as faithfully as in London. A collection of our articles in chronological order, whether in prose or verse, will hardly need any marginal dates, since the style will enable us to fix the period to which it belongs. Even to this day the independence of this country has not been achieved as far as literature is concerned. Admirable works in many departments have been written here, and a feeling of nationality is beginning to penetrate literary classes; but we have not produced a half dozen authors who are not almost wholly indebted to English models. All the stately, heroic lines of the provincial period, as well as the poems for college anniversaries, still in vogue, are so many tributes to Pope. The Lay Preacher, by Dennie, and the Letters of a British Spy, by Wirt, were only heartfelt acknowledgments to the Addisonian essayists. Wordsworth, without being directly imitated (which, considering his occasional tendency to prosiness, is fortunate), has strongly influenced most of our poets. New York gave its homage to Byron in Willis's Lady Jane, and in Halleck's Fanny, and in Marco Bozzaris; and lately a new echo of his ringing verse comes from Californian sierras. Were Tennyson to claim his own laurels, many of our bards would find their brows as bare as Cæsar's. But this is an ungracious theme.

One thing more should be said, however; and that is, our great indebtedness to English scholarship seems likely to continue. While education is more generally diffused in the United States, conspicuous scholarship is far more frequent in England. Literary labor is poorly paid in this country, unless one is willing to become a buffoon, or has an alacrity in sinking to the level of "sensational" writing. It is the demand for *cheap* books that has made the profession of authorship a beggarly one; and until literature as a profession is remunerative, it will not retain the best minds permanently in its service. The few men of genius — half a dozen in a genera-

tion — will write because they must, and they will have their reward. But the maintenance of a national literature requires the coöperation of a great body of men of talent, and these are left to starve in this country in the present state of affairs. As long as the results of an English scholar's labor can be imported and used without payment, the American scholar can find no market in his own country. Two thirds of all our reviewing, condensing, translating, and other literary work, are done for us in England. This transfers the power and influence also. We shall some time learn that if we are ever to have a national literature we must make the condition of a professional literary class comfortable and honorable by providing that an author's property in his works shall be acknowledged and guarantied between the nations.

The progress of events has greatly changed the character of modern literature. The great discoveries in physical science have not only given birth to an immense number of special treatises, but have affected our thinking, supplied us with new words for the new ideas, and furnished illustrations for philosophers and poets. Our essayists, preachers, and lecturers have resources at hand which the fathers of our literature had never dreamed of. And while investigation has been silently pointing out the errors of the past, and building our knowledge on sure foundations, the experiments of natural philosophers, — as in spectrum-analysis, for instance, — and the observations of astronomers, have been de-magnetizing our common figures of speech (once suited to the world's childhood) and raising our conceptions of the grandeur of the universe. The mind deals with vaster measures of space and time, and man has thereby grown in intellectual and moral stature. And as thought has expanded, so language, the instrument of thought, or rather its *body*, has had a corresponding development. Whoever shall write a great poem hereafter will have at his hand virtually a new and living vocabulary. The reënforced and perfected language, like an armory of burnished weapons, old and new, waits for the master, who can display its accumulated stores.

Another influence, which is slowly but powerfully affecting our

literature, is the doctrine of equality in political affairs and economic relations. The point of separation between us and the English people is where democracy and Christianity meet in asserting the rights of man *as man* against prescription and the accidents of birth. As long as we are loyal to the ideas on which our government rests, the ideas which alone give us an individuality among nations, which have cast out slavery and left the republic firm, and which are to overthrow all other intrenched privileges of special classes, we can look forward hopefully to the development of a national character, and of a national literature in harmony with it.

A change in the observer's point of view is a very important fact. And it is clear that if the experiment of free government is to be permanently successful, much of the history as well as the political and moral philosophy of the world must be re-written for us. It is one thing that the issue of a battle shall bring a nation of peasants, united and content, to the foot of one man exalted on a throne, and quite another that the same people shall gain by their own swords the right to be greatly free, to be educated for their responsibilities, and to enter upon the illimitable career of progress. The beliefs of the historian and the faith of the bard will color, if not wholly control, their accounts of such a struggle and their celebration of the victory. We have therefore a right to expect from our authors that they shall be animated by a spirit in harmony with our national ideas, and by a faith in the future of our institutions. Without this, there is not even a beginning for a national literature. Kings and courts may interest us like mediæval castles, but the philosophical American will think more of his forty million fellow sovereigns, and of the influences which are to make them fit rulers over themselves. In this view the ideal historian is not only an impartial observer, but a believer in humanity, and in the perfectibility of institutions for humanity's sake. History will be the record of the progress of ideas, of the gradual elimination of error and wrong, and so a prophecy of ultimate justice and tranquillity.

In looking over the body of modern literature we notice the absence of dramatic works. A little over two hundred years ago the

noblest poetry, the profoundest views of life, the wisest maxims of statesmanship, as well as the most masterly studies of character, were to be found in plays. The theatre degenerated as education became more general, and poetry was gradually superseded by prose in dramatic literature. The last classical plays were Talfourd's, unless we except Lord Lytton's Richelieu; and The Lady of Lyons was about the last of the sentimental class. Plays are still written by scholars; the plays of Epes Sargent, George H. Boker, and of George H. Calvert, in this country, are admirable compositions. But acting dramas are no longer a part of literature. A new Shakespeare could not get a play represented on the modern stage unless it were a melodrama or a burlesque. Even then, the manager at the first rehearsal would cut out every speech on which the dramatist prided himself, every gem of sentiment and epigrammatic turn, every flower of song. "To be or not to be," "What a piece of work is man!" "Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," "All the world's a stage," would be found as so many scraps of paper in the waste-basket. A play, being no longer a literary work, is "reduced," as in fractions, "to its lowest terms." Action is the thing; and as a ship of war that had before moved on in beauty, a stately pile of canvas towers, now, when the enemy nears, takes in her light sails, sends down her slender spars, and strips to fighting trim, so the serious play, to suit the impatient temper of audiences, is shorn of its graces and its fine sentiments, and is made a mere exhibition of the conflict of human passions in their most tumultuous form. The most inveterate of play-goers may be safely challenged to repeat a single line from any modern work that has delighted him. He may recall an attitude or a tableau, but not a sentence worth remembering.

Once, for the pensive Milton, —

> "gorgeous Tragedy
> In sceptred pall came sweeping by;"

now, it is an infuriated being with skirts and sleeves tucked up, rushing across the stage and brandishing a butcher's knife.

The novel has gained in character and influence as much as the drama has lost. The demand for entertainment seems rather to

have grown with the world's growth, until now it is certain that the genius of our century has found its highest expression in prose fiction. The novel, as well as literature in general, has shared in the increased refinement of manners and elevation of moral tone. It is no longer true that the better class of novels minister to impure tastes, or are calculated to give false views of life. Public sentiment will not tolerate any work that is not free from immoral tendencies; and although multitudes of weak and frivolous novels, and a great many of questionable tendencies, still find readers, yet the current is daily stronger in favor of those works in which purity of character and noble aims in life are inculcated.

Rightly viewed, the ideal novel is a creation of a high order. The opportunity it offers to a man of genius is practically without limit. So long as the author can hold his readers by their interest in the unfolding of his story, he can give time to studies of character, to lively sketches of manners, to historical scenes, or to discussions upon letters, philosophy, or art. Some of the most brilliant and suggestive writing of our times, worthy of the first essayists and thinkers, may be found interspersed in the pages of modern novels.* The authors of these works naturally represent all shades of opinions; the various religious sects as well as the schools of philosophy and politics have all pressed fiction into their service. But we can learn the character and doctrinal drift of such works through the newspapers and reviews, and can then make choice of such fiction for our entertainment as will be in harmony with our settled convictions, and can advise the young and inexperienced to avoid those which are calculated to disseminate false principles or low views of duty. It is true in this department of literature as in the arena of philosophic controversy, that error can be safely tolerated as long as truth is left free to combat it.

The judicious public will not understand us as approving the indiscriminate and continual reading of novels to which so many young people are addicted. Used at proper intervals, and only for relaxa-

* The reader is referred to the admirable work on Books and Reading, by President Noah Porter, of Yale College.

tion and amusement, a well-written and high-toned novel, especially of the historical kind, has a most favorable influence upon the faculties — restoring elasticity and freshness after study, filling the mind with noble images, tending to the improvement of the taste, and aiding in the acquirement of a fluent and effective style, both in writing and speaking.

It is too soon yet to characterize the style and to apprehend clearly the tendencies of our time. We can say in general that what is truly excellent, and is likely to endure, is so from its basis of thought and from its accord with the immutable laws of nature and of man. If we are sure of anything, it is that the popularity which is established upon a trick of expression, or an insincerity of any kind, is short lived. The world has done with imaginary woes, and with fictitious sentiment of all hues, from blue to rosy. That life is real and earnest is as true in the domain of imagination as in the world of fact. Among our younger writers, and in certain periodicals, the prevailing tendencies are not altogether healthy. There is still an impression among many readers that sentences made up of hints and suggestions ; sentences stuck over with pet epithets, until they have an enamelled look ; sentences that are constructed with a view to make the thought stammer and hesitate, — are models of good taste. It is especially true in Boston, and perhaps in other cities, that there is a tendency, common to literary, pictorial, and musical art, as well as in the manners and speech of "society," which controls the taste and shapes the productions of the time. This is the influence which makes a goose waddling under a scraggy willow (by a French brook) a better subject for a landscape painter than the Domes of the Yo Semite. This is the spirit which pronounces any direct and manly utterance vulgar, and prefers the *etching in* of a thought by some soft-voiced stammerer. The writer of this school is praised for his "delicate" traits of style, even though there may be scarcely a ripple of mirth, and never a gleam of wit on the placid stream of his prose.

This is the spirit which has made the art criticism of many of the newspapers contemptible ; which induces young authors

to strive for conceits, prettinesses, and affectations, and to consider a sentence beautiful only when, as Turner said of Guido's *Mater Dolorosa*, it is "polished to inanity." This is the spirit which in music prefers the nice form of expression to the thought itself; which sets the technical proficiency of the player and singer above the God-given feeling by virtue of which they are artists at all.

Traits of this kind are among the surest signs of intellectual decay. The student of English literature ought to be warned that not all the authors in a Hand-book are models for imitation; that extraneous characteristics of style are peculiar to each author, and cannot be put on by another like a second-hand garment; that solid thought and unaffected feeling are the things chiefly valuable in any literary composition, and that graces of manner, like those of the person, are most winning when unconsciously worn.

LIST OF WRITERS

IN VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF LITERATURE, NOT INCLUDED IN THIS COLLECTION.

ABBOTT, JACOB.	Author of Juvenile Miscel. Works.	1803–
ABBOTT, JOHN S. C.	Historian.	1805–
ADAMS, CHARLES FRANCIS.	Statesman and Diplomatist.	1807–
ADAMS, CHARLES FRANCIS, JR.	Political and Miscellaneous Writer.	
ADAMS, HANNAH.	Historian of the Jews.	1755–1831
ADAMS, JOHN.	Poet.	1704–1749
ADAMS, NEHEMIAH.	Theologian.	1806–
ADAMS, SAMUEL.	Political Writer.	1722–1803
ADAMS, WM. T. (Oliver Optic).	Tales and Travels.	1822–
AGASSIZ, LOUIS.	Geologist and Naturalist.	1807–
AINSLEE, HEW.	Poet.	1792–
ALCOTT, AMOS BRONSON.	Philosopher.	1799–
ALCOTT, LOUISA M.	Author of Tales and Sketches.	
ALCOTT, WILLIAM A.	Writer upon Hygiene.	1798–1859
ALDRICH, JAMES.	Poet.	1810–1856
ALEXANDER, ARCHIBALD.	Theologian.	1772–1851
ALEXANDER, JAMES WADDELL.	Theologian.	1804–1859
ALEXANDER, JOSEPH A.	Theologian.	1809–1860
ALEXANDER, STEPHEN.	Astronomer.	1806–
ALGER, WILLIAM R.	Theologian.	1822–
ALLEN, JOSEPH H.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1812–
ALLEN, WILLIAM.	Author of Biographical Dictionary.	1784–1868
ALLIBONE, S. AUSTIN.	Bibliographer.	1816–
ALSOP, RICHARD.	Poet.	1761–1815
AMORY, THOMAS C.	Biographer and Miscellaneous Writer.	
ANGELL, GEORGE T.	Jurist.	
ANTHON, CHARLES.	Editor of Classics.	1797–1867
ANTHON, JOHN.	Jurist.	1784–1863
ARMSTRONG, JOHN.	Historian and Biographer.	1758–1843
ARNOLD, GEORGE.	Poet.	–1865
ARTHUR, TIMOTHY S.	Author of Tales, &c.	1809–
AUSTIN, WILLIAM.	Essayist and Miscellaneous Writer.	1778–1841
BACHE, ALEXANDER DALLAS.	Physicist.	1806–1867
BACHE, FRANKLIN.	Medical and Scientific Writer.	1792–1864
BAIRD, ROBERT.	Theologian.	1798–1863
BAKER, GEORGE M.	Dramatist.	1832–
BALDWIN, JOHN D.	Historical Writer.	1810–
BALLOU, HOSEA.	Theologian.	1771–1852

Ballou, Maturin M.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1822–
Bancroft, Aaron.	Theologian and Annalist.	1755–1839
Barber, John W.	Historian.	1798–
Barnard, Henry.	Writer on Education.	1811–
Barnard, Jonathan G.	Writer on Military Science.	1815–
Barnes, Albert.	Theologian.	1798–1870
Bartlett, John Russell.	Philologist.	1805–
Bartlett, Joseph.	Poet and Satirist.	1762–1827
Bartol, Cyrus A.	Theologian.	1813–
Barry, John S.	Historian of Massachusetts.	1802–1870
Bartram, William.	Traveller.	1739–1823
Bedell, George T.	Theologian.	1793–1834
Beecher, Catherine E.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1800–
Beecher, Charles.	Theologian.	1810–
Beecher, Edward.	Theologian.	1804–
Beecher, Lyman.	Theologian.	1775–1863
Belknap, Jeremy.	Theologian, and Hist. of New Hamp.	1744–1798
Bellamy, Joseph.	Theologian.	1719–1790
Benjamin, Park.	Journalist and Poet.	1809–1864
Benton, Thomas H.	Annalist and Political Writer.	1782–1858
Bethune, George W.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1805–
Bigelow, Jacob.	Medical and Miscellaneous Writer.	1787–
Bigelow, John.	Journalist.	1817–
Biglow, William.	Poet and Journalist.	1773–1844
Blair, James.	Theologian.	1650–1743
Bleecker, Ann Eliza.	Poet.	1752–1783
Bonaparte, Charles Lucien.	Ornithologist.	1803–1857
Booth, Mary L.	Translator.	1831–
Botta, Anne C. (Lynch).	Poet.	
Bowditch, Nathaniel.	Mathematician.	1773–1838
Bowen, Francis.	Metaphysical and Historical Writer.	1811–
Bowles, Samuel.	Journalist.	1826–
Brace, Charles L.	Philanthropist.	1826–
Brackenridge, Henry M.	Political Writer.	1786–1871
Brackenridge, Hugh Henry.	Poet and Satirist.	1748–1816
Bradford, Alden.	Historian and Biographer.	1765–1843
Bradford, William.	Annalist.	1588–1657
Bradstreet, Anne.	Poet.	1612–1672
Brainerd, John G. C.	Poet.	1796–1828
Breckinridge, Robert J.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1800–
Briggs, Charles F.	Novelist and Miscellaneous Writer, about	1812–
Bristed, Charles Astor.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1820–
Brooks, Charles T.	Poet.	1813–
Brooks, James G.	Journalist.	1801–1841
Brooks, Maria (Gowen).	Poet.	1795–1845
Brown, Charles Brockden.	Novelist.	1771–1810
Browne, Chas. F. (Artemus Ward).	Humorist.	1834–1867
Browne, John Ross.	Traveller and Humorist.	1817–
Brownell, H. H.	Poet.	
Buckingham, Joseph T.	Journalist.	1779–1861
Buckminster, Joseph S.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1784–1812
Bulfinch, Stephen G.	Poet and Theologian.	1809–1870
Bulfinch, Thomas.	Miscellaneous.	1796–1867
Burleigh, William H.	Poet.	1812–1871

Burritt, Elihu.	Advocate of Peace, &c.	1811–
Bush, George.	Theologian.	1796–1859
Butler, William Allen.	Poet and Satirist.	1825–
Byles, Mather.	Poet and Theologian.	1706–1788
Byrd, William.	Narrator of Expedition in Virginia.	1674–1744
Cabot, J. Eliot.	Writer on Art.	
Caldwell, Charles.	Medical and Miscellaneous Writer.	1772–1853
Callender, John.	Annalist.	1707–1748
Calvert, George H.	Poet, Dramatist, and Essayist.	1803–
Campbell, Jacob.	Poet.	1760–1788
Canfield, Francesca A.	Poet.	1803–1823
Carey, Henry C.	Writer on Political Economy.	1793–
Carey, Matthew.	Political Writer.	1760–1839
Carter, Robert.	Journalist.	
Cary, Phœbe.	Poet.	1825–1871
Cass, Lewis.	Political Writer.	1782–1862
Chadbourn, Paul A.	Philosophical and Miscellaneous Writer.	
Channing, William H.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1810–
Chapin, Edwin H.	Theologian, &c.	1814–
Chase, Philander.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1775–1852
Cheever, George B.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1807–
Chesebro, Caroline.	Author of Tales, &c.	
Child, Francis J.	Miscellaneous Writer.	
Choules, John O.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1801–1856
Clap, Thomas	Pres. Yale Col., Math. and Writ. on Eth.	1703–1767
Clark, Willis G.	Editor and Poet.	1810–1841
Clarke, James Freeman.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1810–
Clarke, McDonald.	Poet.	1798–1842
Clifton, William.	Poet.	1772–1799
Clinton, De Witt.	Statesman and Political Writer.	1769–1828
Colden, Cadwalader.	Annalist and Natural Philosopher.	1688–1776
Collyer, Robert.	Theologian.	1823–
Colman, Benjamin.	Theologian and Poet.	1673–1747
Colman, Henry.	Agricultural Writer.	1785–1849
Colton, Calvin.	Biographical and Miscellaneous Writer.	1789–1859
Colton, Walter.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1797–1851
Cooke, John Esten.	Novelist and Biographer.	1830–
Cooke, Philip P.	Poet.	1816–1850
Cooper, Susan Fenimore.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1815–
Cooper, Thomas.	Natural Philosopher and Jurist.	1759–1839
Conrad, Robert T.	Dramatist.	1810–1858
Conway, Moncure D.	Miscellaneous Writer.	
Cotton, John.	Theologian.	1585–1652
Coxe, Arthur Cleveland.	Poet.	1818–
Coxe, Tench.	Political Economist.	1755–1824
Cozzens, Frederick S.	Author of Humorous Sketches.	1818–1869
Cranch, William.	Jurist.	1769–1855
Crevecœur, Hector St. John.	Author of Letters of an Am. Farmer.	1731–1813
Croswell, William.	Poet.	1804–1851
Cummins, Maria S.	Novelist.	1827–
Curtis, George T.	Jurist and Biographer.	1812–
Cushing, Caleb.	Jurist and Diplomatist.	1800–
Cutter, George W.	Poet.	–1865

Dana, Charles A.	Journalist.	1819–
Dana, James D.	Physicist.	1813–
Dane, Nathan.	Jurist.	1752–1835
Darlington, William.	Botanist.	1782–1863
Davidson, Lucretia M.	Poet.	1808–
Davidson, Margaret M.	Poet.	1823–1837
Davies, Charles,	Mathematician.	1798–
Davies, Samuel.	Theologian.	1723–1761
Davis, Matthew L.	Political Writer.	1766–1850
Dawes, Rufus	Poet.	1803–1859
Day, Jeremiah.	Mathematician and Metaphysician.	1773–1867
Deane, Charles.	Antiquarian.	1813–
Dearborn, Henry A. S.	Historical and Miscellaneous Writer.	1783–1851
De Bow, James D. B.	Journalist, &c.	1820 1867
De Mille, James.	Novelist.	
Dennie, Joseph.	Essayist.	1768–1812
Derby, George H.	Humorist.	1824–1861
De Vere, Maximilian Schele.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1820–
Dexter, Henry M.	Theologian.	1821–
Dickinson, Anna E.	Reformer.	1842–
Dickinson, John.	Political Writer.	1732–1802
Dillon, John B.	Historian.	1807–
Dix, John A.	Orator and Miscellaneous Writer.	1798–
Dowling, John.	Theologian.	1807–
Downing, Andrew J.	Landscape Gardener.	1815–1852
Drake, Daniel.	Medical and Historical Writer.	1785–1852
Drake, Samuel G.	Antiquarian.	1798–
Draper, Lyman C.	Annalist.	1815–
Drayton, William H.	Political Writer.	1742–1779
Drinker, Anna (Edith May).	Poet.	
Duffield, George.	Theologian.	1794–1868
Duganne, Augustine J. H.	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	1823–
Dunglison, Robley.	Medical Writer.	1798–1869
Dunlap, William.	Poet and Dramatist.	1766–1839
Dupuy, Eliza A.	Tales, &c.	
Durivage, Francis A.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1814–
Duyckinck, Evert A.	Ed. Cycl. Am. Lit.	1816–
Duyckinck, George L.	Ed. Cycl. Am. Lit.	
Dwight, Sereno E.	Theologian.	1786–1850
Dwight, Theodore.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1796–1866
Edwards, Bela B.	Theologian.	1802–1852
Edwards, Jonathan.	Theologian and Metaphysician.	1703–1758
Edwards, Tryon.	Theologian.	1809–
Eggleston, Edward.	Novelist.	
Elder, William.	Journalist and Miscellaneous Writer.	1809–
Eliot, John.	Translator of the Indian Bible.	1603–1690
Eliot, Samuel.	Historian, &c.	1821–
Ellet, Elizabeth F.	Novelist, &c.	1818–
Elliott, Charles.	Theologian.	1792–1869
Elliott, Charles W.	Historical Writer.	1817–
Elliott, Stephen.	Botanist and Miscellaneous Writer.	1771–1830
Elliott, William (of S. C.).	Miscellaneous Writer.	1788–1863
Ellis, George E.	Theological and Historical Writer.	1814–

Embury, Emma C.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1806–1863
England, John.	Theologian.	1786–1842
English, Thomas Dunn.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1819–
Evans, Augusta J.	Novelist.	1836–
Everett, David.	Journalist, &c.	1770–1813
Ewbank, Thomas.	Writer on Mechanics.	1792–1870
Fairfield, Sumner L.	Poet.	1803–1844
Fay, Theodore S.	Novelist, &c.	1807–
Fessenden, Thomas G.	Poet and Satirist.	1771–1837
Field, Henry M.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1822–
Finney, Charles G.	Theologian.	1792–
Flagg, Edmund.	Novelist.	1815–
Flagg, Wilson.	Writer on Natural History.	
Flanders, Henry.	Jurist.	
Flint, Austin.	Medical Writer.	1824–
Flint, Charles L.	Agricultural Writer.	1824–
Flint, Timothy.	Historian, Novelist, and Misc. Writer.	1780–1840
Folger, Peter.	Poet.	1617–1690
Follen, Charles.	Theologian, &c.	1796–1840
Follen, Eliza Lee.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1787–1860
Foster, Stephen C.	Song Writer.	1826–1864
Fowler, Orson S.	Phrenologist.	1809–
Francis, John W.	Medical and Miscellaneous Writer.	1789–1861
Frisbie, Levi.	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	1783–1822
Frothingham, Nathaniel L.	Poet and Theologian.	1793–1870
Frothingham, Richard, Jr.	Historian.	1812–
Fry, William H.	Musical and Miscellaneous Writer.	1815–1864
Fuller, Richard.	Theologian.	1804–
Furness, William H.	Theologian.	1802–
Gallagher, William D.	Poet.	1808–
Gallatin, Albert.	Statesman and Political Writer.	1761–1849
Gannett, Ezra S.	Theologian.	1801–1871
Garrison, William L.	Reformer.	1804–
Gayarre, Charles E. A.	Historian.	1805–
Giles, Henry.	Essayist and Critic.	1809–
Gilman, Caroline.	Poet.	1794–
Gilman, Samuel.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1791–1858
Glover, Caroline Gilman.	Poet.	1823–
Godfrey, Thomas.	Poet and Dramatist.	1736–1763
Godkin, Edward L.	Journalist.	1831–
Goodrich, Chauncey A.	Theologian and Lexicographer.	1790–1860
Goodrich, Frank B.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1826–
Goodrich, Samuel G. (Peter Parley).	Juvenile and Miscellaneous Writer.	1793–1860
Gookin, Daniel.	Historian of the Indians.	1612–1687
Gould, Augustus A.	Naturalist.	1805–1866
Gould, Hannah F.	Poet.	1789–
Gray, Asa.	Botanist.	1810–
Graydon, Alexander.	Memoirs.	1752–1818
Greeley, Horace.	Journalist.	1811–
Green, Jacob.	Physicist.	1790–1841
Green, Joseph.	Comic Poet.	1706–1780
Greene, Charles Gordon.	Journalist.	1804–

Greene, William B.	Writer on Finance and Metaphysics.	
Greenleaf, Simon.	Jurist.	1783–1853
Greenwood, Francis W. P.	Theologian.	1797–1843
Grigsby, Hugh Blair.	Political Writer.	1806–
Griswold, Rufus W.	Editor of American Literature.	1815–1857
Gross, Samuel D.	Medical Writer.	1805–
Guild, Curtis.	Travels.	
Gurowski, Adam de.	Political Writer.	1805–1866
Hackett, Horatio B.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1808–
Hale, Nathan.	Journalist.	1784–1863
Hale, Sarah J. (Buell).	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	1790–
Hall, James.	Author of Western Sketches, &c.	1793–1868
Hall, Louisa J.	Poet.	1802–
Halleck, Henry W.	Writer on Military topics.	1814–1872
Halpine, Charles G.	Poet and Humorist.	1829–1868
Harbaugh, Henry.	Theologian.	1817–1867
Hare, Robert.	Chemist.	1781–1858
Harper, Robert G.	Political Writer.	1765–1825
Harris, Thaddeus M.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1768–1842
Harris, Thaddeus William.	Entomologist.	1795–1856
Haven, Alice B.	Novelist.	1828–1863
Haven, Gilbert.	Theologian.	
Hawes, Joel.	Theologian.	1789–1867
Hawks, Francis L.	Theologian, Jurist, and Miscel. Writer.	1798–1866
Hay, John.	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	1839–
Hayes, Isaac I.	Arctic Explorer.	1832–
Hayne, Paul H.	Poet.	1831–
Henry, Joseph.	Physicist.	1797–
Henry, Patrick.	Orator.	1736–1799
Hentz, Caroline Lee.	Novelist and Dramatist.	1800–1856
Herbert, Henry William.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1807–1858
Heywood, J. H.	Theologian and Poet.	
Hickok, Laurens P.	Theologian and Metaphysician.	1798–
Hill, Thomas.	Theologian and Naturalist.	1818–
Hillhouse, James A.	Poet.	1789–1841
Hilliard, Francis.	Jurist.	1808–
Hirst, Henry B.	Poet.	1813–
Hitchcock, Edward.	Geologist and Theologian.	1793–1864
Hobart, John Henry.	Theologian.	1775–1830
Hoffman, David.	Jurist and Essayist.	1784–1854
Holmes, Abiel.	Theologian and Historian.	1763–1837
Honeywood, St. John.	Poet.	1763–1798
Hooker, Thomas.	Theologian.	1586–1647
Hooker, Herman.	Theologian.	1806–1865
Hooper, Lucy.	Poet.	1816–1841
Hopkins, John Henry.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1792–
Hopkins, Lemuel.	Poet.	1750–1801
Hopkins, Samuel.	Author of a System of Divinity.	1721–1803
Hopkinson, Francis.	Poet and Humorist.	1738–1791
Hopkinson, Joseph.	Jurist and Poet.	1770–1842
Hosack, David.	Medical and Miscellaneous Writer.	1769–1835
Hosmer, William H. C.	Poet.	1814–
Hoyt, Ralph.	Poet.	1810–

Hubbard, William.	Historian.	1628–1704
Hudson, Henry N.	Editor of Shakespeare.	1814–
Humphreys, David.	Poet and Biographer.	1752–1818
Hunt, Freeman.	Writer upon Finance.	1804–1856
Huntington, Frederic D.	Theologian.	1819–
Huntington, Jedediah V.	Poet and Novelist.	1815–1862
Hurlbut, William Henry.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1827–
Hutchinson, Thomas.	Historian.	1711–1780
Ingersoll, Charles J.	Historian and Political Writer.	1782–1862
Ingersoll, Joseph R.	Political Writer.	1786–1868
Ingraham, Joseph H.	Romance Writer, &c.	1809–1866
Jackson, James.	Medical Writer.	1777–1867
James, Henry.	Theologian and Metaphysician.	1811–
Jay, John.	Jurist and Political Writer.	1745–1829
Jay, William.	Jurist and Political Writer.	1789–1858
Jarves, James Jackson.	Writer on Art.	1818–
Jarvis, Samuel F.	Theologian.	1786–1851
Jeter, Jeremiah B.	Theologian.	1802–
Jones, George.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1800–1870
Jones, James A.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1790–1853
Jones, John B.	Author of Tales and Sketches.	1810–
Jones, William A.	Essayist.	1817–
Judson, Emily (Chubbuck).	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	1817–1854
Junkin, George.	Theologian.	1790–1868
Kane, Elisha K.	Arctic Explorer.	1820–1857
Kellogg, Elijah.	Author of Tales, &c.	
Kenrick, Francis P.	Theologian.	1797–1863
Kent, James.	Jurist.	1763–1847
Kettell, Samuel.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1800–1855
Kimball, Richard B.	Novelist.	1816–
Kingsley, James L.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1778–1852
Kinney, Elizabeth C.	Poet.	
Kinney, Julia H. (Scott).	Poet.	1809–1842
Kirk, Edward N.	Theologian.	1802–
Kirk, John Foster.	Historian.	1820–
Kirkland, Caroline M.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1801–1864
Knapp, Francis.	Poet.	1672–
Knapp, Samuel L.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1783–1838
Kneeland, Samuel.	Naturalist.	1821–
Knight, Henry C.	Poet.	1788–1835
Knight, Sarah.	Jour. on Horseback from Bost. to N. Y.	1666–1727
Krebs, John M.	Theologian.	1804–1867
Lanman, Charles.	Biographer.	1819–
Latimer, Mary E. (Wormeley).	Novelist.	1822–
Lawrence, William B.	Jurist.	1800–
Lea, Henry C.	Historical Writer.	1825–
Ledyard, John.	Traveller.	1751–1789
Lee, Arthur.	Political Writer.	1740–1792
Lee, Eliza Buckminster.	Memoirs and Tales.	1794–
Lee, Hannah F.	Novels and Tales.	1780–1865

Lee, Henry.	Memoirs.	1756–1818
Lee, Richard Henry.	Orator and Statesman.	1732–1794
Leggett, William.	Political Writer.	1802–1840
Leslie, Eliza.	Novelist and Au. of Tales and Sketches.	1787–1856
Lewis, Alonzo.	Poet.	1824–
Lewis, Tayler.	Theologian.	1802–
Lieber, Francis.	Writer on Public Law.	1800–
Linn, John Blair.	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	1777–1804
Lippincott, Sara J.	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	1823–
Livermore, Abiel A.	Theologian.	1811–
Livingston, Edward.	Jurist.	1764–1836
Livingston, William.	Political Writer and Poet.	1723–1790
Locke, D. R. (Nasby).	Political Satirist.	1833–
Logan, James,	Philosopher.	1674–1751
Loomis, Elias.	Physicist.	1830–
Lossing, Benson J.	Illustrator of History.	1813–
Lothrop, Samuel K.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1804–
Lord, Eleazar.	Theologian.	1788–1871
Low, Samuel.	Poet.	1765–
Lowell, Anna C.	Miscellaneous Writer.	
Ludlow, Fitzhugh.	Magazine Writer.	1837–1870
Macilvaine, Charles R.	Theologian.	1798–
Mackenzie, R. Shelton.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1809–
Mackie, John Milton.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1813–
Madison, James.	Statesman and Political Writer.	1751–1813
Mahan, Dennis H.	Writer on Military Science.	1802–1871
Manning, Jacob M.	Theologian.	
Mansfield, Edward D.	Jurist and Miscellaneous Writer.	1801–
Marshall, John.	Jurist and Biographer.	1755–1835
Mason, John M.	Theologian and Pulpit Orator.	1770–1829
Mather, Cotton.	Theologian and Annalist.	1663–1728
Mather, Increase.	Theologian.	1639–1723
Matthews, Cornelius.	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	1817–
Maury, Matthew F.	Physical Geographer.	1806–
Mayer, Brantz.	Traveller.	1809–
Mayo, Sarah C. E.	Poet.	1819–1848
Mayo, William S.	Traveller.	1812–
McClurg, James.	Medical and Miscellaneous Writer.	1747–1825
McCord, Louisa S.	Poet.	1810–
McGee, Thomas D'Arcy.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1825–1868
McIntosh, Maria J.	Novelist.	1803–
McKenzie, Alexander S.	Traveller and Biographer.	1803–1848
McLellan, Isaac, Jr.	Poet.	1810–
McMichael, Morton.	Journalist.	1807–
Milburn, William H.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1823–
Miles, Pliny.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1818–1865
Miller, Samuel.	Theologian.	1769–1850
Minot, George R.	Historian.	1758–1802
Mitchell, Ormsby MacK.	Astronomer.	1810–1862
Mitchell, Samuel L.	Writer on Natural Science.	1764–1831
Moore, Clement C.	Poet and Professor of Bib. Literature.	1779–1863
Moore, Frank.	Historical Writer, &c.	1828–
Morris, Edward Joy.	Travels.	1815–

Morris, Gouverneur.	Political Writer.	1752–1816
Morse, Jedidiah.	Theologian, Geographer, and Annalist.	1761–1826
Morton, Nathaniel.	Annalist.	1613–1685
Morton, Samuel G.	Medical Writer.	1799–1851
Morton, Sarah W. (Apthorp).	Poet.	1759–1846
Mountford, William.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1838–
Muhlenberg, William A.	Theologian and Poet.	about 1800–
Munford, William.	Poet and Dramatist,	1775–1825
Munsell, Joel.	Annalist.	1808–
Murray, Lindley.	Grammarian, &c.	1745–1826
Murray, Nicholas.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1802–1861
Murray, W. H. H.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1840–
Myers, P. Hamilton.	Novelist.	1812–
Nack, James.	Poet.	1807–
Neal, Joseph C.	Author of Sketches.	1807–1847
Neville, Morgan.	Journalist, &c.	1786–1859
Nevin, John W.	Theologian.	1803–
Newcomb, Harvey.	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	1803–1863
Newell, Robert H.	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	1836–
Noah, Mordecai M.	Journalist and Dramatist.	1785–1851
Noble, Louis L.	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	1812–
Nordhoff, Charles.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1830–
Norman, Benjamin M.	Traveller.	1809–1860
Norton, Charles Eliot.	Miscellaneous Writer.	
Norton, John.	Theologian.	1606–1663
Nott, Eliphalet.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1773–1866
Nott, Josiah C.	Ethnologist.	1804–
Nourse, James D.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1816–1854
Noyes, George R.	Theol., Trans. Hebrew Scriptures, &c.	1798–1868
O'Brien, Fitz James.	Poet and Magazinist.	1829–1862
Olin, Stephen.	Theologian.	1797–1851
Olmsted, Denison.	Astronomer.	1791–1859
Olmsted, Frederick Law.	Traveller, and Writer on Landscape Gar.	1822–
Osborne, Laughton.	Poet.	about 1807–
Osgood, Frances (Sargent).	Poet.	1812–1850
Osgood, Samuel.	Theologian.	1812–
Otis, Harrison Gray.	Orator and Political Writer.	1765–1848
Owen, Robert Dale.	Political and Miscellaneous Writer.	1801–
Paine, Robert Treat, Jr.	Poet.	1773–1811
Paine, Thomas.	Political Writer.	1737–1809
Palfrey, Sarah H.	Poet and Novelist.	
Palmer, Ray.	Theologian and Poet.	1808–
Parke, John.	Translator and Poet.	1750–
Parker, Joel.	Jurist and Political Writer.	1795–
Parker, Joel.	Theologian.	1799–
Parsons, Theophilus.	Jurist.	1750–1813
Parsons, Theophilus.	Jurist and Theologian.	1797–
Parton, Sara P. (Willis).	Novelist and Essayist.	1811–
Peabody, Andrew P.	Theologian and Miscellaneous Writer.	1811–
Peabody, Elizabeth P.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1804–
Peabody, Oliver W. B.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1799–1840

Peabody, William B. O.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1799–1847
Peirce, Benjamin.	Mathematician and Astronomer.	1809–
Perkins, Samuel.	Historical Writer.	1767–1850
Perry, Nora.	Poet.	
Peters, Richard.	Jurist.	1744–1828
Peters, Samuel.	Author of Burlesque History of Conn.	1735–1817
Phelps, Almira H. (Lincoln).	Author of Educational Works.	1793–
Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart.	Tales, &c.	1815–1852
Phelps, Sylvanus Dryden.	Poet.	1816–
Philleo, Calvin W.	Novelist.	1822–1858
Pickering, Henry.	Poet.	1781–1838
Pickering, John.	Jurist and Philologist.	1777–1846
Pickering, Octavius.	Jurist.	1792–1868
Pierce, Bradford K.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1819–
Pike, Albert.	Poet.	1809–
Pike, Mrs. Frederick A.	Novelist.	1819–
Pinkney, William.	Orator and Political Writer.	1764–1822
Pise, Charles Constantine.	Theologian and Miscellaneous Writer.	1802–1866
Plumer, William S.	Theologian.	1802–
Pollard, Edward A.	Political Writer.	
Pond, Enoch.	Theologian.	1791–
Poole, William F.	Bibliographer.	1821–
Poore, Benjamin Perley.	Journalist and Miscellaneous Writer.	1820–
Porter, Ebenezer.	Theologian.	1772–1834
Potter, Alonzo.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1800–1865
Pray, Isaac C.	Poet and Dramatist.	1813–1869
Prentice, George D.	Journalist, Wit, and Poet.	1802–1870
Preston, William C.	Orator and Political Writer.	1794–1860
Prime, Samuel J.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1812–
Prime, William C.	Traveller.	1825–
Prince, Thomas.	Annalist.	1687–1758
Proctor, Edna Dean.	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	
Putnam, Mary Lowell.	Historical Writer and Essayist.	1810–
Rafinesque, Constantine S.	Botanist.	1784–1842
Ramsay, David.	Historian.	1749–1815
Rantoul, Robert, Jr.	Political Writer.	1805–1852
Ray, Isaac.	Medical Writer.	1807–
Redfield, Isaac F.	Jurist.	1804–
Redpath, James.	Journalist.	1833–
Reed, Henry.	Lecturer on English Literature.	1808–1854
Reed, Hollis.	Theologian and Miscellaneous Writer.	1802–
Reed, William B.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1806–
Reid, Mayne.	Tales, &c.	1818–
Rice, N. L.	Theologian.	
Richardson, Abby Sage.	Miscellaneous Writer.	
Richardson, Albert D.	Journalist.	1833–1869
Ripley, George.	Critic, Theo. and Miscellaneous Writer.	1802–
Rittenhouse, David.	Mathematician and Astronomer.	1732–1796
Rivès, William C.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1793–1868
Robinson, Edward.	Theologian.	1794–1863
Robinson, Fayette.	Miscellaneous Writer.	–1859
Robinson, Therese A. L. (von Jacob).	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	1797–1869
Robinson, William S.	Political Writer.	1818–

Roe, Azel S.	Novelist.	1798–
Rose, Aquila.	Poet.	1695–1723
Rowson, Susanna.	Novelist and Dramatist.	1762–1824
Rush, Benjamin.	Medical, Political, and Miscel. Writer.	1745–1813
Sabine, Lorenzo.	Historian and Miscellaneous Writer.	1803–
Sanders, Frederic.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1807–
Sanderson, John.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1783–1844
Sands, Robert C.	Poet.	1799–1832
Sanford, Edward.	Poet and Miscellaneous Writer.	1805–
Sargent, Lucius Manlius.	Author of Tales, and Miscel. Writer.	1786–1867
Savage, James.	Antiquarian and Annalist.	1784–
Savage, John.	Poet and Journalist.	1828–
Say, Thomas.	Naturalist.	1787–1834
Schaff, Philip.	Theologian.	1819–
Schmucker, Samuel M.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1823–1863
Schmucker, Samuel S.	Theologian.	1799–
Schoolcraft, Henry Rowe.	Author of Accounts of N. A. Indians.	1793–1864
Schouler, William.	Historian.	
Scott, William A.	Theologian.	1833–
Sears, Barnas.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1802–
Sears, Edmund H.	Theologian and Poet.	1810–
Sears, Edward J.	Critic and Essayist.	
Sears, Robert.	Compiler.	1810–
Seccomb, John.	Comic Poet.	1708–1792
Sedgwick, Theodore.	Political Writer.	1811–1859
Seelye, Julius H.		
Sewall, Jonathan M.	Poet.	1745–1808
Seward, William H.	Statesman.	1801–
Sharswood, George.	Jurist.	1810–
Shaw, John.	Poet.	1778–1809
Shaw, Henry W. (Josh Billings).	Humorist.	1818–
Shaw, Lemuel.	Jurist.	1781–1861
Shedd, William G. T.	Miscellaneous Writer and Theologian.	1820–
Shelton, Frederick W.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1814–
Shepard, Thomas.	Theologian.	1605–1649
Shillaber, Benjamin P.	Humorist.	1814–
Shreve, Thomas H.	Poet and Novelist.	1808–1853
Shurtleff, Nathaniel B.	Antiquarian and Miscellaneous Writer.	1820–
Silliman, Benjamin.	Physicist.	1779–1864
Smith, Buckingham.	Historical Writer.	1810–1871
Smith, Elihu H.	Medical Writer, Dramatist, &c.	1771–1798
Smith, Elizabeth Oakes.	Poet, &c.	
Smith, Henry B.	Theologian.	1815–
Smith, Jerome V. C.	Medical and Miscellaneous Writer.	1800–
Smith, Samuel F.	Theologian and Poet.	1808–
Smith, Seba.	Humorist.	1792–1868
Smith, William.	Theologian and Miscellaneous Writer.	1726–1803
Smyth, Thomas.	Theologian.	1808–
Southworth, Emma D. E. N.	Novelist.	1818–
Spalding, Martin J.	Theologian.	1810–1872
Sparks, Jared.	Historian and Biographer.	1789–1866
Spooner, Lysander.	Political and Economic Writer.	1808–
Sprague, William B.	Theologian.	1795–

Spring, Gardiner.	Theologian.	1785–
Squier, Ephraim G.	Traveller and Archæologist.	1821–
Staples, William R.	Historical Writer.	1798–1868
Staughton, William.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1770–1829
Stephens, Alexander H.	Political Writer.	1812–
Stephens, Anne S.	Novelist and Miscellaneous Writer	1813–
Stephens, John L.	Traveller.	1805–
Stevens, Abel.	Theologian.	1815–
Stiles, Ezra.	Theologian, Biographer, &c.	1727–1795
Stockton, Thomas H.	Theologian.	1808–1868
Stone, William L.	Journalist and Historical Writer.	1792–1844
Storer, David H.	Writer on Med. and Nat. Science,	1804–
Storrs, Richard S.	Theologian.	1821–
Story, Isaac.	Poet.	1774–1803
Stow, Baron.	Theologian.	1801–1869
Stowe, Calvin E.	Theologian.	1802–
Strickland, William P.	Theologian.	1809–
Strong, Nathan.	Theologian.	1748–1816
Strother, Colonel (Porte Crayon).	Miscellaneous Writer.	
Stuart, Moses.	Theologian.	1780–1852
Sullivan, James.	Political Writer.	1744–1808
Sullivan, William.	Political Writer.	1774–1839
Sumner, George.	Legal and Miscellaneous Writer.	1817–1863
Sweat, Margaret J. M.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1823–
Swinton, William.	Historical and Miscellaneous Writer.	1833–
Tappan, William B.	Poet.	1794–1849
Tefft, Benjamin F.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1813–
Tennent, Gilbert.	Theologian.	1703–1764
Terhune, Mary V. (Marion Harland).	Novelist.	
Thacher, James.	Medical Writer and Annalist.	1754–1844
Thacher, Peter.	Theologian and Miscellaneous Writer.	1752–1802
Thatcher, Benjamin B.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1809–1846
Thayer, Alexander W.	Musical Writer.	
Thomas, Frederick William.	Poet and Novelist.	1808–1866
Thomas, Isaiah.	Historian of Printing.	1749–1831
Thompson, Augustus C.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1812–
Thompson, Benj. (Count Rumford.)	Natural Philosopher.	1753–1814
Thompson, Daniel P.	Novelist.	1795–1868
Thompson, John R.	Journalist.	1823–
Thompson, Joseph P.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1819–
Thompson, Zadock.	Naturalist.	1796–1856
Ticknor, George.	Historian of Spanish Literature.	1791–1871
Tilton, Theodore.	Poet and Journalist.	1835–
Todd, John.	Theologian and Miscellaneous Writer.	1800–
Tomes, Robert.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1816–
Tompson, Benjamin.	Poet.	1642–1714
Townsend, John K.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1809–1861
Trafton, Adeline.	Travels.	
Trall, Russell T.	Medical Writer.	1812–
Trescott, William H.	Political and Historical Writer.	1822–
Trumbull, James Hammond.	Philologist and Historian.	1821–
Trumbull, Robert.	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer.	1809–
Tucker, George.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1775–1861

Tucker, Beverley N.	Jurist and Novelist.	1784–1851
Tudor, William.	Biographer and Miscellaneous Writer.	1779–1830
Turell, Jane Colman.	Poet.	1708–1735
Turnbull, Robert.	Theologian.	1809–
Tuthill, Louisa C.	Author of Tales, &c.	about 1800–
Tyler, Bennett.	Theologian.	1783–1858
Tyler, Royal.	Jurist, Poet, and Dramatist.	1757–1826
Tyng, Stephen H.	Theologian.	1800–
Upham, Charles W.	Historian.	1802–
Upham, Thomas C.	Metaphysician.	1799–
Vaux, Robert.	Philanthropist.	1786–1836
Verplanck, Gulian C.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1786–1870
Victor, Metta V. (Fuller).	Miscellaneous Writer.	1831–
Wainwright, Jonathan M.	Theologian.	1793–1854
Walker, Amasa.	Writer on Political Economy.	1799–
Walker, James.	Theologian.	1794–
Wallace, Horace B.	Legal and Miscellaneous Writer.	1817–1852
Wallace, William Ross.	Poet.	1819–
Walsh, Robert.	Political and Miscellaneous Writer.	1784–1859
Ward, Nathaniel.	(See p. xiv.).	1570–1653
Ware, Henry, Jr.	Theologian and Poet.	1794–1843
Ware, Mary (Greene)	Miscellaneous Writer.	1818–
Warfield, Catharine A.	Poet and Novelist.	1817–
Warner, Susan.	Novelist.	1818–
Warren, John C.	Medical Writer.	1778–1856
Warren, Mercy Otis.	Historian and Poet.	1728–1815
Waterhouse, Benjamin.	Med. and Naturalist.	1754–1846
Waterston, Robert C.	Theologian and Miscellaneous Writer.	1812–
Watson, Henry C.	Musical and Miscellaneous Writer.	1831–
Webber, Charles W.	Author of Border Romances.	1819–1856
Webster, Noah.	Lexicographer.	1758–1843
Weed, Thurlow.	Journalist.	1797–
Weems, Mason L.	Biographer.	about 1740–1825
Weiss, John.	Theologian and Metaphysician.	1818–
Welby, Amelia B.	Poet.	1819–1852
Wells, David A.	Writer on Political Econ. and Nat. Sci.	1828–
Wetmore, Prosper M.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1798–
Wharton, Francis.	Jurist.	1820–
Wheatley, Phillis.	Poet.	1753–1784
Wheaton, Henry.	Writer on International Law.	1785–1848
White, William.	Theologian, &c.	1748–1836
Whiting, William.	Jurist.	1813–
Whitman, Sarah Helen.	Poet.	1813–
Whitney, Anne.	Poet.	
Whitney, William D.	Philologist.	1827–
Whittlesey, Charles.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1808–
Wigglesworth, Michael.	Poet.	1631–1705
Wight, Orlando W.	Miscellaneous Writer.	1824–
Wilcox, Carlos.	Poet.	1794–1827
Willard, Emma C. (Hart).	Author of Educational Works, &c.	1787–1870
Willard, Samuel.	Theologian.	1640–1707

Williams, Roger	Theologian	1599–1683
Williamson, Hugh	Historian of North Carolina	1735–1819
Wilson, Alexander	Ornithologist	1766–1819
Wilson, Henry	Political Writer	1812–
Wilson, James Grant	Miscellaneous Writer	1832–
Winter, William	Poet	1836–
Winthrop, John	Annalist	1588–1649
Winthrop, John	Natural Philosopher	1714–1765
Winthrop, Theodore	Novelist	1828–1861
Wirt, William	Orator and Biographer	1772–1834
Wise, Henry A.	Author of Stories and Sketches	1819–1869
Witherspoon, John	Theologian and Political Writer	1722–1794
Wood, Anne Y. (Wilbur)	Miscellaneous Writer	1817–
Woodbury, Levi	Jurist and Political Writer	1789–1851
Woods, Leonard	Theologian	1774–1854
Woolman, John	Author of an Autobiog. Journal, &c.	1720–1772
Worcester, Joseph E.	Lexicographer	1784–1865
Wright, Elizur	Political and Miscellaneous Writer	1804–
Wyman, Jeffries	Anatomist	1814–
Youmans, Edward L.	Writer on Science	1828–
Young, Alexander	Theological and Miscellaneous Writer	1800–1854

HAND-BOOK

OF

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, January 6 (O. S.), 1706. He was one of the youngest of a family of seventeen children, and received but a limited common school education. As he early manifested an adventurous disposition, and proposed going to sea, his father bound him as an apprentice to his brother James, who was a printer. His daily employment stimulated his active mind; he became an assiduous reader, and gradually acquired the power of writing. At the age of seventeen, having quarrelled with his brother, he went to New York and Philadelphia in search of employment. His account of this trip forms an amusing portion of his autobiography, one of the most charming works in the language. After many vicissitudes he became a successful business man, and constantly grew in public estimation as a philosophic inquirer, a man fertile in wise projects for the general good, and endowed with the clear perceptions and sound judgment of a statesman.

His first work that attained a general popularity was "Poor Richard's Almanac," which appeared in 1732, and was continued for many years. The homely proverbs which accompanied the calendars form an epitome of thrift, foresight, and worldly prudence. He learned Latin and several modern languages after he was twenty-seven years old. At the age of forty he commenced the researches in electricity which made his name immortal. But with his active mind and liberal principles he was unable to keep out of political affairs; and in the long discussions that preceded the revolution he took a leading part. His mission to the French court, which resulted in bringing the aid of fleets and armies to his struggling countrymen, and his other diplomatic successes in England and on the continent, are matters of history, of which no school-boy is ignorant. He lived on till 1790, the Nestor of the young republic, exerting an influence upon the opinions and character of the people that is without a parallel.

If his precepts may be considered as tending too much to selfishness, it must not be forgotten that labor, diligence, and economy were vitally necessary for a new country, and that the accumulation of capital, no less than courage and free principles, was essential to the preservation of the nation's life. Whilst we do ample justice to the wisdom, probity, and beneficence of our great philosopher and statesman, we can yet recognize a higher ideal of character, and we may aspire to a more complete and generous culture than was possible in his time.

The works of Franklin have been published in ten volumes, edited by the late President Sparks. The autobiography, which first appeared in London, was wantonly garbled by the editor, William Temple Franklin, a grandson of the author. A new version has recently

appeared, — edited by John Bigelow, late United States minister to France, — which is believed to follow the original with literal exactness. The style of this work is inimitable; it is as simple, direct, and idiomatic as Bunyan's; it is a style which no rhetorician can assist us to attain, and which the least touch of the learned critic would spoil.

[From the Autobiography.]

I WAS put to the grammar school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me, as the tithe of his sons, to the service of the church. My early readiness in learning to read (which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read), and the opinion of all his friends, that I should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged him in this purpose of his. My uncle Benjamin, too, approved of it, and proposed to give me all his short-hand volumes of sermons, I suppose as a stock to set up with, if I would learn his character. I continued, however, at the grammar school not quite one year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be the head of it, and further was removed into the next class above it, in order to go with that into the third at the end of the year. But my father, in the mean time, from a view of the expense of a college education, which, having so large a family, he could not well afford, and the mean living many so educated were afterwards able to obtain, — reasons that he gave to his friends in my hearing, — altered his first intention, took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell, very successful in his profession generally, and that by mild, encouraging methods. Under him I acquired fair writing pretty soon, but I failed in the arithmetic, and made no progress in it. At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler; a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, and on finding his dyeing trade would not maintain his family, being in little request. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping mould and the moulds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, &c.

I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it; however, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learnt early to swim well, and to manage boats; and when in a boat or canoe with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally a leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it

shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted.

There was a salt marsh that bounded part of the mill-pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling, we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there fit for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone, I assembled a number of my play-fellows, and working with them diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, we brought them all away, and built our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharf. Inquiry was made after the removers; we were discovered and complained of; several of us were corrected by our fathers; and, though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest.

I think you may like to know something of his person and character. He had an excellent constitution of body, was of middle stature, but well set, and very strong; he was ingenious, could draw prettily, was skilled a little in music, and had a clear, pleasing voice, so that when he played psalm tunes on his violin and sung withal, as he sometimes did in an evening after the business of the day was over, it was extremely agreeable to hear. He had a mechanical genius too, and, on occasion, was very handy in the use of other tradesmen's tools; but his great excellence lay in a sound understanding and solid judgment in prudential matters, both in private and public affairs. In the latter, indeed, he was never employed, the numerous family he had to educate and the straitness of his circumstances keeping him close to his trade; but I remember well his being frequently visited by leading people, who consulted him for his opinion in affairs of the town or of the church he belonged to, and showed a good deal of respect for his judgment and advice. He was also much consulted by private persons about their affairs when any difficulty occurred, and frequently chosen an arbitrator between contending parties. At his table he liked to have, as often as he could, some sensible friend or neighbor to converse with, and always took care to start some ingenious or useful topic for discourse, which might tend to improve the minds of his children. By this means he turned our attention to what was good, just, and prudent in the conduct of life; and little or no notice was ever taken of what related to

the victuals on the table, whether it was well or ill dressed, in or out of season, of good or bad flavor, preferable or inferior to this or that other thing of the kind; so that I was brought up in such a perfect inattention to those matters as to be quite indifferent what kind of food was set before me, and so unobservant of it, that to this day if I am asked I can scarce tell, a few hours after dinner, what I dined upon. This has been a convenience to me in travelling, where my companions have been sometimes very unhappy for want of a suitable gratification of their more delicate, because better instructed, tastes and appetites. . . .

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the Pilgrim's Progress, my first collection was of John Bunyan's works, in separate little volumes. I afterwards sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's Historical Collections; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, forty or fifty in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's Lives there was, in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called an Essay on Projects, and another of Dr. Mather's, called Essays to do Good, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed

in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces; my brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called The Lighthouse Tragedy, and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters: the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of *Teach* (or Blackbeard) the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub Street ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way. . . .

About this time I met with an odd volume of the Spectator. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my Spectator with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse, and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them ; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language ; and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practise it. . . .

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the New England Courant. . . .

He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them ; but, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it in at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that perhaps they were not really so very good ones as I then esteemed them. . . .

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey,* and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your

* To Philadelphia.

mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till, near the market-house, I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street, and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street Wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding

night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia. . . .

I believe I have omitted mentioning that, in my first voyage from Boston, being becalmed off Block Island, our people set about catching cod, and hauled up a great many. Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal food, and on this occasion I considered, with my master Tryon, the taking every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had, or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and, when this came hot out of the frying-pan, it smelt admirably well. I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that, when the fish were opened, I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs; then thought I, "If you eat one another, I don't see why we mayn't eat you." So I dined upon cod very heartily, and continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing it is to be a *reasonable creature*, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do. . . .

I began now gradually to pay off the debt I was under for the printing-house. In order to secure my credit and character as a tradesman, I took care not only to be in *reality* industrious and frugal, but to avoid all appearances to the contrary. I dressed plainly; I was seen at no places of idle diversion. I never went out a fishing or shooting; a book, indeed, sometimes debauched me from my work, but that was seldom, snug, and gave no scandal; and, to show that I was not above my business, I sometimes brought home the paper I purchased at the stores through the streets on a wheelbarrow. Thus being esteemed an industrious, thriving young man, and paying duly for what I bought, the merchants who imported stationery solicited my custom; others proposed supplying me with books; and I went on swimmingly. . . .

About this time our club meeting, not at a tavern, but in a little room of Mr. Grace's, set apart for that purpose, a proposition was made by me, that, since our books were often referred to in our disquisitions upon the queries, it might be convenient to us to have them all together where we met, that upon occasion they might be consulted; and by thus clubbing our books to a common library, we should, while we liked to keep them together, have each of us the advantage of using the books of all the other members, which would

be nearly as beneficial as if each owned the whole. It was liked and agreed to, and we filled one end of the room with such books as we could best spare. The number was not so great as we expected; and, though they had been of great use, yet some inconveniences occurring for want of due care of them, the collection, after about a year, was separated, and each took his books home again.

And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature — that for a subscription library. I drew up the proposals, got them put into form by our great scrivener, Brockden, and, by the help of my friends in the Junto, procured fifty subscribers, of forty shillings each, to begin with, and ten shillings a year for fifty years, the term our company was to continue. We afterwards obtained a charter, the company being increased to one hundred. This was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries, now so numerous. It is become a great thing itself, and continually increasing. These libraries have improved the general conversation of the Americans, made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen from other countries, and perhaps have contributed in some degree to the stand so generally made throughout the colonies in defence of their privileges. . . .

My scheme of ORDER * gave me the most trouble; and I found that, though it might be practicable where a man's business was such as to leave him the disposition of his time, that of a journeyman printer, for instance, it was not possible to be exactly observed by a master, who must mix with the world, and often receive people of business at their own hours. *Order*, too, with regard to places for things, papers, &c., I found extremely difficult to acquire. I had not been early accustomed to it, and, having an exceeding good memory, I was not so sensible of the inconvenience attending want of method. This article, therefore, cost me so much painful attention, and my faults in it vexed me so much, and I made so little progress in amendment, and had such frequent relapses, that I was almost ready to give up the attempt, and content myself with a faulty character in that respect, like the man who, in buying an axe of a smith, my neighbor, desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him if he would turn the wheel. He turned, while the smith pressed the broad face of the axe hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning

* He had made a table of the virtues, for his use in daily self-examination.

of it very fatiguing. The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on, and at length would take his axe as it was, without further grinding. "No," said the smith, "turn on, turn on; we shall have it bright by and by; as yet it is only speckled." "Yes," says the man, "*but I think I like a speckled axe best!*" And I believe this may have been the case with many, who, having, for want of some such means as I employed, found the difficulty of obtaining good and breaking bad habits in other points of vice and virtue, have given up the struggle, and concluded that "*a speckled axe was best;*" for something, that pretended to be reason, was every now and then suggesting to me that such extreme nicety as I exacted of myself might be a kind of foppery in morals, which, if it were known, would make me ridiculous; that a perfect character might be attended with the inconvenience of being envied and hated; and that a benevolent man should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance.

In truth, I found myself incorrigible with respect to Order; and now I am grown old, and my memory bad, I feel very sensibly the want of it. But, on the whole, though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was, by the endeavor, a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it; as those who aim at perfect writing by imitating the engraved copies, though they never reach the wished-for excellence of those copies, their hand is mended by the endeavor, and is tolerable while it continues fair and legible.

It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owed the constant felicity of his life, down to his seventy-ninth year,* in which this is written. What reverses may attend the remainder is in the hand of Providence; but, if they arrive, the reflection on past happiness enjoyed ought to help his bearing them with more resignation. To temperance he ascribes his long-continued health, and what is still left to him of a good constitution; to industry and frugality, the early easiness of his circumstances and acquisition of his fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled him to be a useful citizen, and obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned; to sincerity and justice, the confidence of his country, and the honorable employs it conferred

* This was written, therefore, in 1785, the year the doctor returned from Paris. — B.

upon him; and to the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper, and that cheerfulness in conversation, which makes his company still sought for, and agreeable even to his younger acquaintance. I hope, therefore, that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit.

JOHN ADAMS.

John Adams was born in Braintree, in that part now forming the town of Quincy, October 19, 1735. He entered Harvard College at the age of sixteen, having had a meagre preparation under two clerical tutors. The fact that he studied Virgil and Homer painfully after his graduation, is not calculated to give us a very high idea of the state of classical learning in Cambridge at the time. He taught school and afterwards read law in Worcester. He commenced the practice of his profession in his native town at the age of twenty-three, and with many discouragements slowly won his way to the first place among lawyers. He was early a friend of the popular cause against the British government; but his sense of justice was so strong that he undertook the defence of the soldiers concerned in what has been termed the Boston Massacre, at the risk of his personal popularity and business interests. The kind of courage which we agree to call "pluck" was always the eminent characteristic of the elder Adams. From the time of the discussions upon the Stamp Act until the declaration of independence, the life of John Adams is a part of our national history. His patriotism, courage, eloquence, and zeal have been celebrated in sentences which future generations will read with ever-increasing enthusiasm. Nor is there space even to mention his services and honors as diplomatist, vice president, and president; every school-boy knows his history.

Mr. Adams lived in an age of action, and had little time for rhetorical arts. But few of his speeches have been preserved. His letters form the most valuable part of his published works, and are among the best in our literature. Those addressed to his wife, in particular, are delightfully frank, tender, and manly.

In his later days, when the doctrines of the Federalists had become unpopular, Mr. Adams suffered unspeakable indignities from political enemies, and from summer friends; but before the close of his life the substantial integrity and purity of his character were honored by friends and foes alike, and all the din of party strife was hushed in admiration of his long services and unselfish patriotism.

The doctrines of his antagonists have thus far prevailed, for the most part, in directing public affairs; but it is not settled yet that universal suffrage, without restraints upon the ignorant and vicious, will make a republic either perpetual or desirable.

Mr. Adams died at the ripe age of ninety-one, on the 4th of July, 1826, on the same day with his illustrious friend and rival, Jefferson.

His Life and Letters have been published, in ten volumes, under the care of his grandson, Hon. Charles Francis Adams.

[From a Letter to his Wife, July 3, 1776.]

YESTERDAY the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was, nor ever will be, decided among men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting colony, "that these United Colonies are, and of

right ought to be, free and independent States, and as such they have, and of right ought to have, full power to make war, conclude peace, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which other States may rightfully do." You will see, in a few days, a declaration setting forth the causes which have impelled us to this mighty revolution, and the reasons which will justify it in the sight of God and man. A plan of confederation will be taken up in a few days.

When I look back to the year 1761, and recollect the argument concerning writs of assistance in the superior court, which I have hitherto considered as the commencement of the controversy between Great Britain and America, and run through the whole period from that time to this, and recollect the series of political events, the chain of causes and effects, I am surprised at the suddenness as well as greatness of this revolution. Britain has been filled with folly, and America with wisdom; at least, this is my judgment. Time must determine. It is the will of Heaven that the two countries should be sundered forever. It may be the will of Heaven that America shall suffer calamities still more wasting, and distresses yet more dreadful. If this is to be the case, it will have this good effect at least: it will inspire us with many virtues which we have not, and correct many errors, follies, and vices, which threaten to disturb, dishonor, and destroy us. The furnace of affliction produces refinement in states as well as individuals. And the new governments we are assuming, in every part, will require a purification from our vices, and an augmentation of our virtues, or they will be no blessings. The people will have unbounded power, and the people are extremely addicted to corruption and venality, as well as the great. But I must submit all my hopes and fears to an overruling Providence, in which, unfashionable as the faith may be, I firmly believe.

Had a declaration of independency been made seven months ago, it would have been attended with many great and glorious effects. We might before this hour have formed alliances with foreign states. We should have mastered Quebec, and been in possession of Canada.

You will, perhaps, wonder how such a declaration would have influenced our affairs in Canada; but if I could write with freedom, I could easily convince you that it would, and explain to you the manner how. Many gentlemen in high stations and of great influence have been duped by the ministerial bubble of commissioners to treat. And in real, sincere expectation of this event, which they

so fondly wished, they have been slow and languid in promoting measures for the reduction of that province. Others there are in the colonies who really wished that our enterprise in Canada would be defeated, that the colonies might be brought into danger and distress between two fires, and be thus induced to submit. Others really wished to defeat the expedition to Canada, lest the conquest of it should elevate the minds of the people too much to hearken to those terms of reconciliation which they believed would be offered us. These jarring views, wishes, and designs occasioned an opposition to many salutary measures, which were proposed for the support of that expedition, and caused obstructions, embarrassments, and studied delays, which have finally lost us the province. All these causes, however, in conjunction, would not have disappointed us, if it had not been for a misfortune which could not be foreseen, and, perhaps, could not have been prevented. I mean the prevalence of the small-pox among our troops. This fatal pestilence completed our destruction. It is a frown of Providence upon us, which we ought to lay to heart.

But, on the other hand, the delay of this declaration to this time has many great advantages attending it. The hopes of reconciliation, which were fondly entertained by multitudes of honest and well-meaning, though weak and mistaken, people, have been gradually, and at last totally, extinguished. Time has been given for the whole people maturely to consider the great question of independence, and to ripen their judgments, dissipate their fears, and allure their hopes, by discussing it in newspapers and pamphlets, by debating it in assemblies, conventions, committees of safety and inspection, in town and county meetings, as well as in private conversations, so that the whole people, in every colony of the thirteen, have now adopted it as their own act. This will cement the Union, and avoid those heats, and perhaps convulsions, which might have been occasioned by such a declaration six months ago.

But the day is past. The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore.

You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not.

I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these states. Yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means, and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not.

[To Messrs. Jacob B. Taylor, John Yates Cebra, Stuart F. Randolph, R. Riker, and Henry Arcularius, a committee of arrangements of the city corporation of New York.]

QUINCY, 10th June, 1826.

GENTLEMEN: Your very polite and cordial letter of invitation, written to me in behalf of the city corporation of New York, has been gratefully received, through the kindness of General J. Morton.

The anniversary you propose to celebrate, "with increased demonstrations of respect," in which you invite me to participate in person, is an event sanctioned by fifty years of experience, and it will become memorable by its increasing age, in proportion as its success shall demonstrate the blessings it imparts to our beloved country, and the maturity it may attain in the progress of time.

Not these United States alone, but a mighty continent, the last discovered, but the largest quarter of the globe, is destined to date the period of its birth and emancipation from the 4th of July, 1776.

Visions of future bliss in prospect, for the better condition of the human race, resulting from this unparalleled event, might be indulged, but sufficient unto the day be the glory thereof; and while you, gentlemen of the committee, indulge with your fellow-citizens of the city of New York in demonstrations of joy and effusions of hilarity worthy the occasion, the wonderful growth of the state whose capital you represent, within the lapse of half a century, cannot fail to convince you that the indulgence of enthusiastic views of the future must be stamped with any epithet other than visionary.

I thank you, gentlemen, with much sincerity for the kind invitation with which you have honored me, to assist in your demonstrations of respect for the day and all who honor it. And, in default of my personal attendance, give me leave to propose, as a sentiment for the occasion, *Long and lasting prosperity to the City and State of New York.*

I am, &c., JOHN ADAMS.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Thomas Jefferson was born at Shadwell, in Albemarle County, Virginia, April 2, 1743. He received a classical education at the College of William and Mary, and subsequently studied law. He was successful at the bar, but was soon drawn away from practice into political life. As he had inherited a handsome estate, and had besides a large fortune with his wife, he was able to give his whole time to public affairs. It was remarkable that a man who never made a set speech should have been the most able and most successful politician of his time. It was by his private correspondence that he disseminated his views, and maintained his ascendency as a party leader. Many volumes of his letters have been published, but it is probable that many more will yet be discovered. These, with his Notes on Virginia, and his state papers, constitute his works. His name will forever be connected with the immortal Declaration of Independence, a production that is nearly as conspicuous in literary as in political annals.

During his whole career, as member of the House of Burgesses, as governor, as member of the Provincial Congress, as secretary of state under Washington, as ambassador, and as president, he adhered, with a singular tenacity, to the doctrines of equality and to popular rights as against prescription. It was owing to him that primogeniture and the law of entail, the chief bulwarks of a landed aristocracy, were abolished by the new constitution of Virginia. His influence as a law reformer made it possible for that state to adopt and maintain a republican form of government. He was firmly opposed to slavery, although a slaveholder, and strove, by legal means, to prevent its increase, and to prepare the way for its abolition. He was averse to titles of honor, and maintained, both in official station and at home, a severe republican simplicity. The later years of his life were devoted, in a great measure, to the establishment of the University of Virginia, an institution in which he took a great and just pride.

Though the political principles of Jefferson were warmly combated in his day, and by men of high character and undoubted patriotism, yet it is noticeable that his ideas have been most efficient in moulding the institutions and inspiring the legislation of the country. This influence is not inherited by any one party; it has come to pervade all thinking minds.

The style of Jefferson is easy, natural, and perspicuous. He seldom rises to eloquence, although many of his sentences contain powerful strokes. His manners were very attractive, and his hospitality, at Monticello, was unbounded. He died July 4, 1826, just fifty years after the Declaration.

Of the several biographies of Jefferson, the best is by H. S. Randall (3 vols., 8vo). His works were published by order of Congress, and fill nine volumes. A new selection of letters, including some not before printed, has recently been published by his granddaughter, under the title of The Domestic Life of Jefferson.

[From the Letters of Jefferson.]

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war,

where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a re-adjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible, I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man.

His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendency over it. If ever; however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections, but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it.

His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history.

His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

NAPOLEON.

I HAVE just finished reading O'Meara's Bonaparte. It places him in a higher scale of understanding than I had allotted him. I had thought him the greatest of all military captains, but an indifferent statesman, and misled by unworthy passions. The flashes, however, which escaped from him in these conversations with O'Meara prove a mind of great expansion, although not of distinct development and reasoning.

He seizes results with rapidity and penetration, but never explains logically the process of reasoning by which he arrives at them. This book, too, makes us forget his atrocities for a moment, in commiseration of his sufferings. I will not say that the authorities of the world, charged with the care of their country and people, had not a right to confine him for life, as a lion or tiger, on the principles of self-preservation. There was no safety to nations while he was permitted to roam at large. But the putting him to death in cold blood, by lingering tortures of mind, by vexations, insults, and deprivations, was a degree of inhumanity to which the poisonings and assassinations of the school of Borgia and the den of Marat never attained. The book proves, also, that nature had denied him the moral sense, the first excellence of well-organized man. If he could seriously and repeatedly affirm that he had raised himself to power without ever having committed a crime, it proves that he wanted totally the sense of right and wrong. If he could consider the millions of human lives which he had destroyed, or caused to be destroyed; the desolations of countries by plunderings, burnings,

and famine; the destitutions of lawful rulers of the world, without the consent of their constituents, to place his brothers and sisters on their thrones; the cutting up of established societies of men, and jumbling them discordantly together again at his caprice; the demolition of the fairest hopes of mankind for the recovery of their rights and amelioration of their condition; and all the numberless train of his other enormities, — the man, I say, who could consider all these as no crimes, must have been a moral monster, against whom every hand should have been lifted to slay him.

[From the Notes on Virginia.]

It is difficult to determine on the standard by which the manners of a nation may be tried, whether *catholic* or *particular*. It is more difficult for a native to bring to that standard the manners of his own nation, familiarized to him by habit. There must doubtless be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people, produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it — for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive either in his philanthropy or his self-love for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms; the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to the worst of passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. And with what execration should the statesman be loaded, who, permitting one half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part and the *amor patriæ* of the other! For if a slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labor for another; in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavors to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own

miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of the people, their industry also is destroyed. For in a warm climate no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labor. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are of the gift of God? that they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference. The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest. But it is impossible to be temperate and to pursue this subject through the various considerations of policy, of morals, of history, natural and civil. We must be contented to hope they will force their way into every one's mind. I think a change already perceptible, since the origin of the present revolution. The spirit of the master is abating, that of the slave rising from the dust, his condition mollifying, the way, I hope, preparing, under the auspices of Heaven, for a total emancipation, and that this is disposed, in the order of events, to be with the consent of the masters, rather than by their extirpation.

[From a Letter to Mrs. Adams.]

I COMMUNICATED the letters, according to your permission, to my granddaughter, Ellen Randolph, who read them with pleasure and edification. She is justly sensible of, and flattered by, your kind notice of her, and additionally so by the favorable recollections of our northern visiting friends. If Monticello has anything which has merited their remembrance, it gives it a value the more in our estimation; and could I, in the spirit of your wish, count backward a score of years, it would not be long before Ellen and myself would pay our homage personally to Quincy. But those twenty years! Alas! where are they? With those beyond the flood. Our next meeting must, then, be in the country to which they have flown — a country for us not now very distant. For this journey we shall need neither gold nor silver in our purse, nor scrip, nor coats, nor staves. Nor is the provision for it more easy than the preparation has been

kind. Nothing proves more than this that the Being who presides over the world is essentially benevolent, stealing from us, one by one, the faculties of enjoyment, searing our sensibilities, leading us, like the horse in his mill, round and round the same beaten circle, —

> "To see what we have seen,
> To taste the tasted, and, at each return,
> Less tasteful; o'er our palates to decant
> Another vintage," —

until, satiated and fatigued with this leaden iteration, we ask our own *congé*.

I heard once a very old friend, who had troubled himself with neither poets nor philosophers, say the thing in plain prose, that he was tired of pulling off his shoes and stockings at night, and putting them on again in the morning. The wish to stay here is thus gradually extinguished, but not so easily that of returning once in a while to see how things have gone on. Perhaps, however, one of the elements of future felicity is to be a constant and unimpassioned view of what is passing here. If so, this may well supply the wish of occasional visits. Mercier has given us a vision of the year 2440; but prophecy is one thing, and history another. On the whole, however, perhaps it is wise and well to be contented with the good things which the Master of the feast places before us, and to be thankful for what we have, rather than thoughtful about what we have not.

You and I, dear madam, have already had more than an ordinary portion of life, and more, too, of health than the general measure. On this score I owe boundless thankfulness. Your health was, some time ago, not so good as it had been, and I perceive in the letters communicated some complaints still. I hope it is restored; and that life and health may be continued to you as many years as yourself shall wish, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate and respectful friend.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

John Trumbull was born in Watertown, Conn., April 24, 1750, and belonged to a family distinguished for ability and character. He entered Yale College at the age of thirteen, although it was said he passed a satisfactory examination for admission when he was *seven years old*. He was an intimate friend of Timothy Dwight in college and in after life. In 1771 he was tutor in college for two years, and afterwards read law in the office of John Adams, in Boston. It was a good school for law, and for patriotism likewise. Upon his return to New Haven in 1774, he began the composition of McFingal, the poem by

which he became famous. This attained a great and deserved popularity. It is obviously an imitation of Hudibras in its structure, epigrammatic turns of thought, and grotesque rhymes. But its spirit is the author's own, and many of its couplets are fully as pungent as those of its prototype. It has been often observed that the wit of one generation is rarely appreciated by the next, and this is especially the case when the point of a sentence depends upon a knowledge of contemporaneous persons and events. The jokes that require an appendix for their elucidation are apt to miss fire with the reader. For this reason McFingal, which is an embodiment of the spirit of the revolution, and is, in its way, nearly as good as Hudibras, is fast going to oblivion. A few passages only will be remembered. For that matter, how much of Hudibras is *read?* Trumbull wrote another poem of some length, entitled The Progress of Dulness, a satire upon prevailing errors in training and manners. An edition of his works was published in Hartford in 1820. The McFingal, with notes by B. J. Lossing, was published by G. P. Putnam, New York, 1857. In this reprint the original spelling is preserved.

Mr. Trumbull was never robust in body, but he lived to an advanced age. He died at Detroit, Michigan, May 12, 1831.

[Passages from McFingal.]

WHEN Yankies, skill'd in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school;
Instructed them in warlike trade,
And new manœuvres of parade;
The true war-dance of Yanky reels,
And manual exercise of heels;
Made them give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh and trust the feet,
And work, like Christians, undissembling,
Salvation out, by fear and trembling,
Taught Percy fashionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-chaces,
From Boston, in his best array,
Great 'Squire McFingal took his way,
And, graced with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.

. . . .

Nor only saw he all that was,
But much that never came to pass;
Whereby all prophets far outwent he;
Tho' former days produced a plenty;
For any man, with half an eye,
What stands before him may espy;
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.
As in the days of antient fame
Prophets and poets were the same,

And all the praise that poets gain
Is but for what th' invent and feign,
So gain'd our 'Squire his fame by seeing
Such things as never would have being.

. . . .

But as some musquets so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And tho' well aim'd at duck or plover,
Bear wide and kick their owners over,
So far'd our 'Squire, whose reas'ning toil
Would often on himself recoil,
And so much injur'd more his side,
The stronger arg'ments he applied;
As old war elephants, dismay'd,
Trode down the troops they came to aid,
And hurt their own side more in battle,
Than less and ordinary cattle.

. . . .

All punishments the world can render,
Serve only to provoke th' offender;
The will's confirm'd by treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curried.
No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;
Or held in method orthodox
His love of justice in the stocks;
Or fail'd to lose, by sheriff's shears,
At once his loyalty and ears.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Timothy Dwight was born in Northampton, Mass., May 14, 1752. He was a descendant of the famous Jonathan Edwards, and related in blood to other eminent men. He entered Yale College at the age of thirteen, and, upon his graduation, taught school in New Haven. He served as chaplain in the revolutionary army, under General Putnam, and devoted himself, with great zeal, to the cause of liberty. After some years spent in preaching, he was chosen president of Yale College in 1795, in which office he continued until his death, in 1817. His personal influence was unbounded over students and parishioners, and his unremitting industry enabled him to accomplish a vast amount of literary labor in addition to his daily duties. He wrote a number of poems, all possessing a certain kind of merit, but not sufficiently inspired to give them a permanent place in literature. His best remembered performance is the patriotic song, beginning, —

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies."

His principal poems are The Conquest of Canaan, Greenfield Hill (which has a number of felicitous rural scenes), and The Triumph of Infidelity. Besides a number of theological treatises, he wrote four volumes of Travels in New England and New York, the results of his tours in college vacations. This last work is valuable for its pictures of scenery and manners in what now seems a remote age. The author had an instinctive feeling for the picturesque, but the narrative lacks simplicity, and the descriptions are overladen with epithets.

THE NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE Notch of the White Mountains is a phrase appropriated to a very narrow defile, extending two miles in length, between two huge cliffs, apparently rent asunder by some vast convulsion of nature. The entrance of the chasm is formed by two rocks standing perpendicularly at the distance of twenty-two feet from each other — one about twenty feet in height, the other about twelve. Half of the space is occupied by the brook mentioned as the head stream of the Saco, the other half by the road. The stream is lost and invisible beneath a mass of fragments partly blown out of the road and partly thrown down by some great convulsion.

When we entered the Notch we were struck with the wild and solemn appearance of everything before us. The scale on which all the objects in view were formed was the scale of grandeur only. The rocks, rude and ragged in a manner rarely paralleled, were fashioned and filed by a hand operating only in the boldest and most irregular manner. As we advanced, these appearances increased rapidly. Huge masses of granite of every abrupt form, and hoary with moss, which seemed the product of ages, recalling to the mind the *saxum vetustum* of Virgil, speedily rose to a mountainous height. Before us the view widened fast to the south-east. Behind us it closed almost instantaneously, and presented nothing to the eye but an impassable barrier of mountains.

About half a mile from the entrance of the chasm we saw, in full view, the most beautiful cascade, perhaps, in the world. It issued from a mountain on the right, about eight hundred feet above the subjacent valley, and at the distance from us of about two miles. The stream ran over a series of rocks almost perpendicular, with a course so little broken as to preserve the appearance of a uniform current, and yet so far disturbed as to be perfectly white. The sun shone, with the clearest splendor, from a station in the heavens the most advantageous to our prospect, and the cascade glittered down the vast steep like a stream of burnished silver.

At the distance of three quarters of a mile from the entrance we passed a brook, known in this region by the name of *The Flume*,

from the strong resemblance to that object exhibited by the channel, which it has worn for a considerable length in a bed of rocks, the sides being perpendicular to the bottom. This elegant piece of water we determined to examine further, and, alighting from our horses, walked up the acclivity perhaps a furlong. The stream fell from a height of two hundred and forty or two hundred and fifty feet over three precipices; the second receding a small distance from the front of the first, and the third from that of the second. Down the first and second it fell in a single current, and down the third in three, which united their streams at the bottom in a fine basin, formed, by the hand of nature, in the rocks immediately beneath us. It is impossible for a brook of this size to be modelled into more diversified or more delightful forms, or for a cascade to descend over precipices more happily fitted to finish its beauty. The cliffs, together with a level at their foot, furnished a considerable opening, surrounded by the forest. The sunbeams, penetrating through the trees, painted here a great variety of fine images of light, and edged an equally numerous and diversified collection of shadows, both dancing on the waters, and alternately silvering and obscuring their course. Purer water was never seen. Exclusively of its murmurs, the world around us was solemn and silent. Everything assumed the character of enchantment, and, had I been educated in the Grecian mythology, I should scarcely have been surprised to find an assemblage of Dryads, Naiads, and Oreads sporting on the little plain below our feet. The purity of this water was discernible not only by its limpid appearance, and its taste, but from several other circumstances. Its course is wholly over hard granite; and the rocks and the stones in its bed and at its side, instead of being covered with adventitious substances, were washed perfectly clean, and, by their neat appearance, added not a little to the beauty of the scenery.

From this spot the mountains speedily began to open with increased majesty, and, in several instances, rose to a perpendicular height little less than a mile. The bosom of both ranges was overspread, in all the inferior regions, by a mixture of evergreens with trees, whose leaves are deciduous. The annual foliage had been already changed by the frost. Of the effects of this change it is, perhaps, impossible for an inhabitant of Great Britain, as I have been assured by several foreigners, to form an adequate conception, without visiting an American forest. When I was a youth, I remarked that Thomson had entirely omitted, in his Seasons, this fine

part of autumnal imagery. Upon inquiring of an English gentleman the probable cause of the omission, he informed me that no such scenery existed in Great Britain. In this country it is often among the most splendid beauties of nature. All the leaves of trees, which are not evergreens, are, by the first severe frost, changed from their verdure towards the perfection of that color which they are capable of ultimately assuming, through yellow, orange, and red, to a pretty deep brown. As the frost affects different trees, and different leaves of the same tree, in very different degrees, a vast multitude of tinctures are commonly found on those of a single tree, and always on those of a grove or forest. These colors also, in all their varieties, are generally full, and, in many instances, are among the most exquisite which are found in the regions of nature. Different sorts of trees are susceptible of different degrees of this beauty. Among them the maple is pre-eminently distinguished by the prodigious varieties, the finished beauty, and the intense lustre of its hues, varying through all the dyes between a rich green and the most perfect crimson, or, more definitely, the red of the prismatic image. . . .

I have remarked that the annual foliage on these mountains had been already changed by the frost. Of course the darkness of the evergreens was finely illumined by the brilliant yellow of the birch, the beech, and the cherry, and the more brilliant orange and crimson of the maple. The effect of this universal diffusion of gay and splendid light was to render the preponderating deep green more solemn.

The mind, encircled by this scenery, irresistibly remembered that the light was the light of decay, autumnal and melancholy. The dark was the gloom of evening, approximating to night. Over the whole the azure of the sky cast a deep, misty blue, blending, towards the summit, every other hue, and predominating over all.

As the eye ascended these steeps, the light decayed, and gradually ceased. In the inferior summits rose crowns of conical firs and spruces. On the superior eminences the trees, growing less and less, yielded to the chilling atmosphere, and marked the limit of forest vegetation. Above, the surface was covered with a mass of shrubs, terminating, at a still higher elevation, in a shroud of dark-colored moss.

As we passed onward through this singular valley, occasional torrents, formed by the rains and dissolving snows at the close of winter, had left behind them, in many places, perpetual monuments of their progress in perpendicular, narrow, and irregular paths of im-

mense length, where they had washed the precipices naked and white from the summit of the mountain to the base. Wide and deep chasms also met the eye, both on the summits and the sides, and strongly impressed the imagination with the thought that a hand of immeasurable power had rent asunder the solid rocks, and tumbled them into the subjacent valley. Over all, hoary cliffs, rising with proud supremacy, frowned awfully on the world below, and finished the landscape.

By our side the Saco was alternately visible and lost, and increased, almost at every step, by the junction of tributary streams. Its course was a perpetual cascade, and, with its sprightly murmurs, furnished the only contrast to the scenery around us.

JOEL BARLOW.

Joel Barlow was born in Reading, Conn., in 1755. He entered Dartmouth College, but completed his education at Yale. During the vacations he served in the army, and was present at the battle of White Plains. Upon his graduation he studied theology, for the purpose of becoming a chaplain, and after six weeks' application (which seems to have been considered sufficient to equip a clergyman *militant*), he was licensed to preach, and served for the remainder of the war. His Vision of Columbus — afterwards expanded into the more pretentious and less pleasing Columbiad — was written in camp. He left the church and the army, and was admitted to the bar in 1785. He edited a newspaper at Hartford, and, at the request of the General Association of Congregational Ministers, revised and added to Dr. Watts's version of the Psalms. One of Barlow's versions, commencing, —

"Along the banks where Babel's current flows," —

retains its place in the hymn books.

The practical poet next set up a bookstore to dispose of his own wares, which being done he returned to his profession. In 1788 he went to Europe, and remained (mostly in France) seventeen years. It is impossible, in our brief limits, to follow him in his adventures. He was in the midst of the French revolution, and was constantly active with his pen, not forgetting at any time the enterprise and thrift of the true Yankee in accumulating property. On his return to the United States, in 1805, he settled in Washington. He was the object of violent hatred on the part of the Federalists, and his name was linked with Jefferson's and Paine's in a savage attack in verse written by John Quincy Adams. The Columbiad appeared in 1807, a costly and elegant volume. The poem is vigorous and smoothly versified, after the style of Pope and Darwin, but has little of true poetry in all its sonorous lines. The Hasty Pudding, a far more genial composition, was written abroad in 1793, and was dedicated to Mrs. Washington. In 1809 he was about beginning a history of the United States, when his design was interrupted by his appointment as minister to France. In October, 1812, he was sent for by Napoleon, then on his Russian campaign, to meet him at Wilna. His rapid journey across the continent, in the severely cold weather, brought on an inflammation of the lungs, of which he died near Cracow, in Poland, December 22, 1812. From his dying bed he dictated a poem, entitled Advice to a Raven in Russia, a terribly bitter attack upon Napoleon.

[From The Hasty Pudding, written at Chambery, in Savoy, January, 1793.]

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

"He makes a good breakfast who mixes pudding with molasses."

. . . . . .

O, COULD the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the muse, or prejudice thy fame;
But rising grateful to the accustomed ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere.
Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Through weeks of time thy lineage and thy race;
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore),
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learned with stones to crack the well-dried maize,
Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour;
The yellow flour, bestrewed and stirred with haste,
Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.
Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,
To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.

. . . . . .

Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polenta call, the French, of course, *Polente.*
E'en in thy native regions how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush!*
On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppawn;*
All spurious appellations, void of truth.
I've better known thee from my earliest youth;

Thy name is *Hasty Pudding*, — thus my sire
Was wont to greet thee fuming from his fire.

. . . . . .

Let the green succotash with thee contend,
Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend,
Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,
And a long slice of bacon grace their side, —
Not all the plate, how famed soe'er it be,
Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.
Some talk of *Hoe Cake*, fair Virginia's pride ;
Rich *Johnny Cake* this mouth has often tried ;
Both please me well, their virtues much the same,
Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,
Except in dear New England, where the last
Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,
To give it sweetness and improve the taste.
But place them all before me, smoking hot —
The big round dumpling rolling from the pot ;
The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,
With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast ;
The *Charlotte* brown, within whose crusty sides
A belly soft the pulpy apple hides ;
The yellow bread whose face like amber glows,
And all of Indian that the bake-pan knows, —
You tempt me not — my favorite greets my eyes ;
To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

. . . . . .

Milk, then, with pudding I should always choose ;
To this in future I confine my muse,
Till she in haste some further hints unfold,
Good for the young, nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake
Your flakes of pudding ; these at first will hide
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide ;
But when their growing mass no more can sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand ; you've got the portion due :
So taught my sire, and what he taught is true.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Alexander Hamilton was born in the Island of Nevis, in the West Indies, January 11, 1757. His father was a merchant from Scotland; his mother was the daughter of a French Huguenot; and the son appears to have inherited, in equal measure, the vigor and endurance of the one race and the address and vivacity of the other. His education was not at all systematic; but his active mind instinctively found its proper stimulants, and he began to show his great natural powers at an early age. While attending to his studies at Columbia College, in New York city, the war broke out, and he entered the patriot army as a captain of artillery. In 1777 he was made aide-de-camp to General Washington, and distinguished himself by his ability in correspondence as well as by active personal service in the field. At the close of the war he commenced the practice of law in New York. His chief work, as an author, was the series of papers entitled The Federalist, of which he wrote the greater number — an elaborate exposition of the Constitution of the United States. These papers, though necessarily abstruse in character, are perspicuous in style and powerful in reasoning. He was the first secretary of the treasury, and in that position he displayed unrivalled skill. The sentences of Daniel Webster upon Hamilton's financial ability are worth quoting anew: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprang upon its feet."

After six years' service Hamilton retired from office, and resumed the practice of his profession. As he had opposed Aaron Burr, first in his endeavors to become president, and afterwards in his canvass for the office of governor of New York, that unscrupulous demagogue, maddened by defeat, challenged him to fight a duel. Hamilton fell at the first fire, and died the next day, July 12, 1804.

It may be doubted whether among the brilliant men of the last century there was any one who was distinguished by so many traits that win the admiration of the world as was Hamilton. Ability of the highest order in public affairs, literary skill, oratorical power, personal intrepidity, graceful manners, and a fine presence, have rarely been seen so exemplified in combination.

The extract here given is the concluding portion of a letter upon the treason of Arnold and the death of Andre, written to Colonel John Laurens, of South Carolina. The writings of Hamilton have been published, in seven volumes, by his son.

[From a Letter to Colonel Laurens.]

THE FATE OF ANDRE.

NEVER, perhaps, did any man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less. The first step he took after his capture was to write a letter to General Washington, conceived in terms of dignity without insolence, and apology without meanness. The scope of it was to vindicate himself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous or interested purposes; asserting that he had been involuntarily an impostor; that contrary to his intention, which was to meet a person for intelligence on neutral ground, he had been betrayed within our posts, and forced into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise; soliciting only that to whatever rigor policy might devote him, a decency

of treatment might be observed due to a person who, though unfortunate, had been guilty of nothing dishonorable. His request was granted in its full extent; for in the whole progress of the affair he was treated with the most scrupulous delicacy. When brought before the board of officers, he met with every mark of indulgence, and was required to answer no interrogatory which would even embarrass his feelings. On his part, while he carefully concealed everything that might implicate others, he frankly confessed all the facts relating to himself; and upon his confession, without the trouble of examining a witness, the board made their report. The members were not more impressed with the candor and firmness, mixed with a becoming sensibility, which he displayed, than he was penetrated with their liberality and politeness. He acknowledged the generosity of their behavior towards him in every respect, but particularly in this, in the strongest terms of manly gratitude. In a conversation with a gentleman who visited him after his trial, he said he flattered himself he had never been illiberal, but if there were any remains of prejudice in his mind, his present experience must obliterate them.

In one of the visits I made to him (and I saw him several times during his confinement), he begged me to be the bearer of a request to the general for permission to send an opened letter to Sir Henry Clinton. "I foresee my fate," said he, "and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me. There is only one thing that disturbs my tranquillity. Sir Henry Clinton has been too good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness; I am bound to him by too many obligations, and love him too well to bear the thought that he should reproach himself, or others should reproach him, on the supposition of my having conceived myself obliged, by his instructions, to run the risk I did. I would not, for the world, leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days." He could scarce finish the sentence, bursting into tears in spite of his efforts to suppress them, and with difficulty collecting himself enough afterwards to add, "I wish to be permitted to assure him I did not act under this impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclinations as to his orders." His request was readily complied with, and he wrote the letter annexed, with which I dare say you will be as much pleased as I am, both for the sentiment and diction.

When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked that, since it was his lot to die, there was still a choice in the mode which would make a material difference to his feelings, and he would be happy, if possible, to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application by letter, in concise but persuasive terms. It was thought that this indulgence, being incompatible with the customs of war, could not be granted; and it was therefore determined, in both cases, to evade an answer, to spare him the sensations which a certain knowledge of the intended mode would inflict.

In going to the place of execution he bowed familiarly, as he went along, to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked, with some emotion, "Must I then die in this manner?" He was told it had been unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate," said he, "but not to the mode." Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added, "It will be but a momentary pang;" and, springing upon the cart, performed the last offices to himself with a composure that excited the admiration and melted the hearts of the beholders. Upon being told the final moment was at hand, and asked if he had anything to say, he answered, "Nothing, but to request you will witness to the world that I die like a brave man." Among the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies, he died universally regretted and universally esteemed.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of André. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. It is said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments, which left you to suppose more than appeared.

His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem; they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome, his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at

once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is never seen in so favorable a light as through the medium of adversity. The clouds that surround him are shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down the little vanities that in prosperous times serve as so many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it through envy, and are more disposed by compassion to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of André's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satires of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit André, while we would not but condemn him if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is, however, a blemish on his fame that he once intended to prostitute a flag, — about this a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple, — but the temptation was great. Let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.

Several letters from Sir Henry Clinton and others were received in the course of the affair, feebly attempting to prove that André came out under the protection of a flag, with a passport from a general officer in actual service, and consequently could not be justly detained. Clinton sent a deputation, composed of Lieutenant General Robinson, Mr. Elliot, and Mr. William Smith, to represent, as he said, the true state of Major André's case. General Greene met Robinson, and had a conversation with him, in which he reiterated the pretence of a flag, urged André's release as a personal favor to Sir Henry Clinton, and offered any friend of ours in their power in exchange. Nothing could have been more frivolous than the plea which was used. The fact was, that besides the time, manner, object of the interview, change of dress, and other circumstances, there was not a single formality customary with flags, and the passport was not to Major André, but to Mr. Anderson. But had there been, on the contrary, all the formalities, it would be an abuse of language to say that the sanction of a flag, for corrupting an officer to betray his trust, ought to be respected. So unjustifiable a purpose would not only destroy its validity, but make it an aggravation.

André himself had answered the argument by ridiculing and exploding the idea in his examination before the board of officers. It was a weakness to urge it.

There was, in truth, no way of saving him. Arnold or he must have been the victim; the former was out of our power.

It was by some suspected Arnold had taken his measures in such a manner that, if the interview had been discovered in the act, it might have been in his power to sacrifice André to his own security. This surmise of double treachery made them imagine Clinton would be induced to give up Arnold for André, and a gentleman took occasion to suggest the expedient to the latter as a thing that might be proposed by him. He declined it. The moment he had been capable of so much frailty, I should have ceased to esteem him.

The infamy of Arnold's conduct, previous to his desertion, is only equalled by his baseness since. Besides the folly of writing to Sir Henry Clinton that André had acted under a passport from him, and according to his directions while commanding officer at a post, and that therefore he did not doubt he would be immediately sent in, he had the effrontery to write to General Washington in the same spirit, with the addition of a menace of retaliation if the sentence should be carried into execution. He has since acted the farce of sending in his resignation. This man is, in every sense, despicable. In addition to the scene of knavery and prostitution during his command in Philadelphia, which the late seizure of his papers has unfolded, the history of his command at West Point is a history of little as well as great villanies. He practised every art of peculation, and even stooped to connection with the sutlers of the garrison to defraud the public.

To his conduct that of the captors of André formed a striking contrast. He tempted them with the offer of his watch, his horse, and any sum of money they should name. They rejected his offers with indignation, and the gold that could seduce a man high in the esteem and confidence of his country, who had the remembrance of past exploits, the motives of present reputation and future glory to prop his integrity, had no charms for three simple peasants, leaning only on their virtue and an honest sense of their duty. While Arnold is handed down with execration to future times, posterity will repeat with reverence the names of Van Wart, Paulding, and Williams.

FISHER AMES.

Fisher Ames was born in Dedham, Massachusetts, April 9, 1758, and died in his native place July 4, 1808. He was a precocious youth, and was sent to Harvard College at the age of twelve. After graduation he spent a few years in teaching, and then entered upon the study of law in Boston. He commenced practice at Dedham in 1781. He was early prominent in his profession, and was equally distinguished as a political speaker and essayist. He was the first member of Congress from his district which included Boston, and he continued to represent it for eight years. During his whole career he was an ardent Federalist — a fact which the reader is rarely allowed to forget in any speech, essay, or letter.

Mr. Ames possessed uncommon vigor of mind; his memory was stored with literary treasures; his fancy was active, furnishing illustrative images that were as much to the purpose as his logic. And such was the effect of his oratory, even upon deliberative bodies, that on one occasion Congress adjourned on motion of Ames's chief opponent in debate, for the alleged reason that the members ought not to be called upon to vote while under the spell of his extraordinary eloquence. The speeches of Mr. Ames that have been preserved fully sustain his great reputation, being vigorous and logical in statement, and adorned with the graces of a lively and learned style. His letters, also, are fresh and charming. When we remember how much was done to influence public opinion by the private correspondence of leading men in the last generation, we must lament the decay of letter-writing as a fine art.

Mr. Ames was a man of amiable temper and irreproachable character; and though he was idolized by the public, it was only in the light of his home that he was fully known as he was — one of the wisest, wittiest, as well as most tender and constant of men.

His life was written by President Kirkland, of Harvard College, and his works have been edited by his son, Hon. Seth Ames, justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. (2 vols., 8vo.)

[Letter to Josiah Quincy.]

POSTAL FACILITIES.

February 1, 1806.

MY DEAR SIR: Messrs. Trask and Wheelock, two knights of the currycomb, in Bromfield Lane, and proprietors of the stage through Dedham to Hartford, from a sheer love to the public, are willing to use and abuse their horses to expedite the mail in eighteen hours in summer, provided that Congress will order the postmaster-general to make a contract with them to carry it three times a week. Even love, you know, grows faint if unrequited. Here we sit in darkness; and instead of having the light of the newspapers — the only light men can see to think by, shed dingy and streaked every morning, like Aurora — we often have to wait, as they do in Greenland, for the weather and the northern lights. The town stage is often stopped by rain or snow; the driver forgets to bring the newspapers, or loses them out of his box. This is our bad condition here. How much worse it is ten miles farther from Boston, you may conceive. The darkness might be felt. Now, as the government alone pos-

sesses information, and as the stage horses alone are the pipes for its transmission to the printers, who are the issuing commissaries to the people, we, the people, the rank-and-file men, ask our officers, through Trask and Wheelock, to provide for our accommodation. Let us have food for the mind every other day.

The middle road is the nearest by twenty or twenty-five miles; besides, Mr. Dowse lives upon it, and as it is now all turnpike, in fact or on paper, and as fifty miles of it through Connecticut, without granting the petition, might not in any season, if at all, get knowledge of Mr. Wright's bill, and his bounty for shooting Englishmen, the public reasons are the strongest imaginable for ordering the postmaster-general to make such a contract. It would not cost much; and as the increase of mails increases letter-writing, who will say that ultimately it will cost anything? The only sensible economy in farming is to spend money; it may be so in government matters.

To be serious, there can be no doubt the public good requires the arrangement in question, as Sam Brown, George Blake, and Dr. Eustis subscribe the petition. The Worcester road may seem to be attacked, by the conferring the high prerogative of a mail three times a week on a parallel road; and Granger's bowels may yearn for his imperial city of feathers and wooden trays, which is situated on the route through Springfield. Pray do what you can for these folks, and get others to help you. Even Mr. Randolph ought to promote these views, as it will, no doubt, increase the number of the readers of his speeches.

Yours, truly, &c.

[From a Letter to Timothy Pickering.]

FRENCH CONQUEST OF EUROPE.

February 14, 1806.

. . . . . .

LATE events, I confess, lessen my confidence in the military capacity of resistance of all the foes of France, England not excepted. A fate seems to sweep the prostrate world along that is not to be averted by submission, nor retarded by arms. The British navy stands like Briareus, parrying the thunderbolts, but can hurl none back again; and if Bonaparte effects his conquest of the dry land, the empire of the sea must in the end belong to him. That he will reign supreme and alone on the continent is to be disputed by

nobody but Russia; and if pride, poverty, distance, false ambition, or fools in his cabinet persuade the Emperor Alexander to make a separate peace, France must be Rome, and Russia Parthia, invincible and insignificant. The second Punic war must terminate in that case, for aught I can see, in the ruin of England; and the world must bow its base neck to the yoke. It will sweat in servitude and grope in darkness perhaps another thousand years; for the emulation of the European states, extinguished by the establishment of one empire, will no longer sustain the arts. They and the sciences will soon become the corrupters of society. It is already doubtful whether the press is not their enemy.

I make no doubt Bonaparte will offer almost *carte blanche* to Russia and Austria, saving only his rights as master; and I greatly fear that Russia will be lured, as Austria will be forced, to abandon Great Britain. Another peace makes Bonaparte master of Europe.

Russia has soldiers, and they are brave enough; and I should think so vast an augmentation of the French empire would seem to Alexander to demand the exertion of all his vast energies. Without Pitt's gold this will be a slow and inadequate exertion; and how Pitt is to get money, if neutrals take this generous opportunity to quarrel with him, I cannot see. . . .

It has never happened, I believe, for any great length of time, that our American politics have been much governed either by our policy or blunders. Events abroad have imposed both their character and result; and I see no reason to doubt that this is to be the case more than ever. If France dictates by land and sea, we fall without an effort. The wind of the cannon-ball that smashes John Bull's brains out will lay us on our backs, with all our tinsel honors in the dirt. Therefore I think I may, and feel that I must, return to European affairs.

Two obstacles, and only two, impede the establishment of universal monarchy — Russia and the British navy. The military means of the former are vast, her troops numerous and brave. Of money she has little, but a little goes a great way, for everything is cheap. This is owing to the barbarism of her inhabitants. Now, for revenue a highly-civilized state is most favorable; but for arms, I beg leave to doubt whether men half savage are not best. Not because rude nations have more courage than those that are polished, but because they have not such an invincible aversion to a military life as the sons of luxury and pleasure, and the sons of labor too, in the latter. As society refines, greater freedom of the choice of life

is progressively allowed; and the endless variety of employments and arts of life attaches men, and almost all men, to the occupations of peace. To bring soldiers into the field, the prince must overbid the allurements of these occupations. He exhausts his treasury without filling his camp.

But in Russia men are yet cheap, as well as provisions. Little is left to the peasantry to choose, whether they will stand in the ranks or at a work-bench; and though the emperor may not incline absolutely to force men into the army, a sum of money, that John Bull would disdain to accept, would allure them in crowds.

I amuse myself with inquiring into the existence of physical means to resist France. I seem to forget, though in truth I do not forget, that means twice as great once existed in the hands of the fallen nations. They were divided in counsel, and taken unprepared. Russia, being a single power, and untainted with revolution mania, and plainly seeing her danger, ought to do more than all the rest. Yet, after all, I well know that if small minds preside on great occasions, they are sure to temporize when the worst of all things is to do nothing; and very possibly the Russian cabinet sages partake of this fatal blockheadship.

It also seems to me that the science, or at least the practice, of war has greatly changed since Marlborough's days. In 1702 to 1709, or 1710, he fought a great battle on a plain of six miles' extent. On gaining the victory, he besieged a fortress as big as an Indian trading post, mined, scaled, battered, and fought six weeks to take it, and then went into winter quarters. Thus the war went on, campaign after campaign, as slowly as the Middlesex Canal, which in eight years has been dug thirty miles.

The French have done with sieges and field battles. Posts are occupied along the whole frontier line of a country. If the line of defence be less extensive, they pass round it; if weakened by extent, through it. An immense artillery, light, yet powerful, rains such a horrible tempest on any part that is to be forced, that the defenders are driven back before the charge of the bayonet is resorted to. The lines once forced, the defending army falls back, takes new positions, and again loses them, as before. Thus a country is taken possession of without a battle, and a brave people wonder and blush to find they are slaves. . . .

I have never believed the volunteers of England worth a day's rations of beef to the island, if invaded. With you, I have assumed it, as a thing absolutely certain, that they would be beaten and

dispersed by one hundred thousand invading Frenchmen. Improved as the military art now is, and, as I have supposed, far beyond what it was in the Duke of Marlborough's days, it is folly at all times, and infatuation in time of danger, to consider militia as capable of defending a country. My hope has been that England would array two hundred and fifty thousand regulars, and perfect their discipline without delay. Without a great land force, I now think, with you, she is in extreme danger.

After her fall, ours would not cost Bonaparte a blow. We are prostrate already, and of all men on earth the fittest to be slaves. Even our darling avarice would not make a week's resistance to tribute, if the name were disguised; and I much doubt whether, if France were lord of the navies of Europe, we should reluct at that, or even at the appellation and condition of Helot.

[Letter to Josiah Quincy.]

February 3, 1807.

MY DEAR SIR: As soon as I learned where your salt speech could be found in print with any correctness, I took measures to get it republished. It is in the Repertory of this day, and is — I say it without compliment — an ornament to its columns. I am as well satisfied with what you do not say, but only hint, as if you had said it in form. Your argument is sound, and the subject is presented in the right point of view. No man seldomer says flattering things to his friends than I do; and if I had waited a week after reading your speech, I should have been more stingy of praise. Having just read it, I cannot wholly suppress my warmth of approbation. Let me repeat that you should not be too modest about getting your speeches into print correctly. It is the public that is argued with; that public that always pronounces its judgment and seldom condescends to give its attention; that is almost always wrong in the hour of deliberation, and right in the day of repentance. Federalism is allowed to have little to do with deliberation; and I am far from certain that popular repentance is often accompanied with saving grace. We are not so truly sorry for the sin, as for its bad success. To get people to think right, therefore, either first or last, is not the most hopeful undertaking in the world. But Federal good sense is never to guide measures. Archimedes might calculate the force of the wind, but could not prevent its blowing. Now, though argument will never turn the weathercock, it may prove how it points. That power which your adversary can use in spite of you is checked by

your efforts. If he exerts all his force, and you all yours, his force is reduced to the degree in which he surpasses you, and in that degree you may not be liable to very serious injury. Federalism is not a sword nor a gun; it is not wings, but a parachute. In this sense the good men in Congress should be on the alert.

I feel assured that we are to be subjugated by Bonaparte; and I have a curiosity to know how Randolph and the knowing ones can sit as easy as the fools do, and see him hastening to snatch from their hands the power they are so ready to contend among themselves about. I saw, in the Repertory of last week, a long piece, of five or six columns, on the causes of the French military superiority, and on the facility of their conquest of the United States, unless we prepare on a great scale. Whether such discussions produce any effect I know not; but if they do not produce any, it must be because our noisy liberty men are eager for power, and perfectly indifferent about the fall of the country from its boasted independence. J. R.'s boast that he never reads the newspapers is a shrewd sign that he studies them. I hope his real politics are better than Varnum's, whose ignorance blinds him, or than Jefferson's, whose fears make him a slave. But if J. R. was disposed ever so heartily to urge preparations, he could not prevail to have any made. The force of primary popular notions would control Lord Chatham, if he was our premier. I often dare to think our nation began self-government without education for it. Like negroes, freed after having grown up to man's estate, we are incapable of learning and practising the great art of taking care of ourselves. We must be put to school again, I fear, and whipped into wisdom.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

John Quincy Adams, son of President John Adams, was born in Braintree, July 11, 1767. He accompanied his father to Europe in his eleventh year, and thenceforward enjoyed such opportunities for education and travel as have fallen to the lot of but few American youth. He entered the junior class in Harvard College in 1786, and upon his graduation studied law with Chief Justice Parsons. He was admitted to the bar in 1791, but in 1794 he left the profession to begin a public career. His services as diplomatist, senator, cabinet minister, president, and afterwards representative in Congress, can only be alluded to, since few lives have been so marked by striking incidents, or so affected by the vicissitudes of fortune and the fickleness of popular favor. He died in Washington, at the Capitol, February 23, 1848. He was an industrious writer, and throughout his life kept a diary, from which, it is understood, ample selections are to be published by his grandson. His lectures on rhetoric, delivered while he was professor at Harvard College, had only a temporary success. Though far more learned and accomplished than his father, he was inferior to

him in native force and wit, as well as the simplicity and directness of his style. His reputation will rest mainly upon his speeches and state papers, and these are of more interest to students of political history than to lovers of letters. In his proper sphere his abilities were of a very high order, if not the highest. Had he possessed more imagination, a more refined taste, and more literary skill, he would probably have remained a professor, and the nation would have lost the services of one of its most able, courageous, and high-toned public men.

The selections here given are from a report made in the House of Representatives in 1833, which embodies the doctrines of the Whig party upon internal improvements, the tariff, and other questions then in controversy. It is probably the ablest statement of the view of public affairs taken by the Whig politicians of that day.

[From Mr. Adams's Report on Manufactures.]

In descending from the general axiom, that in all countries the independent farmers, or wealthy landholders, cultivators of the soil, constitute the best part of the population, to the measures of legislation recommended to Congress for carrying out this principle in the administration of the government, four features are discernible as especially characteristic of the Message [of President Jackson]. First, the abandonment, for the future, of all appropriations of public moneys to purposes of internal improvement; second, the practically total dereliction of all protection to domestic industry, whether agricultural, manufacturing, or mechanical; third, the nullification of all future revenue from the public domains, by the bestowal of them in free donation to voluntary settlers upon them, from the privileged class of citizens, cultivators of the soil, to swell the numbers of the best part of the population at the expense of all the rest, or to the favored states in which this common property happens to be situated; fourth, the denunciation of the Bank of the United States, depreciating the value of the stock held in it by the nation, distressing the commercial community with suspicions of the solidity of its funds, and stimulating the profligacy of fraudulent gambling in its stock. In every one of these four particulars the recommendations of the Message are in diametrical opposition to the well-established, deliberately-adopted, and long-tried policy by which the Union has hitherto been governed, under the present Constitution of the United States — in diametrical opposition to the purposes for which it was formed — to the principles upon which it has been administered, and, with the most painful but most undoubting conviction, the subscribers must add, to the solemn compacts and indefeasible obligations by which the nation is bound.

Although the plan of government marked out and delineated in the Message forms a whole system sufficiently consistent with itself, and all derivable from the fundamental position that the wealthy

landholders constitute the best part of the population, yet it is observable that in every instance the subordinate principle advanced as the groundwork of each separate recommendation, is, by the terms of the Message, so qualified in the theory as scarcely, if at all, to differ from the views and opinions entertained by the friends of the interest which the recommendation itself is adopted to destroy. Thus, for example, in the recommendation to abandon all future appropriations of the public moneys for purposes of internal improvement, the only principle avowed is "that the Constitution does not warrant the application of the funds of the general government to objects of internal improvement, *which are not national in their character*." From this position the most ardent and most liberal friend of internal improvement will not dissent. No appropriation ever has been asked; there is not the shadow of a danger that any appropriations of funds ever will be asked, but for objects alleged to be of a national character; and of their legitimate title to that character, the representatives of the whole people, and of all the state legislatures in Congress assembled, under the control of a qualified negative by the chief magistrate of the Union, all acting under a constant responsibility to their constituents, are qualified and competent judges. That there will be, as there have been, diversities of opinion, whether any specified object of internal improvement is or is not of a national character, may be freely admitted; and that in all cases where it may be reasonably doubted, the wise and prudent policy of the constituted authorities will induce them rather to withhold than grant the appropriation, is a conclusion deducible not less from the experience of the past than from the confidence due to the moral character of the delegated representatives of the nation. That in the great majority of applications for appropriations in aid of internal improvements, which have been made to Congress, the objects for which they were solicited have been of a national character, could not be, and was not, doubted. Of the appropriations made, the subscribers confidently affirm that none can be pointed out which are not unquestionably of that character. If there has been error in the administration of the government, in the application or appropriations to these objects, it has been an error of parsimony, and not of profusion; a refusal of the public money where it ought to have been granted, and not a bestowal where it ought to have been denied. In the sober and honest discretion of the legislature, under the vigilant supervision of the executive chief, a guard, amply sufficient for the protection of the public resources

against wasteful or improvident expenditures, has been provided by the Constitution. . . .

It is, then, with sentiments of deep mortification and of unqualified dissent, that the subscribers have observed the earnest recommendations to Congress, in the Message, to abandon the whole system of appropriations for internal improvements which has hitherto been pursued; which was in the full tide of successful experiment, and which, for a long series of years, has been contributing to increase the comforts, to multiply the enjoyments, and to consolidate the strength and happiness of the American people. To abandon them all, for in no other light can they consider the extraordinary though vague and indefinite commendations of *simplicity* as the suitable characteristic for the government of a nation of swarming millions of human beings; the intensely urgent exhortations to Congress to refrain from the exercise of all beneficent powers, which one twentieth part of the people may carp and cavil at as doubtful — the incomprehensible argument that harmony and union are to be promoted by stifling the firm and manly voice of nineteen twentieths of our constituents, to satisfy the brainsick doubts or appease the menacing clamors of less than one twentieth; and, finally, the direct recommendation to Congress to dispose of all stocks now held by the general government in corporations, whether created by the general or state governments, and to place the proceeds in the treasury.

In these recommendations, and in the spirit with which they are pressed upon the consideration of Congress, the subscribers can discern nothing less than a proposed revolution of government in this Union — a revolution the avowed purpose of which is to reduce the general government to a simple machine. A simple machine? The universe in which we daily revolve, and which seems to our vision daily to revolve round us, is a simple machine under the guidance of an omnipotent hand. The president of the United States, *one* of the functionaries provided by the Constitution for the ordinary management of the affairs of the government, but not intrusted even with the power of action upon any proposed alteration or amendment to the Constitution, undertakes to reduce the general government to a simple machine, the simplicity of which shall consist of universal beneficence in preserving peace, affording a uniform currency, maintaining the inviolability of contracts, diffusing intelligence, and discharging, unfelt, its other (nameless, unenumerated, and undefined) superintending functions. Truly, this *simplicity* may

be aptly compared with that of the government of the universe; needing only an omnipotent hand to guide and regulate its movements, and differing from it, as would seem, only in the self-denial of all power to improve the condition or promote the general welfare of the community, by and for whom this simple machine was ordained. To the subscribers it appears that of all the attributes of government among men, simplicity is the last that deserves commendation. The simplest of all governments is an absolute despotism, and it may confidently be affirmed that in proportion as a government approaches to simplicity will always be its approaches to arbitrary power. It is by the complication of government alone that the freedom of mankind can be secured; simplicity is the essential characteristic in the condition of all slavery; and if the people of these United States enjoy a greater share of liberty than any other nation upon earth, it is because, of all the governments upon earth, theirs is the most complicated. The simplicity to which the recommendations of the Message would reduce the machine of government is a simplicity of impotence, an abdication of the power to do good, a divestment of all power in this confederated people to improve their own condition. . . .

The subscribers believe that this great confederated Union is a union of the people, a union of states, a union of great national interests; a union of all classes, conditions, and occupations of men; a union co-extensive with our territorial dominions; a union for successive ages, without limitation of time. They read in the preamble to the Constitution, that it was ordained and established by the people of the United States, among other great and noble purposes, to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their *posterity*. As sovereign states have no posterity, they are incompetent to enter into any such compact. The people of the United States, in ordaining the Constitution, expressly bound to its observance their posterity as well as themselves. Their posterity — that is, the whole people of the United States — are the only power on earth competent to dissolve peaceably that compact. It cannot otherwise be dissolved but by force. But to make it perpetual, the first and transcendent duty of all who at any time are called to participate in the councils of its government, is to harmonize, and not to divide, to co-operate, and not to conflict.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

Josiah Quincy, the son of the famous orator of the revolution, Josiah Quincy, Jr., was born in Boston, February 4, 1772. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1790, and commenced the study of law with Judge Tudor; but he was soon engaged in political affairs, and was, during the whole of his long life, in the noblest sense a public man. He was a member of Congress from 1805 to 1813, a state senator from 1813 to 1821, speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1821, judge of the municipal court in 1822, second mayor of Boston, from 1823 to 1828, and president of Harvard College from 1829 to 1845, when he retired from office and from active pursuits to enjoy his deserved repose. He was an ardent Federalist, aggressive and uncompromising in temper, spotless in personal character, and possessing the rare combination of brilliant parts and varied learning with eminently practical abilities. He died July 1, 1864, leaving a reputation for integrity and high-mindedness that may be likened to the fame of the noblest historic Romans. His published works are a Life of Josiah Quincy, Jr., The History of Harvard University, The Journals of Major Samuel Shaw, first American Consul at Canton, with a Life of the Author, History of the Boston Athenæum, The Municipal History of the Town and City of Boston during Two Centuries, The Life of John Quincy Adams, besides numerous speeches and addresses. His life, written by his son, Edmund Quincy, has been published in one vol., 12mo. (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co).

The extracts here given are from a speech delivered in Congress upon the embargo that preceded the last war with Great Britain.

THE EMBARGO.

When I enter on the subject of the embargo, I am struck with wonder at the very threshold. I know not with what words to express my astonishment. At the time I departed from Massachusetts, if there was an impression which I thought universal, it was that, at the commencement of this session, an end would be put to this measure. The opinion was not so much that it would be terminated as that it was then at an end. Sir, the prevailing sentiment, according to my apprehension, was stronger than this — even that the pressure was so great that it could not possibly be long endured; that it would soon be absolutely insupportable. And this opinion, as I then had reason to believe, was not confined to any one class, or description, or party: even those who were friends of the existing administration, and unwilling to abandon it, were yet satisfied that a sufficient trial had been given to this measure. With these impressions I arrive in this city. I hear the incantations of the great enchanter; I feel his spell. I see the legislative machinery begin to move. The scene opens, and I am commanded to forget all my recollections, to disbelieve the evidence of my senses, to contradict what I have seen, and heard, and felt. I hear that all this discontent was mere party clamor, electioneering artifice; that the people of New England are able and willing to endure this embargo for an indefinite, unlimited period, — some say for six months, some

a year, some two years. The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Macon] told us that he preferred three years of embargo to a war. And the gentleman from Virginia [Mr. Clopton] said expressly that he hoped we should never allow our vessels to go upon the ocean again until the Orders and Decrees of the belligerents were rescinded. In plain English, until France and Great Britain should, in their great condescension, permit. Good Heavens! Mr. Chairman, are men mad? Is this house touched with that insanity which is the never-failing precursor of the intention of Heaven to destroy? The people of New England, after eleven months' deprivation of the ocean, to be commanded still longer to abandon it for an undefined period, — to hold their unalienable rights at the tenure of the will of Britain or of Bonaparte! A people commercial in all aspects, in all their relations, in all their hopes, in all their recollections of the past, in all their prospects of the future; a people whose first love was the ocean, the choice of their childhood, the approbation of their manly years, the most precious inheritance of their fathers; in the midst of their success, in the moment of the most exquisite perception of commercial prosperity, — to be commanded to abandon it, not for a time limited, but for a time unlimited; not until they can be prepared to defend themselves there (for that is not pretended), but until their rivals recede from it; not until their necessities require, but until foreign nations permit! I am lost in astonishment, Mr. Chairman. I have not words to express the matchless absurdity of this attempt. I have no tongue to express the swift and headlong destruction which a blind perseverance in such a system must bring upon this nation.

Mr. Chairman, other gentlemen must take their responsibilities; I shall take mine. This embargo must be repealed. You cannot enforce it for any important period of time longer. When I speak of your inability to enforce this law, let not gentlemen misunderstand me. I mean not to intimate insurrections or open defiances of them, although it is impossible to foresee in what acts that "oppression" will finally terminate, which, we are told, "makes wise men mad." I speak of an inability resulting from very different causes.

The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Macon] exclaimed the other day, in a strain of patriotic ardor, "What! shall not our laws be executed? Shall their authority be defied? I am for enforcing them at every hazard." I honor that gentleman's zeal, and I mean no deviation from that true respect I entertain for him when I tell him that, in this instance, "his zeal is not according to knowledge."

I ask this house, Is there no control to its authority? Is there no limit to the power of this national legislature? I hope I shall offend no man when I intimate that two limits exist, NATURE AND THE CONSTITUTION. Should this house undertake to declare that this atmosphere should no longer surround us, that water should cease to flow, that gravity should not hereafter operate, that the needle should not vibrate to the pole, I do suppose, Mr. Chairman, — sir, I mean no disrespect to the authority of this house; I know the high notions some gentlemen entertain on this subject, — I do suppose, — sir, I hope I shall not offend, — I think I may venture to affirm that, such a law to the contrary notwithstanding, the air would continue to circulate, the Mississippi, the Hudson, and the Potomac would hurl their floods to the ocean, heavy bodies continue to descend, and the mysterious magnet hold on its course to its celestial cynosure.

Just as utterly absurd and contrary to nature is it to attempt to prohibit the people of New England, for any considerable length of time, from the ocean. Commerce is not only associated with all the feelings, the habits, the interests, and relations of that people, but the nature of our soil and of our coasts, the state of our population and its mode of distribution over our territory, render it indispensable. We have five hundred miles of sea-coast, all furnished with harbors, bays, creeks, rivers, inlets, basins; with every variety of invitation to the sea; with every species of facility to violate such laws as these. Our people are not scattered over an immense surface, at a solemn distance from each other, in lordly retirement, in the midst of extended plantations and intervening wastes. They are collected on the margin of the ocean, by the sides of rivers, at the heads of bays, looking into the water or on the surface of it for the incitement and the reward of their industry. Among a people thus situated, thus educated, thus numerous, laws prohibiting them from the exercise of their natural rights, will have a binding effect not one moment longer than the public sentiment supports them. . . .

But it has been asked, in debate, "Will not Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty, submit to such privations?" An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our Liberty was not so much a mountain as a sea nymph. She was free as air. She could swim or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. Our fathers met her as she came, like the goddess of beauty, from the waves. They caught her as she was sporting on the beach. They courted her whilst she was spreading her nets upon the rocks. But an embargo

Liberty, a handcuffed Liberty, a Liberty in fetters, a Liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster. Its parentage is all inland. . . .

Let me ask, *Is embargo independence?* Deceive not yourselves. It is palpable submission. Gentlemen exclaim, Great Britain "smites us on one cheek." And what does Administration? "It turns the other also." Gentlemen say, Great Britain is a robber; she "*takes our cloak.*" And what says Administration? "Let her take our coat also." France and Great Britain require you to relinquish a part of your commerce, and you yield it entirely. Sir, this conduct may be the way to dignity and honor in another world, but it will never secure safety and independence in this.

WILLIAM WIRT.

William Wirt was born at Bladensburg, in Maryland, November 8, 1772. He was the son of a Swiss father and a German mother, both of whom died while he was quite young. He received his education in the private school of a Presbyterian clergyman, and, though it is fair to presume that his progress in classical learning was only moderate, we know that he early acquired a taste for reading, and devoured all the contents of the master's library. So rapidly had he gone over his preparatory course, that he was admitted to the bar in Virginia and commenced practice in his twentieth year. At that time, he tells us, his library consisted of Blackstone's Commentaries, two volumes of Don Quixote, and Tristram Shandy. His first step in public life was in being chosen clerk of the Virginia House of Delegates. Soon after he was made chancellor of the eastern district of the state. During his residence in Richmond he wrote The British Spy, a series of papers of very unequal merit. Two of them, one upon Pocahontas, and the other an account of the Blind Preacher, are in his best style, animated, picturesque, and touching. The scientific disquisitions that burden most of the others are of little value. Later appeared another series, entitled The Old Bachelor. They were labored essays, resembling those of Johnson, Addison, and Steele only in form; and, in spite of the favorable judgment of Wirt's biographer, Kennedy, they must be considered as dull. They have fallen into total neglect. Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry attained a great popularity. It is not based on those foundations generally thought essential to biography, since Wirt never saw Henry, and could only write according to tradition. Nothing authentic remained of the eloquence that had dazzled the generation preceding. But the book was written in a spirit of hearty sympathy, and though the style at times is open to critical objections, all things are forgiven to the author, who carries his readers on, with unwearied attention, to the close.

Wirt was appointed attorney general of the United States in 1817, and held the office twelve years. His forensic speeches were learned, ornate, and fervid. Perhaps the most favorable specimen of his oratory is the speech upon the trial of Aaron Burr, in which occurs the episode of Blennerhasset's Island, a passage dear to generations of school-boys, and lingering like a memory of beauty in maturer years. His discourse upon the lives of Adams and Jefferson, delivered in 1826, was also a fine production. Upon his retirement from office in 1828, he went to reside in Baltimore, where he spent the remainder of his life. He

died in Washington, February 18, 1834, while attending the Supreme Court. He was a strikingly handsome man, with graceful manners and a musical voice. He was twice married, and was happy in his domestic relations. Both in public and in private life his character and conduct were irreproachable. His life was written by the late John P. Kennedy, of Baltimore.

[From the British Spy.]

POCAHONTAS.

Good Heaven! what an eventful life was hers! To speak of nothing else, the arrival of the English in her father's dominion must have appeared (as indeed it turned out to be) a most portentous phenomenon. It is not easy for us to conceive the amazement and consternation which must have filled her mind and that of her nation at the first appearance of our countrymen. Their great ship, with all her sails spread, advancing in solemn majesty to the shore; their domestic animals; their cargo of new and glittering wealth; and then the thunder and irresistible force of their artillery; the distant country announced by them, far beyond the great water, of which the oldest Indian had never heard, or thought, or dreamed, — all this was so new, so wonderful, so tremendous, that I do seriously suppose the personal descent of an army of Milton's celestial angels, robed in light, sporting in the bright beams of the sun and redoubling their splendor, making divine harmony with their golden harps, or playing with the bolt and chasing the rapid lightning of heaven, would excite not more astonishment in Great Britain than did the debarkation of the English among the aborigines of Virginia.

Poor Indians! Where are they now? Indeed, my dear S., this is a truly afflicting consideration. The people here may say what they please, but, on the principles of eternal truth and justice, they have no right to this country. They say that they have bought it — bought it! Yes, — of whom? Of the poor trembling natives who knew that refusal would be vain, and who strove to make a merit of necessity by seeming to yield with grace what they knew they had not the power to retain. Such a bargain might appease the conscience of a gentleman of the green bag, "worn and hackneyed" in the arts and frauds of his profession; but in Heaven's chancery, my S., there can be little doubt that it has been long since set aside on the ground of duress.

Poor wretches! No wonder that they are so implacably vindictive against the white people; no wonder that the rage of resentment is handed down from generation to generation; no wonder they refuse to associate and mix permanently with their unjust and

cruel invaders and exterminators; no wonder that in the unabating spite and frenzy of conscious impotence, they wage an eternal war, as well as they are able; that they triumph in the rare opportunity of revenge; that they dance, sing, and rejoice as the victim shrieks and faints amid the flames, when they imagine all the crimes of their oppressors collected on his head, and fancy the spirits of their injured forefathers hovering over the scene, smiling ferocious delight at the grateful spectacle, and feasting on the precious odor as it arises from the burning blood of the white man.

Yet the people here affect to wonder that the Indians are so very unsusceptible of civilization, or, in other words, that they so obstinately refuse to adopt the manners of the white men. Go, Virginians, erase from the Indian nation the tradition of their wrongs; make them forget, if you can, that once this charming country was theirs; that over these fields and through these forests their beloved forefathers once, in careless gayety, pursued their sports and hunted their game; that every returning day found them the sole, the peaceful, the happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain. Make them forget, too, if you can, that in the midst of all this innocence, simplicity, and bliss, the white man came; and lo! the animated chase, the feast, the dance, the song of fearless, thoughtless joy were over; that, ever since, they have been made to drink of the bitter cup of humiliation; treated like dogs; their lives, their liberties, the sport of the white men; their country and the graves of their fathers torn from them in cruel succession — until, driven from river to river, from forest to forest, and, through a period of two hundred years, rolled back nation upon nation, they find themselves fugitives, vagrants, and strangers in their own country, and look forward to the certain period when their descendants will be totally extinguished by wars, driven, at the point of the bayonet, into the western ocean, or reduced to a fate still more deplorable and horrid, the condition of slaves. Go, administer the cup of oblivion to recollections and anticipations like these, and then you will cease to complain that the Indian refuses to be civilized. But until then, surely it is nothing wonderful that a nation, even yet bleeding afresh from the memory of ancient wrongs, perpetually agonized by new outrages, and goaded into desperation and madness at the prospect of the certain ruin which awaits their descendants, should hate the authors of their miseries, of their desolation, their destruction, should hate their manners, hate their color, their language, their name, and everything that belongs to them. No; never

until time shall wear out the history of their sorrows and their sufferings, will the Indian be brought to love the white man and to imitate his manners.

Great God! To reflect, my S., that the authors of all these wrongs were our own countrymen, our forefathers, professors of the meek and benevolent religion of Jesus. O, it was impious, it was unmanly, poor, and pitiful! Gracious Heaven! What had these poor people done? The simple inhabitants of these peaceful plains, what wrong what injury, had they offered to the English? My soul melts with pity and shame.

As for the present inhabitants, it must be granted that they are comparatively innocent; unless, indeed, they also have encroached under the guise of treaties, which they themselves have previously contrived to render expedient or necessary to the Indians.

Whether this has been the case or not I am too much a stranger to the interior transactions of this country to decide. But it seems to me that were I a president of the United States, I would glory in going to the Indians, throwing myself on my knees before them, and saying to them, "Indians, friends, brothers, O, forgive my countrymen! Deeply have our forefathers wronged you; and they have forced us to continue the wrong. Reflect, brothers, it was not our fault that we were born in your country; but now we have no other home; we have nowhere else to rest our feet. Will you not, then, permit us to remain? Can you not forgive even us, innocent as we are? If you can, O, come to our bosoms, be indeed our brothers, and, since there is room enough for us all, give us a home in your land, and let us be children of the same affectionate family." I believe that a magnanimity of sentiment like this, followed up by a correspondent greatness of conduct on the part of the people of the United States, would go farther to bury the tomahawk and produce a fraternization with the Indians than all the presents, treaties, and missionaries that can be employed, dashed and defeated as these latter means always are by a claim of rights on the part of the white people, which the Indians know to be false and baseless. Let me not be told that the Indians are too dark and fierce to be affected by generous and noble sentiments. I will not believe it. Magnanimity can never be lost on a nation which has produced an Alknomok, a Logan, and a Pocahontas.

[From the same.]

THE BLIND PREACHER.

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the County of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But, ah! . . . how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man. It was a day of the administration of the sacrament, and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate, his ascent up Calvary, his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history, but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new, and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage; we saw the buffet. My soul kindled with a flame of

indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness, of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious, standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But, no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God."

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears, and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher" — then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing

them, both clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice, "but Jesus Christ — like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe — a kind of shuddering, delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility, and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our Saviour as a fellow-creature, but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as — "a God."

HENRY CLAY.

Henry Clay was born in Hanover County, near Richmond, Va., April 12, 1777. His father died in his infancy, and his mother, having married again (1792), emigrated to Kentucky. The lad was employed four years in the office of the clerk of the Chancery Court, and there acquired, among other things, a handsome style of penmanship. While in this place he attracted the attention of Chancellor Wythe, who employed him as an amanuensis, and gave him good counsel upon his reading and study. He obtained a license to practise law before he was twenty-one years of age, and then removed to Lexington, Ky., where he opened an office. His fine person, engaging manners, and enthusiastic temper gained him hosts of friends and clients. After service in the state legislature, he was elected to the United States Senate to fill an unexpired term in 1806, and again in 1809. In 1811 he was elected a member of the national House of Representatives for the first time, and was immediately chosen speaker. This was at the time when war with Great Britain was in prospect, and Mr. Clay threw the whole weight of his personal and official influence in favor of the war party. He remained in Congress and in the speaker's chair until January, 1814, when he was made one of the commissioners whose efforts finally brought about a satisfactory peace by the treaty of Ghent. Being elected again a member of Congress, in 1815, he was again chosen speaker. With the exception of a single term, during which he resumed the practice of law to repair some pecuniary losses, he remained in Congress till 1824, when, having been an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency, he resigned to accept the place of secretary of state under John Quincy Adams. As Mr. Clay gave the deciding vote in favor of Adams, — the election having devolved upon the house, — his acceptance of the highest office under the man whom his vote had made president raised a storm of obloquy throughout the country. John Randolph termed the transaction a "a coalition between a Puritan and a blackleg" The phrase "bargain and corruption" was bandied about, and, notwithstanding the denial of both Adams and Clay, and the corroborative testimony of La Fayette

(to whom Clay had, in advance, declared his determination to vote for Adams), an impression was made upon the public mind that was never wholly removed.

In 1831 Mr. Clay was again chosen senator, and in 1832 was again defeated as a presidential candidate. He was brought forward again in the convention held at Harrisburg in December, 1839, and was undoubtedly the first choice of a large plurality of his party; but in the end General Harrison obtained the nomination. In 1842 he took leave of the Senate in a speech of great power and feeling, a portion of which is here given. He was again an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency in 1844. The opposition of Clay to the annexation of Texas lost him southern support, and the rise of the third party, based upon opposition to slavery, threw the plurality of several great northern states against him. Once more, in 1848, Mr. Clay's hopes were deferred, and, this time, forever; the doctrine of expediency again prevailed, and the hero of the Mexican war received the coveted nomination.

Mr. Clay's farewell to the Senate proved not to be final, for he appeared again in 1849, and remained a member until his death, which occurred June 29, 1852.

The nature of Mr. Clay's mind, no less than the circumstances of his life, made him a practical rather than a speculative man, a student of human nature rather than of books, a ready debater rather than a finished orator. Few men have been so marked out by nature as popular leaders, and few have had the boldness to originate and contend for a system of domestic and foreign policy with such undaunted perseverance. The great idea of Mr. Clay was to develop home manufactures, and create home markets for the results of industry by means of a protective tariff.

In the light of his numerous failures to attain the place of chief magistrate, it is clearly evident that talents, statesmanship, and public services go for nothing in the estimation of party managers, and that the ambitious aspirant may be assured that his very gifts will weigh him down and make him fail in the race with the mediocrity that fortune may bring out against him.

The purely literary merit of Mr. Clay's speeches is not very high, but his ideas are clearly and forcibly expressed, and the generous enthusiasm of his nature breaks out at times in passages of true eloquence. His works have been published, with a memoir by the Rev. Calvin Colton, in six volumes.

[From his Farewell Address to the United States Senate in 1842.]

FROM 1806, the period of my entrance upon this noble theatre, with short intervals, to the present time, I have been engaged in the public councils, at home or abroad. Of the services rendered during that long and arduous period of my life it does not become me to speak. History, if she deign to notice me, and posterity, if the recollection of my humble actions shall be transmitted to posterity, are the best, the truest, and the most impartial judges. When death has closed the scene, their sentence will be pronounced, and to that I commit myself. My public conduct is a fair subject for the criticism and judgment of my fellow-men; but the motives by which I have been prompted are known only to the great Searcher of the human heart and to myself; and I trust I may be pardoned for repeating a declaration made some thirteen years ago, that, whatever errors — and doubtless there have been many — may be discovered in a review of my public service, I can with unshaken confidence

appeal to that divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration, that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal motive; have sought no personal aggrandizement; but that in all my public acts I have had a single eye directed, and a warm and devoted heart dedicated, to what, in my best judgment, I believed the true interests, the honor, the union, and the happiness of my country required.

During that long period, however, I have not escaped the fate of other public men, nor failed to incur censure and detraction of the bitterest, most unrelenting, and most malignant character; and though not always insensible to the pain it was meant to inflict, I have borne it in general with composure, and without disturbance here [pointing to his breast], waiting, as I have done, in perfect and undoubting confidence for the ultimate triumph of justice and of truth, and the entire persuasion that time would settle all things as they should be, and that whatever wrong or injustice I might experience at the hands of man, He to whom all hearts are open, and fully known, would, by the inscrutable dispensations of his providence, rectify all error, redress all wrong, and cause ample justice to be done.

But I have not, meanwhile, been unsustained. Everywhere throughout the extent of this great continent, I have had cordial, warm-hearted, faithful, and devoted friends, who have known me, loved me, and appreciated my motives. To them, if language were capable of fully expressing my acknowledgments, I would now offer all the return I have the power to make for their genuine, disinterested, and persevering fidelity and devoted attachment, the feelings and sentiments of a heart overflowing with never-ceasing gratitude. If, however, I fail in suitable language to express my gratitude to *them* for all the kindness they have shown me, what shall I say, what *can* I say, at all commensurate with those feelings of gratitude with which I have been inspired by the state whose humble representative and servant I have been in this chamber?

I emigrated from Virginia to the State of Kentucky, now nearly forty-five years ago; I went as an orphan boy, who had not yet attained the age of majority; who had never recognized a father's smile, nor felt his warm caresses; poor, penniless, without the favor of the great, with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life; but scarce had I set my foot upon her generous soil when I was embraced with parental fondness, caressed as though I had been a favorite child, and patronized with liberal and unbounded munif-

icence. From that period the highest honors of the state have been freely bestowed upon me; and when, in the darkest hour of calumny and detraction, I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion. I return with indescribable pleasure to linger a while longer, and mingle with the warm-hearted and whole-souled people of that state; and when the last scene shall forever close upon me, I hope that my earthly remains will be laid under her green sod with those of her gallant and patriotic sons. . . .

I go from this place under the hope that we shall, mutually, consign to perpetual oblivion whatever personal collisions may at any time unfortunately have occurred between us, and that our recollections shall dwell in future only on those conflicts of mind with mind, those intellectual struggles, those noble exhibitions of the powers of logic, argument, and eloquence, honorable to the Senate and to the nation, in which each has sought and contended for what he deemed the best mode of accomplishing one common object — the interest and the happiness of our beloved country. To these thrilling and delightful scenes it will be my pleasure and my pride to look back in my retirement with unmeasured satisfaction. . . .

In retiring, as I am about to do, forever, from the Senate, suffer me to express my heartfelt wishes that all the great and patriotic objects of the wise framers of our Constitution may be fulfilled; that the high destiny designed for it may be fully answered; and that its deliberations, now and hereafter, may eventuate in securing the prosperity of our beloved country, in maintaining its rights and honor abroad, and upholding its interests at home. I retire, I know, at a period of infinite distress and embarrassment. I wish I could take my leave of you under more favorable auspices; but without meaning at this time to say whether on any or on whom reproaches for the sad condition of the country should fall, I appeal to the Senate and to the world to bear testimony to my earnest and continued exertions to avert it, and to the truth that no blame can justly attach to me.

May the most precious blessings of heaven rest upon the whole Senate and each member of it, and may the labors of every one redound to the benefit of the nation and the advancement of his own fame and renown. And when you shall retire to the bosom of your

constituents, may you receive that most cheering and gratifying of all human rewards — their cordial greeting of, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

And now, Mr. President and Senators, I bid you all a long, a lasting, and a friendly farewell.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

James Kirke Paulding was born in Pleasant Valley, Dutchess County, N. Y., August 22, 1779. With the exception of some assistance from the village school, he was self-taught. He went to the city of New York while still a youth, and obtained employment through the aid of William Irving, who had married his sister. Becoming intimate with Washington Irving, a younger brother of William, he turned his attention to literature, and in connection with his since illustrious friend he published Salmagundi, a series of satirical papers. We have space only to give the titles of his numerous works: The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan, 1812; The Lay of the Scotch Fiddle, a parody upon Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, 1813; The United States and England, a political pamphlet, 1814; Letters from the South by a Northern Man, 1817; The Backwoodsman, a poem, 1818; a new series of Salmagundi, 1819; a Sketch of Old England by a New England Man, 1822; John Bull in America, 1824. His first novel, Konigsmarke, was published in 1823; Merry Tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham, in 1826; The Traveller's Guide, in 1828; Tales of the Good Woman, in 1829; The Book of St. Nicholas, in 1830. Then appeared, in 1831, his best work, and the one by which his name will be remembered, The Dutchman's Fireside. This is a genuine, life-like story, full of stirring incidents, of picturesque scenes and striking characters, for which the author's early experiences had furnished the abundant materials. The amiable and whimsical peculiarities of the Dutch settlers, the darker traits of Indian character, and the vicissitudes of frontier life have rarely been more powerfully sketched. In 1832 he published another successful novel, Westward Ho! In 1835 appeared his Life of Washington, for youth, a well-considered and valuable work. The next year he published Slavery in the United States, a treatise in which the institution is warmly defended. From 1837 to 1841 he held the post of secretary of the navy. Upon his retirement he wrote two more novels, The Old Continental, 1846, and The Puritan and his Daughter, 1849. He died April 6, 1860.

[From the Dutchman's Fireside.]

THE HERO SETS OUT FOR THE WILDERNESS.

EARLY next morning, ere the tints of the bright morning reddened the eastern sky or the birds had left their perches among the clustering foliage, all things being ready, Sybrandt launched his light canoe on the smooth mirror of the Hudson, and, assisted by the dusky Charon, old Tjerck, paddled away upward towards the sources of that majestic river. The first day they occasionally saw, along its low, luxuriant borders, some scattered indications of the footsteps of the white man, and heard, amid the high, towering forests at a distance in the uplands, the axe of the first settler, the

crash of the falling tree, the barking of the deep-mouthed hound, and the report of a solitary, distant gun, repeated over and over by the echoes, never perhaps awakened thus before. A rude hut, the first essay towards improvement upon the Indian wigwam, appeared here and there at long intervals along the shores, the image of desertion and desolation, but teeming with life. As they passed along, the little, half-clothed, white-haired urchins poured forth, gazing and shouting at the passing strangers. Gradually these evidences of the progress of that roving, adventurous race, which is sending forth its travellers, its merchants, its scholars, its warriors, and its missionaries, armed with the sword and the Bible, into every region of the peopled earth, ceased altogether. Nature displayed herself naked before them, and the innocent earth exhibited her beauties in all the careless, unstudied simplicity of our first parents, ere the sense of guilt taught them to blush and be ashamed. There was silence on the earth, on the waters, and in the air, save when the Creator's voice spoke in the whirlwind, the thunder, the raging of the river when the full-charged clouds poured their deluge into its placid bosom.

Night, which in the crowded haunts of men is the season of silence and repose, was here far more noisy than the day. It was then that the prowling freebooters of the woods issued from their recesses to seek their prey and hymn their shrill or growling vespers to the changeful moon or the everlasting stars, those silent witnesses of what mortals wish to hide. As they toiled upward in the moonlight evenings against the current, which every day became more rapid in approaching towards the falls, they were hailed from the shore at intervals by the howl of the wolves, the growling of the bears, and the cold, cheerless quaverings of the solitary screech-owl. When, tired with the labors of the day, they drew their canoe to the shore and lay by for the night, their only safety was in lighting a fire and keeping it burning all the time. This simple expedient furnishes the sole security against the ferocious hunger of these midnight marauders, who stay their approach at a certain distance, where they stand and utter their cry, and glare with their eyes, a mark for the woodsman, who takes his aim directly between these two balls of living fire.

A RIVER VOYAGE IN FORMER TIMES.

CATALINA, accompanied by her father, embarked on board of the good ship Watervliet, whereof was commander Captain Baltus Van

Slingerland, a most experienced, deliberative, and circumspective skipper. This vessel was noted for making quick passages, wherein she excelled the much-vaunted Liverpool packets; seldom being more than three weeks in going from Albany to New York, unless when she chanced to run on the flats, for which, like her worthy owners, she seemed to have an instinctive preference. Captain Baltus was a navigator of great sagacity and courage, having been the first man that ever undertook the dangerous voyage between the two cities without asking the prayers of the church and making his will. Moreover, he was so cautious in all his proceedings that he took nothing for granted, and would never be convinced that his vessel was near a shoal or a sand-bank until she was high and dry aground. When properly certified by ocular demonstration, he became perfectly satisfied, and set himself to smoking till it pleased the waters to rise and float him off again. His patience under an accident of this kind was exemplary; his pipe was his consolation — more effectual than all the precepts of philosophy.

It was a fine autumnal morning, calm, still, clear, and beautiful. The forests, as they nodded or slept quietly on the borders of the pure river, reflected upon its bosom a varied carpet, adorned with every shade of color. The bright yellow poplar, the still brighter scarlet maple, the dark-brown oak, and the yet more sombre evergreen pine and hemlock, together with a thousand various trees and shrubs, of a thousand varied tints, all mingled in one rich, inexpressibly rich garment, with which Nature seemed desirous of hiding her faded beauties and approaching decay. The vessel glided slowly with the current, now and then assisted by a little breeze, that for a moment rippled the surface and filled the sails, and then died away again. In this manner they approached the Overslaugh, a place infamous in all past time for its narrow, crooked channel, and the sand-banks with which it is infested. The vigilant Van Slingerland, in view of possible contingencies, replenished his pipe, and inserted it in the button-holes of his Dutch pea-jacket, to be ready on an emergency.

"Boss," said the ebony Palinurus, who presided over the destinies of the good sloop Watervliet, "boss, don't you tink I'd better put about? I tink we're close to the Overslaugh, now."

Captain Baltus very leisurely walked to the bow of the vessel, and, after looking about a little, replied, "Leetle furder, a leetle furder, Brom; no occasion to pe in zuch a hurry pefore you are zure of a ting."

Brom kept on his course, grumbling a little in an undertone, until the sloop came to a sudden stop. The captain then bestirred himself to let go the anchor.

"No fear, boss; she won't run away."

"Very well," quoth Captain Baltus; I am zatisfied now, berfectly zatisfied. We are certainly on de Overslaugh."

"As clear as mud," answered Brom. The captain then proceeded to light his pipe, and Brom followed his example. Every quarter of an hour a sloop would glide past in perfect safety, warned of the precise situation of the bar by the position of the Watervliet, and added to the vexation of our travellers at being thus left behind. But Captain Baltus smoked away, now and then ejaculating, "Ay, ay; de more hashte de lesch shpeed; we shall see py and py."

As the tide ebbed, the vessel which had grounded on the extremity of the sand-bank gradually heeled on one side, until it was difficult to keep the deck, and Colonel Vancour suggested the propriety of going on shore until she righted again.

"Why, where's de uze, den," replied Captain Baltus, "of daking all tis drouble, boss? We shall pe off in dwo or dree tays at most. It will pe vull moon tay after to-morrow."

"Two or three days!" exclaimed the colonel. "If I thought so, I would go home and wait for you."

"Why, where's de uze, den, of daking zo much drouble, golonel? You'd only have to gome pack again."

"But why don't you lighter your vessel or carry out an anchor? She seems just on the edge of the bank, almost ready to slide into the deep water."

"Why, where's de uze, den, of daking zo much drouble, den? She'll get off herzelf one of deze days, golonel. You are well off here; notting to do, and de young woman dare can knid you a bair of stogings to bass de dime."

"But she can't knit stockings," said the colonel, smiling.

"Not knid stogings! Py main zoul, den, what is zhe goot vor? Den zhe must zmoke a bipe; dat is de next pest way of bassing de dime."

"But she don't smoke, either, captain."

"Not zmoke, nor knid stogings? Where was zhe prought ub, den? I wouldn't have her vor my wife iv zhe had a whole zloop vor her vortune. I don't know what zhe gan do to bass de dime dill next vull moon, put go to zleep; dat is de next pest ding to knidding and zmoking."

Catalina was highly amused at Captain Baltus's enumeration of the sum total of her resources for passing the time. Fortunately, however, the next rising of the tide floated them off, and the vessel proceeded gallantly on her way, with a fine north-west breeze, which carried her on with almost the speed of a steamboat. In the course of a few miles they overtook and passed several sloops that had left the Watervliet aground on the Overslaugh.

JOSEPH STORY.

Joseph Story was born in Marblehead, Mass., September 18, 1779. He received his education at Harvard College, graduating in 1798, and then commenced the study of law. He published a volume of poems in 1804, but, as the book was not successful, he "took a lawyer's farewell of the muse," and devoted his time to legal learning. He was elected a member of the state legislature in 1805, and was chosen a representative in Congress in 1809. In politics he sided with the republicans, the supporters of Jefferson, although some independent votes showed that he was not altogether a partisan. In 1811 he was appointed by Madison an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, a place which he occupied thirty-four years. Upon the establishment of the Dane law professorship in Cambridge, in 1829, he was called to the chair, and continued to deliver lectures during the vacations of the Supreme Court until his death. He was as distinguished for his industry as for his learning, and contributed more volumes to the literature of law than any modern author. Besides the vast number of reports of cases decided in his long term of service, he wrote a Commentary on the Constitution, and treatises on the Conflict of Laws, Bailments, Agency, Partnership, and numerous other topics. He still found time for other literary works, consisting mainly of orations and reviews. These were embodied in a collection of Miscellaneous Writings, published, after his death, by his son and biographer.

The style of Judge Story is clear, flowing, and often elegant. His legal knowledge was undoubtedly great, but his opinions are somewhat diffuse, and lack the point that characterizes some less known authors.

He died at Cambridge, September 10, 1845.

The extract here given is from an oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, of Harvard College.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

THE importance of classical learning to professional education is so obvious, that the surprise is, that it could ever have become matter of disputation. I speak not of its power in refining the taste, in disciplining the judgment, in invigorating the understanding, or in warming the heart with elevated sentiments, but of its power of direct, positive, necessary instruction. Until the eighteenth century the mass of science, in its principal branches, was deposited in the dead languages, and much of it still reposes there. To be ignorant of these languages is to shut out the lights of former times, or to examine them only through the glimmerings of inadequate trans-

lations. What should we say of the jurist who never aspired to learn the maxims of law and equity which adorn the Roman codes? What of the physician who could deliberately surrender all the knowledge heaped up for so many centuries in the Latinity of continental Europe? What of the minister of religion who should choose not to study the Scriptures in the original tongue, and should be content to trust his faith and his hopes, for time and for eternity, to the dimness of translations, which may reflect the literal import, but rarely can reflect, with unbroken force, the beautiful spirit of the text?

I pass over all consideration of the written treasures of antiquity which have survived the wreck of empires and dynasties; of monumental trophies and triumphal arches; of palaces of princes and temples of the gods. I pass over all consideration of those admired compositions in which wisdom speaks as with a voice from heaven; of those sublime efforts of poetical genius which still freshen, as they pass from age to age, in undying vigor; of those finished histories which still enlighten and instruct governments in their duty and their destiny; of those matchless orations which roused nations to arms, and chained senates to the chariot-wheels of all-conquering eloquence. These all may now be read in our vernacular tongue. Ay, as one remembers the face of a dead friend by gathering up the broken fragments of his image; as one listens to the tale of a dream twice told; as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of a rivulet; as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimmer of twilight. There is not a single nation, from the north to the south of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not embedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the production of her scholars; of men who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar schools; of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble, because it faded in the presence of Roman and Grecian genius. He who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning, loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, of its illustrative associations. Who, that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who, that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope,

does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who, that meditates over the strains of Milton, does not feel that he drank deep at

"Siloa's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God," —

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

It is no exaggeration to declare that he who proposes to abolish classical studies proposes to render, in a great measure, inert and unedifying the mass of English literature for three centuries; to rob us of the glory of the past, and much of the instruction of future ages; to bind us to excellences which few may hope to equal, and none to surpass; to annihilate associations which are interwoven with our best sentiments, and give to distant times and countries a presence and reality, as if they were in fact his own.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Washington Allston was born in Charleston, S. C., November 5, 1779. He was prepared for college at a private school in Newport, R. I., and was graduated at Harvard in 1800. Being determined to devote himself to art, he sold his property, and passed three years as a student of the Royal Academy in London. He pursued his studies for several years afterwards in Rome. It was at this period that Washington Irving met him, and recorded his impressions of him: "There was something, to me, inexpressibly engaging in the appearance and manners of Allston. I do not think I have ever been more completely captivated on a first acquaintance. He was of a light and graceful form, with large blue eyes and black silken hair waving and curling around a pale, expressive countenance. Everything about him bespoke the man of intellect and refinement. His conversation was copious, animated, and highly graphic, warmed by a genial sensibility and benevolence, and enlivened, at times, by a chaste and gentle humor."

Allston was married in 1809 to a sister of Rev. Dr. Channing, and lived in Boston two years. He then returned to Europe, and remained abroad until 1818. His longest poem, "The Sylphs of the Seasons," was published in London, 1813, the year in which his wife died. In 1830 he was married to a sister of the poet Dana, and lived in Cambridgeport from that time until his death in 1843. Monaldi, an Italian romance of singular power and marked individuality, was published in 1831. His Lectures on Art, four in number, did not appear until after his death.

During his residence in Cambridgeport, he came under the observation of another author, Professor Lowell, whose poetical portrait of him, in later years, is worth setting against Irving's affectionate sketch: "So refined was his whole appearance, so fastidiously neat his apparel, — but with a neatness that seemed less the result of care and plan than a something as proper to the man as whiteness to the lily, — that you would at once have classed him with those individuals, rarer than great captains, and almost as rare as great poets, whom Nature sends into the world to fill the arduous office of gentleman. . . . A *nimbus*

of hair, fine as an infant's, and early white, showing refinement of organization and the predominance of the spiritual over the physical, undulated and floated around a face that seemed like pale flame, and over which the flitting shades of expression chased each other, fugitive and gleaming as waves upon a field of rye. . . . Here was a man all soul, whose body seemed a lamp of finest clay, whose service was to feed, with magic oils, rare and fragrant, that wavering fire which hovered over it."

This is not the place to discuss Allston's merits as an artist; it is sufficient to say that, in the judgment of many competent critics, he is the greatest painter of our English race. His writings, both in prose and poetry, have so much of imagination and force, and are set forth in such a pure and fitting style, that we can but regret that he produced so little. His fastidious taste kept him so long retouching and refining both pictures and poems that a single lifetime was not sufficient for the completion of any large number of either. A collection of his poems and lectures was made by his brother-in-law, R. H. Dana. Monaldi is still to be found on the shelves of booksellers, in a separate volume.

[From The Sylphs of the Seasons.]

THEN spake the Sylph of Spring serene:
"'Tis I thy joyous heart, I ween,
With sympathy shall move;
For I with living melody
Of birds, in choral symphony,
First waked thy soul to poesy,
To piety, and love.

"When thou, at call of vernal breeze,
And beckoning bough of budding trees,
Hast left thy sullen fire,
And stretched thee in some mossy dell,
And heard the browsing wether's bell,
Blithe echoes rousing from their cell
To swell the tinkling choir, —

"Or heard from branch of flowering thorn
The song of friendly cuckoo warn
The tardy-moving swain;
Hast bid the purple swallow hail,
And seen him now through ether sail,
Now sweeping downward o'er the vale,
And skimming now the plain; —

"Then, catching with a sudden glance,
The bright and silver-clear expanse
Of some broad river's stream,

Behold the boats adown it glide,
And motion wind again the tide,
Where, chained in ice, by winter's pride,
Late rolled the heavy team ; —

" Or, lured by some fresh-scented gale,
That wooed the mooréd fisher's sail
To tempt the mighty main,
Hast watched the dim, receding shore,
Now faintly seen the ocean o'er,
Like hanging cloud, and now no more
To bound the sapphire plain ; —

" Then, wrapped in night, the scudding bark
(That seemed, self-poised amid the dark,
Through upper air to leap),
Beheld, from thy most fearful height,
The rapid dolphin's azure light
Cleave, like a living meteor bright,
The darkness of the deep ; —

" 'Twas mine the warm, awakening hand,
That made thy grateful heart expand,
And feel the high control
Of Him, the mighty Power, that moves
Amid the waters and the groves,
And through his vast creation proves
His omnipresent soul ; —

" Or, brooding o'er some forest rill,
Fringed with the early daffodil
And quivering maiden-hair,
When thou hast marked the dusky bed,
With leaves and water-rust o'erspread,
That seemed an amber light to shed
On all was shadowed there ; —

" And thence, as by its murmur called,
The current traced to where it brawled
Beneath the noontide ray,
And there beheld the checkered shade

Of waves, in many a sinuous braid,
That o'er the sunny channel played,
With motion ever gay; —

"'Twas I to these the magic gave,
That made thy heart a willing slave,
To gentle Nature bend,
And taught thee how, with tree and flower,
And whispering gale, and dropping shower,
In converse sweet to pass the hour,
As with an early friend; —

"That 'mid the noontide, sunny haze
Did in thy languid bosom raise
The raptures of the boy,
When, waked as if to second birth,
Thy soul through every pore looked forth,
And gazed upon the beauteous earth
With myriad eyes of joy; —

"That made thy heart, like His above,
To flow with universal love
For every living thing.
And, O, if I, with ray divine,
Thus tempering, did thy soul refine,
Then let thy gentle heart be mine,
And bless the Sylph of Spring."

—

SONNET

OF A FALLING GROUP IN THE LAST JUDGMENT OF MICHAEL ANGELO, IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

How vast, how dread, o'erwhelming, is the thought
Of space interminable! to the soul
A circling weight that crushes into nought
Her mighty faculties! a wondrous whole,
Without or parts, beginning, or an end!
How fearful, then, on desperate wings to send
The fancy e'en amid the waste profound!
Yet, born as if all daring to astound,

Thy giant hand, O Angelo, hath hurled
E'en human forms, with all their mortal weight,
Down the dread void, — fall endless as their fate!
Already now they seem from world to world
For ages thrown; yet doomed, another past,
Another still to reach, nor e'er to reach the last.

—

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

All hail, thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil;
O, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine, —
O'er the main our naval line
Like the milky-way shall shine
Bright in fame.

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the Bard of Avon sung,

In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host; —
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast; —

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One."

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

John James Audubon, the son of an admiral in the French navy, was born on a plantation in Louisiana, May 4, 1780. Nature had destined him to be her enthusiastic student and interpreter. He was passionately fond of birds from his infancy, and began to draw and color at a very early age. He was sent to France to be educated, and passed some time in the studio of the eminent painter David. He returned to America, and lived in Pennsylvania, and afterwards in Kentucky, supporting himself by trade, but devoting most of his time, and all his thoughts, to the prosecution of his favorite studies. After encountering difficulties, and meeting with accidents enough to have checked the enthusiasm of ordinary men, his great work was accomplished. His Birds of America is a monument of genius and industry; the designs are exquisite, every bird appearing with its native surroundings. Nor are they merely correct in form and color; on the contrary, they are shown in characteristic attitudes or in natural motion, and every figure is instinct with life. The letter-press descriptions mostly concern us. They are simply perfect, equally removed from the insipidity of a so-called "popular" style and from the scientific dryness that usually marks the mere naturalist. His own personal adventures are modestly told, and give a rare charm to the work. It will readily be imagined that it is very difficult to make selections that will do justice to such an author. Scattered through his volumes are many touches of nature, and hints of scenery that are inimitable — especially because they are the unconscious utterances of a soul highly susceptible to beauty, and without the least vain desire of parading its emotions.

The extract here given is by no means the best specimen of the author's powers, but it was chosen mainly because it contains a vivid description of a marvellous fact in nature.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

THE passenger pigeon, or, as it is usually named in America, the wild pigeon, moves with extreme rapidity, propelling itself by quickly

repeated flaps of the wings, which it brings more or less near to the body, according to the degree of velocity which is required. . . .

Their great power of flight enables them to survey and pass over an astonishing extent of country in a very short time. This is proved by facts well known in America. Thus pigeons have been killed in the neighborhood of New York, with their crops full of rice, which they must have collected in the fields of Georgia and Carolina, these districts being the nearest in which they could possibly have procured a supply of that kind of food. As their power of digestion is so great that they will decompose food entirely in twelve hours, they must in this case have travelled between three hundred and four hundred miles in six hours, which shows their speed to be, at an average, about one mile in a minute. A velocity such as this would enable one of these birds, were it so inclined, to visit the European continent in less than three days. . . .

The multitudes of wild pigeons in our woods are astonishing. Indeed, after having viewed them so often, and under so many circumstances, I even now feel inclined to pause, and assure myself that what I am going to relate is fact. Yet I have seen it all, and that, too, in the company of persons who, like myself, were struck with amazement.

In the autumn of 1813 I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens, a few miles beyond Hardensburg, I observed the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an eminence, and began to mark with my pencil, making a dot for every flock that passed. In a short time, finding the task which I had undertaken impracticable, as the birds poured in in countless multitudes, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, found that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse; and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose.

Whilst waiting for dinner at Young's inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beech wood forests directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alighted, for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neigh-

borhood. They consequently flew so high, that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual; nor did the reports disturb them in the least. I cannot describe to you the extreme beauty of their aerial evolutions, when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other towards the centre. In these almost solid masses, they darted forward in undulating and angular lines, descended and swept close over the earth with inconceivable velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and, when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent.

Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburg fifty-five miles. The pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession. The people were all in arms. The banks of the Ohio were crowded with men and boys, incessantly shooting at the pilgrims, which there flew lower as they passed the river. Multitudes were thus destroyed. For a week or more, the population fed on no other flesh than that of pigeons, and talked of nothing but pigeons. The atmosphere, during this time, was strongly impregnated with the peculiar odor which emanates from the species.

As soon as the pigeons discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below. During their evolutions, on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure, when the backs of the birds come simultaneously into view, and anon suddenly presenting a mass of rich, deep purple. They then pass lower, over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge, and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight; but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they take to wing, producing by the flappings of their wings a noise like the roar of distant thunder, and sweep through the forests to see if danger is near. Hunger, however, soon brings them to the ground. When alighted, they are seen industriously throwing up the withered leaves in quest of the fallen mast. The rear ranks are continually rising, passing over the main body, and alighting in front, in such rapid succession, that the whole flock seems still on wing. The quantity of ground thus swept is astonishing; and so completely has it been cleared, that the gleaner who might follow in their rear would find his labor completely lost.

Whilst feeding, their avidity is at times so great, that in attempting to swallow a large acorn or nut, they are seen gasping for a long while, as if in the agonies of suffocation.

On such occasions, when the woods are filled with these pigeons, they are killed in immense numbers, although no apparent diminution ensues. About the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, they settle on the trees, to enjoy rest and digest their food. On the ground they walk with ease, as well as on the branches, frequently jerking their beautiful tail, and moving the neck backward and forward in the most graceful manner. As the sun begins to sink beneath the horizon, they depart *en masse* for the roosting-place, which not unfrequently is hundreds of miles distant, as has been ascertained by persons who have kept an account of their arrivals and departures.

Let us now inspect their place of nightly rendezvous. One of these curious roosting-places, on the banks of the Green River, in Kentucky, I repeatedly visited. It was, as is always the case, in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and, crossing it in different parts, found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset.

Many trees two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken off at no great distance from the ground; and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Everything proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense beyond conception. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Everything was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of, "Here they come!" The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole-men. The birds continued to pour in. The fires were lighted, and a magnificent, as well as wonderful and almost terrifying, sight presented

itself. The pigeons, arriving by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses, as large as hogsheads, were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout, to those persons who were nearest to me. Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading.

The uproar continued the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, accustomed to perambulate the forest, who, returning two hours afterwards, informed me he had heard it distinctly when three miles distant from the spot. Towards the approach of day, the noise in some measure subsided, long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared. The howlings of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, raccoons, opossums, and polecats were seen sneaking off, whilst eagles, and hawks of different species, accompanied by a crowd of vultures, came to supplant them, and enjoy their share of the spoil.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

William Ellery Channing was born at Newport, R. I., April 7, 1780. He was prepared for college under the tuition of his uncle, the Rev. Henry Channing, at New London, Conn., and entered Harvard in 1794. After graduation he spent some time as a tutor in a private family in Richmond, Va. He studied theology at Cambridge, and subsequently, in 1803, became pastor of the Federal Street Church, in Boston. Not long after occurred the separation between the two wings of the Congregational church, and Channing became the leader of the Unitarian party. His fame as a spiritually-minded and powerful preacher constantly increased, and the sphere of his influence widened. He made a tour of Europe in 1822, and returned refreshed and strengthened to his parochial duties. He first became widely known as a writer by his admirable critical articles on Napoleon, Milton, and Fénélon, published in the Christian Examiner. The appearance of these essays marked a new era in American letters. No periodical in the country had, up to that time, contained such elaborate articles, clothed in a style of such elegant simplicity, animated by such high moral principles, and evincing such imaginative power and cultivated taste. They took rank at once with the best productions of English thought, and are to-day unsurpassed in many respects, except by the weightier judgments of Carlyle. His religious doctrines led him to espouse with ardor the anti-slavery cause, to protest against the settlement of international disputes by appeals to arms, and to strive for the education and elevation of

the laboring classes. From boyhood his sense of right and duty was strong, and his fidelity to his inward convictions unwavering. He was not renowned as a logician or as a thinker upon abstract subjects; but his enthusiasm, purity of character, and deep natural piety gave him an ascendency over his hearers such as few preachers have possessed.

In his youth he was a passionate admirer of Shakespeare; in maturity his love for Milton increased; in later years he found more pleasure in the philosophic poetry of Wordsworth. By the succession of these preferences the drift of his mind is indicated.

Miss Sedgwick, who met him in 1826, says, "There is a superior light in his mind that sheds a pure, bright gleam on everything that comes from it. He talks freely upon common topics, but they seem no longer to be common topics when he speaks of them. There is the influence of the sanctuary, the holy place, about him."

He died at Bennington, Vt., of a typhus fever, contracted while making an excursion, October 2, 1842. His works are published in six volumes, 12mo. His biography was written by his nephew, Rev. William H. Channing, published in 1848.

[From the Essay on Milton.]

MILTON'S fame rests chiefly on his poetry, and to this we naturally give our first attention. By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts of intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those secret recesses of the soul where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigor, and

wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it "makes all things new" for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendors of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colors which the passions throw over it, and depicts the soul in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses — the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendor, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but, when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature,

which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life, to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware that it is objected to poetry that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars, — the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, — we do not deny ; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thraldom of this earth-born prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And, if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life ; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labors and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic. The affections, which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity ; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy ; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy ; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth ; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth ; woman,

with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire, — these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which, being now sought, not as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, Epicurean life. . . .

We should not fulfil our duty were we not to say one word on what has been justly celebrated — the harmony of Milton's versification. His numbers have the prime charm of expressiveness. They vary with, and answer to, the depth, or tenderness, or sublimity of his conceptions, and hold intimate alliance with the soul. Like Michael Angelo, in whose hands the marble was said to be flexible, he bends our language, which foreigners reproach with hardness, into whatever forms the subject demands. All the treasures of sweet and solemn sound are at his command. Words, harsh and discordant in the writings of less gifted men, flow through his poetry in a full stream of harmony. This power over language is not to be ascribed to Milton's musical ear. It belongs to the soul. It is a gift or exercise of genius, which has power to impress itself on whatever it touches, and finds or frames, in sounds, motions, and material forms, correspondences and harmonies with its own fervid thoughts and feelings.

We close our remarks on Milton's poetry with observing, that it is characterized by seriousness. Great and various as are its merits, it does not discover all the variety of genius which we find in Shakespeare, whose imagination revelled equally in regions of mirth, beauty, and terror, now evoking spectres, now sporting with fairies, and now "ascending the highest heaven of invention." Milton was

cast on times too solemn and eventful, was called to take part in transactions too perilous, and had too perpetual need of the presence of high thoughts and motives, to indulge himself in light and gay creations, even had his genius been more flexible and sportive. But Milton's poetry, though habitually serious, is always healthful, and bright, and vigorous. It has no gloom. He took no pleasure in drawing dark pictures of life; for he knew by experience that there is a power in the soul to transmute calamity into an occasion and nutriment of moral power and triumphant virtue. We find nowhere in his writings that whining sensibility and exaggeration of morbid feeling which makes so much of modern poetry effeminating. If he is not gay, he is not spirit-broken. His L'Allegro proves that he understood thoroughly the bright and joyous aspects of nature; and in his Penseroso, where he was tempted to accumulate images of gloom, we learn that the saddest views which he took of creation are such as inspire only pensive musing or lofty contemplation. . . .

It is objected to his prose writings, that the style is difficult and obscure, abounding in involutions, transpositions, and Latinisms; that his protracted sentences exhaust and weary the mind, and too often yield it no better recompense than confused and indistinct perceptions. We mean not to deny that these charges have some grounds; but they seem to us much exaggerated; and, when we consider that the difficulties of Milton's style have almost sealed up his prose writings, we cannot but lament the fastidiousness and effeminacy of modern readers. We know that simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style; but there are vastly nobler and more important ones, such as energy and richness, and in these Milton is not surpassed. The best style is not that which puts the reader most easily and in the shortest time in possession of a writer's naked thoughts, but that which is the truest image of a great intellect, which conveys fully and carries farthest into other souls the conceptions and feelings of a profound and lofty spirit. To be universally intelligible is not the highest merit. A great mind cannot, without injurious constraint, shrink itself to the grasp of common passive readers. Its natural movement is free, bold, and majestic, and it ought not to be required to part with these attributes, that the multitude may keep pace with it. A full mind will naturally overflow in long sentences, and, in the moment of inspiration, when thick-coming thoughts and images crowd upon it, will often pour them forth in a splendid confusion, dazzling to common readers, but kindling to congenial spirits. There are writings which

are clear through their shallowness. We must not expect in the ocean the transparency of the calm inland stream. For ourselves, we love what is called easy reading perhaps too well, especially in our hours of relaxation; but we love, too, to have our faculties tasked by master spirits. We delight in long sentences, in which a great truth, instead of being broken up into numerous periods, is spread out in its full proportions, is irradiated with variety of illustration and imagery, is set forth in a splendid affluence of language, and flows like a full stream, with a majestic harmony which fills at once the ear and the soul. Such sentences are worthy and noble manifestations of a great and far-looking mind, which grasps at once vast fields of thought, just as the natural eye takes in, at a moment, wide prospects of grandeur and beauty. We would not, indeed, have all compositions of this character. Let abundant provision be made for the common intellect. Let such writers as Addison — an honored name — "bring down philosophy from heaven to earth." But let inspired genius fulfil its higher function of lifting the prepared mind from earth to heaven. Impose upon it no strict laws, for it is its own best law. Let it speak in its own language, in tones which suit its own ear. Let it not lay aside its natural port, or dwarf itself that it may be comprehended by the surrounding multitude. If not understood and relished now, let it place a generous confidence in other ages, and utter oracles which futurity will expound.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, N. H., January 18, 1782. His early education was obtained in district schools, under great difficulties. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Phillips Academy, in Exeter, N. H., but remained only a year, on account of the poverty of the family. He pursued his studies under the care of a clergyman in a neighboring town, and entered Dartmouth College in 1797. He finished his course with credit, having acquired a tolerable knowledge of the classical languages, as well as of history and English literature. He was the foremost man of his class, though not the highest in academic rank. He was preceptor of an academy in Fryeburg, Me., for a short time, and then commenced the study of law in his native town. He completed his preliminary legal education in the office of Christopher Gore, in Boston, was admitted to the bar in 1805, and, returning to New Hampshire, commenced practice in Boscawen, and afterwards in Portsmouth. He took a prominent place in his profession at once, and in 1812 was elected a member of Congress. In 1816 he declined a re-election, and removed to Boston. For seven years he devoted himself to his profession, and soon established his reputation as the ablest advocate in the United States. It was in this period that he distinguished himself in the famous case of Dartmouth College against the usurpations of the New Hampshire legislature. Nor was his intellectual activity confined to legal discussions: the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims (1820) gave him an opportunity such as few orators have had, and

his genius illustrated the themes it suggested in sentences that are as immortal as the memory of the event.

In 1822 he was elected a representative in Congress from the Boston district, in which place he remained until, in 1828, he was chosen a senator. He continued to represent the state in the Senate for twelve years, when he was appointed secretary of state by President Harrison. During these eighteen years of public life his fame was steadily rising, spreading, deepening, until he was no longer the favorite of Boston merely, but was everywhere acknowledged the foremost of constitutional lawyers and of parliamentary debaters, and without a peer in the higher fields of classic and patriotic oratory. The oration at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument in 1825, the eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson in 1826, the speech upon the trial of the murderers of Stephen White, and the reply to Hayne, of South Carolina, in the debate upon "nullification," in 1830, are beyond parallel in this century. Eloquence, we are told, is no longer fashionable in England; but it has been nearly a hundred years since that country has witnessed such a magnificent display from any of its public men as this generation remembers in the many great efforts of Webster.

In 1845 he returned to the Senate, and remained in that position until 1850, when he was appointed secretary of state by President Fillmore. He resigned his office in the summer of 1852, on account of failing health, and retired to his country-seat in Marshfield, where he died October 24 of the same year.

Mr. Webster and his friends had considered, with some reason, that his talents and services entitled him to the nomination of his party for the presidency. His claims were pressed strongly at the national convention of the Whig party, in 1848, but he was set aside that his party might avail itself of the military reputation of General Taylor. In 1850 he made a speech in favor of the Compromise measures, including the Fugitive Slave Law, which had the effect of alienating many of his warmest friends throughout the northern states, and was the commencement of a fierce controversy that embittered the remainder of his life. In 1852 the Whig National Convention again set him aside, and nominated General Scott for president; and it was noticeable that the members from the southern states, for whose interests Mr. Webster had sacrificed so much, hardly gave him the poor compliment of a single vote. It did not need this instance, however, to assure us that there is no sentiment of gratitude in politics.

The intellect of Mr. Webster had a firm basis of common sense. His grasp of facts, and his power of arranging them in argument, was prodigious. In abstract reasoning he was not so strong; it was when his feet were planted upon the earth that he showed his power. His imagination re-enforced and illuminated his reason; his conceptions and his figurative illustrations often approached the sublime; but he had little of the fancy and few of the graces that adorn the decorous speech of an inferior order of men. His style was the natural expression of his great thoughts; it was based on good models, but it was imitated from no master, and it is itself beyond the reach of imitation. No rhetorician could forge a characteristic Websterian sentence, any more than he could palm off a fabricated Shakspearian line. The conceptions of the orator, like those of the poet, are cast into their enduring forms while red hot. His delivery was in perfect keeping with what he had to utter — full of majesty, and fitted less to please than to command. His manner had a wonderful impressiveness, that reminded us of the saying (attributed to Emerson) that it makes a vast difference in the force of a sentence whether there is a man behind it or no.

This man, so highly endowed, sent into the world with such a form, such a face, such a presence, would have appeared to be the consummate flowering of our race; and we must lament that he could not see, as we now see, how exalted was his position as a man of genius, and how little lustre his name could receive from any official title.

In the light of the tremendous events of the last ten years, the history of the attempts at conciliation, previous to 1860, is full of instruction. The topic belongs to the historian and the moralist, rather than to the literary critic; but some mention of it could not be omitted in any fair view of Webster's career as a public man. Let us be thankful for the

grand works he has left, and rejoice that, in spite of some errors, cruelly expiated, we find in his character so much that is worthy of admiration. His works were published, with a memoir by Edward Everett, in six volumes. Two volumes of his correspondence have been published since; also a biography, in one volume, by George T. Curtis.

ADDRESS TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

VENERABLE men: You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder in the strife of your country. Behold how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death, — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils, and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

But, alas! you are not all here. Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men.

You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like

> "another morn,
> Risen on mid-noon," —

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But, ah! him, the first great martyr in this great cause; him, the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart; him, the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; him, cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage. How shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name. Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure. This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail. Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit. . . .

Veterans! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century! when, in your youthful days, you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this. At a period to which you could not reasonably hope to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years and bless them; and when you shall here have exchanged your embraces, when you shall once

more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity or grasped in the exultation of victory, then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

CONCLUSION OF THE ORATION AT PLYMOUTH UPON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS, 1820.

THE hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be past. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity; they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific Seas.

We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of one hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as

you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth.

[From the speech upon the trial of Knapp, for the murder of Stephen White, at Salem, Mass., 1830.]

THE deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work, and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard. To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse. He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer. It is accom-

plished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe.

Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him, and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide — and suicide is confession.

THE UNION. — PERORATION OF SECOND SPEECH ON FOOT'S RESOLUTION, IN REPLY TO HAYNE.

MR. PRESIDENT: I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it without expressing once more my deep conviction that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the states, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my careeer hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying, prospects spread out before us, for us and our children.

Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, and as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

John Caldwell Calhoun was born in Abbeville District, S. C., March 18, 1782. His early instruction was received at home; but at the age of nineteen he was induced to commence classical study, and in two years he was admitted into the junior class in Yale College. He was a remarkable scholar, and the vigor and maturity of his mind gave abundant promise of his future eminence. He studied law and commenced practice in his native place, but soon abandoned his profession for a public career. After two terms of service in the state legislature he was elected a member of Congress, where he took his seat in November, 1811. His attitude towards the party in power was a wholly independent one, and he was as often allied with the opposition as with the administration. Thus, while he was an ardent advocate for the war with Great Britain, he was an early friend of internal improvements, and an advocate for a United States bank. Upon the accession of Monroe to the presidency, Mr. Calhoun was made secretary of state. As a member of the cabinet he warmly opposed the conduct of General Jackson in his Florida campaign, and at the next general election, which resulted in favor of Adams, having maintained a neutrality between the rival candidates, he was himself elected vice-president. The youthful reader will need to be reminded that this took place when the electoral college was a substantial body chosen to *elect* the president and vice-president, and before "national conventions" and "general tickets" had been invented to turn one of the provisions of the Constitution into a quadrennial farce.

Mr. Calhoun was again elected vice-president in 1828. It was during this period that the country was divided between the rival theories of "protection" and "free trade," and that South Carolina resolved to "nullify" the acts of the general government, and to forci-

bly prevent the collection of duties on imported goods within her boundaries. This course of proceeding was undoubtedly inspired by Calhoun, who was the great advocate of "State Rights;" and in the brilliant debate that occurred between Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina, and Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts, the real object of the latter's attack was the vice-president in the chair. The conflict between the state and nation, as is known, was avoided by a compromise in 1833, which was the enactment of a tariff bill with a sliding scale of duties, under which protection was to cease in ten years.

Mr. Calhoun, being elected to the Senate again, joined with Clay in his attack upon President Jackson for removing the deposits of public money into the custody of certain designated banks. He was the author of the bill proposing to punish postmasters for admitting anti-slavery documents into the mails. He advocated the admission of Texas, and opposed the admission of Michigan. When, in the financial crisis of 1837, all the banks suspended specie payments, he separated from the whigs on the bank question, and supported the proposition of President Van Buren for the establishment of an independent treasury. On this occasion there was a renowned passage-at-arms between him and Clay; the speeches on both sides are the best specimens of oratory of these great rivals. Having left the Senate in 1843, Mr. Calhoun was, in 1844, appointed secretary of state by President Tyler, when he immediately negotiated the annexation of Texas, and promised to place our forces on the border to repel any invasion from Mexico. The annexation was not actually consummated, however, until the coming in of President Polk.

In 1845 Mr. Calhoun appeared again in the Senate, and strongly opposed the war with Mexico, provoked by the annexation of Texas, at least so far as carrying it on by the invasion of Mexican territory. He attacked the Wilmot Proviso, prohibiting slavery in any territory that should be acquired from Mexico, and, so far from temporizing on the great question that divided the north and the south, advocated the policy of "forcing the issue with the north." With these convictions he labored incessantly to unite southern statesmen in order to check the rising power of the northern states; and, when the contest upon the Compromise measures of 1850 came, he prepared a speech advocating radical changes in the constitution in order to establish an equilibrium between the two sections. He was unable to deliver it, and died shortly after, March 31, 1850.

The intellect of Calhoun was best shown in the discussion of abstract principles, and in carrying out, with logical directness, his constructions of constitutional law. Slavery was the corner-stone of his ideal commonwealth, and the doctrine of state rights, with a rigid limitation of the powers of the Federal government, was the only effectual bulwark of slavery. While others pursued the tortuous course of expediency, his movements were in a right line. With one great and controlling principle in view, he did not care what politician's schemes he crossed, or with which party his action for the time chanced to coincide. For his personal popularity he cared as little as he did for the views of opponents. Well was he named the "Iron Man," for of all the statesmen of his era he had the clearest vision, the most remorseless logic (granting his premises) and the most unswerving determination of purpose. As may be inferred, the style of the orator was in harmony with the nature of the man. Imagination, fancy, grace, and the arts of rhetoric had no place in his intellectual system. But his arguments always set the strongest of his adversaries to thinking, and left friends and foes alike with a feeling of admiration for his power. His private life was without stain, and his home, where he was the biblical patriarch, was always a hospitable and pleasant resort. His works, with a memoir by Richard K. Crallé, have been published in six volumes.

[From the speech on the Force Bill, in the Senate, February, 1833.]

STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said, I may say that neither the senator from Delaware [Mr. Clayton], nor any other who has

spoken on the same side, has directly and fairly met the great question at issue: Is this a federal union? a union of states, as distinct from that of individuals? Is the sovereignty in the several states, or in the American people in the aggregate? The very language which we are compelled to use when speaking of our political institutions affords proof conclusive as to its real character. The terms "union," "federal," "united," all imply a combination of sovereignties, a confederation of states. They are never applied to an association of individuals. Who ever heard of the United State of New York, of Massachusetts, or of Virginia? Who ever heard the term federal or union applied to the aggregation of individuals into one community? Nor is the other point less clear — that the sovereignty is in the several states, and that our system is a union of twenty-four sovereign powers, under a constitutional compact, and not of a divided sovereignty between the states severally and the United States. In spite of all that has been said, I maintain that sovereignty is in its nature indivisible. It is the supreme power in a state, and we might just as well speak of half a square, or half of a triangle, as of half a sovereignty. It is a gross error to confound the *exercise* of sovereign powers with *sovereignty* itself, or the *delegation* of such powers with the *surrender* of them. A sovereign may delegate his powers to be exercised by as many agents as he may think proper, under such conditions and with such limitations as he may impose; but to surrender any portion of his sovereignty to another is to annihilate the whole. The senator from Delaware [Mr. Clayton] calls this metaphysical reasoning, which, he says, he cannot comprehend. If by metaphysics he means that scholastic refinement which makes distinctions without difference, no one can hold it in more utter contempt than I do; but if, on the contrary, he means the power of analysis and combination, — that power which reduces the most complex idea into its elements, which traces causes to their first principle, and, by the power of generalization and combination, unites the whole in one harmonious system, — then, so far from deserving contempt, it is the highest attribute of the human mind. It is the power which raises man above the brute — which distinguishes his faculties from mere sagacity, which he holds in common with inferior animals. It is this power which has raised the astronomer from being a mere gazer at the stars to the high intellectual eminence of a Newton or a Laplace, and astronomy itself from a mere observation of insulated facts into that noble science which displays to our admiration the system of the universe. And shall this high power

of the mind, which has effected such wonders when directed to the laws which control the material world, be forever prohibited, under a senseless cry of metaphysics, from being applied to the high purpose of political science and legislation? I hold them to be subject to laws as fixed as matter itself, and to be as fit a subject for the application of the highest intellectual power. Denunciation may, indeed, fall upon the philosophical inquirer into these first principles, as it did upon Galileo and Bacon when they first unfolded the great discoveries which have immortalized their names; but the time will come when truth will prevail in spite of prejudice and denunciation, and when politics and legislation will be considered as much a science as astronomy and chemistry.

[From a speech in reply to John Randolph in favor of a war with Great Britain, delivered in Congress, 1811.]

Sir, I am not insensible to the weighty importance of the proposition, for the first time submitted to this house, to compel a redress of our long list of complaints against one of the belligerents. According to my mode of thinking, the more serious the question, the stronger and more unalterable ought to be our convictions before we give it our support. War, in our country, ought never to be resorted to but when it is clearly justifiable and necessary; so much so as not to require the aid of logic to convince our understandings, nor the ardor of eloquence to inflame our passions. There are many reasons why this country should never resort to war but for causes the most urgent and necessary. It is sufficient that, under a government like ours, none but such will justify it in the eyes of the people; and were I not satisfied that such is the present case, I certainly would be no advocate of the proposition now before the house.

Sir, I might prove the war, should it ensue, justifiable, by the express admission of the gentleman from Virginia; and necessary, by facts undoubted, and universally admitted — such as he did not pretend to controvert. The extent, duration, and character of the injuries received, the failure of those peaceful means heretofore resorted to for the redress of our wrongs, are my proofs that it is necessary. Why should I mention the impressment of our seamen; depredations on every branch of our commerce, including the direct export trade, continued for years, and made under laws which professedly undertake to regulate our trade with other nations; negotiation resorted to, again and again, till it is become hopeless; the restrictive system

persisted in to avoid war, and in the vain expectation of returning justice? The evil still grows, and, in each succeeding year, swells in extent and pretension beyond the preceding. The question, even in the opinion and by the admission of our opponents, is reduced to this single point: Which shall we do — abandon or defend our own commercial and maritime rights, and the personal liberties of our citizens employed in exercising them? These rights are vitally attacked, and war is the only means of redress. The gentleman from Virginia has suggested none, unless we consider the whole of his speech as recommending patient and resigned submission as the best remedy. Sir, which alternative this house will embrace it is not for me to say. I hope the decision is made already, by a higher authority than the voice of any man. It is not for the human tongue to instil the sense of independence and honor. This is the work of nature — a generous nature, that disdains tame submission to wrongs. . . .

The first argument of the gentleman which I shall notice is the unprepared state of the country. Whatever weight this argument might have in a question of immediate war, it surely has little in that of preparation for it. If our country is unprepared, let us remedy the evil as soon as possible. Let the gentleman submit his plan; and, if a reasonable one, I doubt not it will be supported by the house.

But, sir, let us admit the fact and the whole force of the argument. I ask, whose is the fault? Who has been a member, for many years past, and seen the defenceless state of his country even near home, under his own eyes, without a single endeavor to remedy so serious an evil? Let him not say, "I have acted in a minority." It is no less the duty of the minority than a majority to endeavor to defend the country. For that purpose we are sent here, and not for that of opposition.

We are next told of the expense of the war, and that the people will not pay taxes.

Why not? Is it from want of means? What, with a million tons of shipping, a commerce of a hundred million dollars annually, manufactures yielding a yearly product of a hundred and fifty million dollars, and agriculture of thrice that amount, shall we be told the country wants capacity to raise and support ten thousand or fifteen thousand additional regulars? No; it has the ability; that is admitted; and will it not have the disposition? Is not the cause a just and necessary one? Shall we then utter this libel on

the people? Where will proof be found of a fact so disgraceful? It is answered — In the history of the country twelve or fifteen years ago. The case is not parallel. The ability of the country is greatly increased since. The whiskey tax was unpopular. But on this, as well as my memory serves me, the objection was not to the tax or its amount, but the mode of collection. The people were startled by the number of officers; their love of liberty shocked with the multiplicity of regulations. We, in the spirit of imitation, copied from the most oppressive part of European laws on the subject of taxes, and imposed on a young and virtuous people all the severe provisions made necessary by corruption and long-practised evasions. If taxes should become necessary, I do not hesitate to say the people will pay cheerfully. It is for their government and their cause, and it would be their interest and their duty to pay. But it may be, and I believe was said, that the people will not pay taxes, because the rights violated are not worth defending, or that the defence will cost more than the gain. Sir, I here enter my solemn protest against this low and "calculating avarice" entering this hall of legislation. It is only fit for shops and counting-houses, and ought not to disgrace the seat of power by its squalid aspect. Whenever it touches sovereign power, the nation is ruined. It is too short-sighted to defend itself. It is a compromising spirit, always ready to yield a part to save the residue. It is too timid to have in itself the laws of self-preservation. It is never safe but under the shield of honor. There is, sir, one principle necessary to make us a great people — to produce not the form, but real spirit of union; and that is, to protect every citizen in the lawful pursuit of his business. He will then feel that he is backed by the government — that its arm is his arm — and will rejoice in its increased strength and prosperity. Protection and patriotism are reciprocal. This is the way which has led nations to greatness. Sir, I am not versed in this calculating policy, and will not, therefore, pretend to estimate in dollars and cents the value of national independence. I cannot measure in shillings and pence the misery, the stripes, and the slavery of our impressed seamen; nor even the value of our shipping, commercial and agricultural losses, under the Orders in Council and the British system of blockade. In thus expressing myself, I do not intend to condemn any prudent estimate of the means of a country before it enters on a war. This is wisdom — the other, folly. The gentleman from Virginia has not failed to touch on the calamity of war, that fruitful source of declamation by

which humanity is made the advocate of submission. If he desires to repress the gallant ardor of our countrymen by such topics, let me inform him that true courage regards only the cause, that it is just and necessary; and that it contemns the sufferings and dangers of war. If he really wishes to promote the cause of humanity, let his eloquence be addressed to Lord Wellesley or Mr. Perceval, and not the American Congress. Tell them, if they persist in such daring insult and injury to a neutral nation, that, however inclined to peace, it will be bound in honor and safety to resist; that their patience and endurance, however great, will be exhausted; that the calamity of war will ensue; and that they, in the opinion of the world, will be answerable for all its devastation and misery. Let a regard to the interests of humanity stay the hand of injustice, and my life on it, the gentleman will not find it difficult to dissuade his country from rushing into the bloody scenes of war.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783. He received only a common school education, which ended in his sixteenth year, and thenceforward his mind had its own development. He read Robinson Crusoe, and a collection of voyages, and afterwards Chaucer, and Spenser, and other English classics: he studied law for a time, made river excursions, and travelled over his island-home in search of adventures with great assiduity. Civilization had then extended no farther than Chambers Street. Dutch houses, with stoops and gables, were common, and the streets were bordered with rows of tall poplars, like troops in skirmish lines. The valiant burgomasters of Peter Stuyvesant's time were not so remote as they now seem. Spuyten-Duyvel Creek and Hell Gate were in regions of mystery. The island, the broad bay, and the north river, with its noble shores, were all rich in traditions connected with the settlement of the country and the changes that had occurred among the people and their rulers. In the Author's Account of Himself, prefixed to the Sketch Book, we see glimpses of his rambling disposition, and understand how he acquired that perfect knowledge of the country, with its customs and legends, which gives to the History of New York, and to the tales of Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow, their peculiar charm.

In 1802 he began to write for a newspaper, conducted by his brother, Dr. Peter Irving. Being threatened with pulmonary disease, he sailed for Europe in 1804, landing at Bordeaux, and visiting Genoa, Sicily, Naples, Rome, and Paris, and from thence journeying through Brussels, Maestricht, and Rotterdam to London. It was at Rome that he met Allston, and for a time thought of being a painter. He returned to New York in 1806, resumed the study of law, and was admitted to the bar; but it does not appear that he ever practised his profession.

In company with his brother William and James K. Paulding, he engaged in a serial publication, entitled Salmagundi. It was filled with clever satire upon the follies of the day, and was immediately successful. The next venture of Irving was the publication of his History of New York, which is, perhaps, the most unique, perfectly rounded, and elaborately sustained burlesque in our literature. It has enough of sober history to ballast it, and its

ludicrous incidents and studies of the whimsical traits of Dutch character are painted with a grave air of verity that keeps the reader in a perpetual but never tiresome chuckle. It is amusing now to read that the descendants of the old families, whose names figure in the book, as well as members of the Historical Society, and critics like Verplanck, were angry with the author, and gravely condemned the pleasantry as a wrong to the memory of the Dutch forefathers.

He conducted the Analectic Magazine in Philadelphia for two years, and contributed many articles that afterwards appeared in the Sketch Book and other later volumes.

He served for a short time as aide-de-camp to Governor Tompkins in 1814, and, at the end of the war, went to Europe for the benefit of his health. His life for the next seventeen years was full of interest, but its events cannot be compressed within the narrow space allotted to a single author in our collection. After making a tour of the continent, he enjoyed a season of literary companionship in London, and of wanderings through England and Scotland, when he was suddenly thrown upon his own resources by the failure of his brother's house in New York, in which all his property had been placed.

He wrote the Sketch Book, and sent it to New York, where it was published, in 1818, in a serial form. It was subsequently published in London by Murray; but this was brought about by the persuasion of Scott (who had read and enjoyed an American copy of the Knickerbocker) after Murray had once declined it. This work was at once accepted as classic, and the author's reputation was placed upon a permanent basis. The judicious variety of subjects, the delicate pathos and humor, the freshness of feeling, and the exquisite finish of style it exhibited, together with the fact that it was the work of an author born and reared in a country supposed to possess neither learning nor refinement, made the appearance of the Sketch Book a literary event. His next work, Bracebridge Hall, written in Paris, where the author had been a companion of Moore, appeared in London in 1822. Though successful, it was thought to be over-refined in style. The following winter was spent in Dresden (where he was much in gay society, and took part in private theatricals), and the next season in Paris, where he was the friend and adviser of J. Howard Payne, the dramatist. In December, 1824, he published the Tales of a Traveller. He was commissioned in 1825, by Alexander H. Everett, then minister to Spain, to make translations of newly-discovered papers, in Madrid, referring to Columbus. This led to the composition of the admirable History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, published in 1828, followed by the Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus. During his residence in Spain he also collected the materials for the Conquest of Grenada, The Alhambra, Legends of the Conquest of Spain, and Mahomet and his Successors. In 1829 he was appointed secretary of legation to the American embassy, in London, and in 1832 returned to New York, where he was welcomed at a public dinner. He next made a trip beyond the Mississippi, and shortly after gave to the public A Tour on the Prairies. This was followed by Astoria, The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, and a volume of miscellanies, entitled Wolfert's Roost. In 1841 he published the Life of Margaret Davidson, with an edition of her poetical works. The next year he was appointed minister to Spain. On his return, four years later, he published his biography of Oliver Goldsmith. His last and most elaborate work is his Life of Washington, in five volumes.

The last years of Irving's life were spent at his country-seat, "Sunnyside," near Tarrytown, N. Y., the scene of his Legend of Sleepy Hollow. He was never married. In his youth he was betrothed to Miss Matilda Hoffman, who died in her eighteenth year. He remained faithful to her memory, and her Bible, kept for so many years, was upon a table at his bedside when he died. He enjoyed the society of loving relatives and friends, for whom he always kept open house; and he retained his self-denying, cheerful temper, his simple tastes, and unostentatious habits to the last. His death occurred November 28, 1859. His Letters and Memoirs have been given to the world by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving.

It is not difficult to assign Irving's place among our authors. Thackeray happily spoke of him as "the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old." In our lighter literature he is without a rival as an artist. He is equally happy in his delineations

of scenery and character; he moves us to tears or to laughter at his pleasure. His works have all an admirable proportion; nothing necessary is omitted, and needless details are avoided. He never fatigues us by learned antithesis, nor by the parallelism of proverbial philosophers. In short, we can say that his style is absolutely unrivalled in its fluency, grace, and picturesque effect. The vivacity of his youth never wholly deserted him; although he ceased writing humorous works, it served to animate his graver histories, and to give them a charm which the mere annalist could not attain. His life, on the whole, was fortunate; his fame came in season for him to enjoy it; his works brought him his bread, honestly earned, and not merely the monumental stone. Other authors may perhaps excite more of our wonder or reverence, but Irving will be remembered with delight and love.

[From Knickerbocker's History of New York.]

A DUTCH GOVERNOR.

THE renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of — which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world; one by talking faster than they think, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pike-staff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well, I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both

sides of it. Certain it is, that if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, shake his capacious head, smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that "he had his doubts about the matter;" which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief, and not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name, for to this habit of the mind has been attributed his surname of Twiller, which is said to be a corruption of the original Twijfler, or, in plain English, *Doubter*.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between his shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at bottom, which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament, and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller — a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe

to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timberman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a sceptre he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmine and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict made by his contending doubts and opinions. . . .

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings — or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt as he shovelled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth, — either as a sign that he relished the dish or comprehended the story, — he called unto him his constable, and, pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge jackknife, despatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word. At length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvellous gravity counted over the leaves and weighed the books: it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other — therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced; therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration, and the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter — being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

[From The Sketch Book.]

EVENING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place, —

> "for in the silent grave no conversation,
> No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
> No careful father's counsel — nothing's heard,
> For nothing is, but all oblivion,
> Dust, and an endless darkness."

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumph and acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn, sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful; it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls; the ear is stunned, the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee; it is rising from the earth to heaven; the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony.

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening round me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom, and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs, where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen lie mouldering in their "beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if

contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness — to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon arrive; how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away, and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude. For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things; and there are base minds which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and grovelling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funereal ornaments; the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered, some mutilated, some covered with ribaldry and insult — all more or less outraged and dishonored.

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poets' Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already fallen into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation, a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty

of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of Death; his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection, and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Browne, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors."

History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand, and their epitaphs but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

What, then, is to insure this pile, which now towers above me, from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower — when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death, and the ivy twine round the fallen column, and the fox-glove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

[From Legend of Sleepy Hollow.]

PORTRAIT OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.

In this by-place of Nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he ex-

pressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together.

His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs, the windows partly glazed and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured, at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters, so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out — an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it.

From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive, interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master in the tone of menace or command, or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers, where, in his own mind, he completely

carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation, and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane.

Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy time of it.

A DUTCH HEIRESS.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge, ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam, the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

ANTICIPATIONS.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy, relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright

chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

A LANDSCAPE.

THUS feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven.

A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

JOHN PIERPONT.

John Pierpont was born in Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785. He received his education at Yale College, graduating in 1804, and then passed four years as a teacher in South Carolina. He studied law in the then famous school at Litchfield, and commenced practice at Newburyport, Mass. He had neither the means nor the inclination to wait for the slow tide of success in his laborious profession, and was induced to go into mercantile business with his brother-in-law, Mr. Lord, and John Neal. Though the firm prospered for a while, the rapid decline in prices after the war of 1812 swamped their little capital in a few months. Mr. Pierpont then studied for the ministry, and was settled over Hollis Street Church, in Boston. His ardent advocacy of the temperance and anti-slavery causes displeased a portion of his congregation, and at length, in 1845, he asked for a dismissal, and removed to Troy, N. Y. He remained in his new field of labor four years, when he accepted a call from a church in Medford, Mass. In his later years he became a spiritualist, and no longer acted with his former Unitarian brethren. He was employed for a few years in the Treasury Department at Washington, in making a digest of decisions. He died at Medford, August 27, 1866.

He was a man of great talent in many directions. He had great mechanical skill, especially in engraving and in turning delicate figures. One of his inventions, says John Neal, "the 'Pierpont or Doric Stove,' was a bit of concrete philosophy — a cast-iron syllogism of itself, so classically just in its proportions, and so eminently characteristic, as to be a type of the author." Mr. Neal thinks that his first choice, the law, would have been his true sphere, and that he would have been a leader in the profession if he had been willing to wait. His first poem, The Portrait, written at Newburyport, has some vigorous lines, though in palpable imitation of the style of Campbell. The Airs of Palestine, published in Baltimore after his mercantile failure, contains many beautiful passages. Of hymns for ordinations and dedications he wrote a great number that still hold their place in the collections for public worship. He wrote also a great many odes for various occasions, as well as poems upon reformatory subjects.

Few of his pieces have the completeness that belongs to enduring works; but in almost all of them there are traces of the true fire, and here and there are couplets that any poet might be proud to own.

Mr. Pierpont was tall and vigorous in person, very animated in conversation, and full of an ultra-apostolic zeal. He was thoroughly honest, fearless, and outspoken. With more suavity and more tact he would have had a pleasanter pathway through the world; but then he would not have been John Pierpont.

His life-long friend, John Neal, contributed an interesting brief memoir of him to the Atlantic Monthly, December, 1866.

PASSING AWAY. — A DREAM.

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell
  That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
  That he winds, on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,

While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?
Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words: as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing);
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

O, how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow;
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed: in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fulness of grace and of womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;

And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed, — as when Evening steals
Upon Noon's hot face. Yet one couldn't but love her,
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed, in the same silver tone, to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan:
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet, just as busily, swung she on;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept,
And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone
(Let me never forget till my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay),
"Passing away! passing away!"

HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE OPENING OF THE INDEPENDENT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN BARTON SQUARE, SALEM, DECEMBER 7, 1824.

O THOU, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue, —

Not now on Zion's height, alone,
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer, —
The incense of the heart, — may rise
To Heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this thy house, whose doors we now
For social worship first unfold,
To thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
While circling years on years are rolled.

To thee shall Age, with snowy hair,
And Strength and Beauty, bend the knee,
And Childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O Thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

Richard Henry Dana was born at Cambridge, Mass., November 15, 1787. He remained three years in Harvard College, and afterwards finished the usual collegiate education at Newport, R. I. He was admitted to the bar in 1811. He did not remain in the profession long, being drawn by his natural tastes into literary pursuits. He aided in establishing the North American Review in 1814, and in 1818 was one of its editors. In 1821–2 he published the Idle Man, in numbers. His principal poem, The Buccaneer, appeared in 1827, and was recognized as a production of originality and power. His collected works in prose and verse were published in two volumes in 1850. He edited the works and wrote the memoir of his brother-in-law, Allston. He has also written a series of lectures upon Shakespeare, which have been delivered in many of our principal cities. Mr. Dana is still living in a serene old age, passing his summers at his sea-side home in Manchester, Mass., and his winters in Boston. He is seldom seen now in public, but the frequenters of classical concerts and of Emerson's lectures will long remember his intellectual features and long, silvery hair.

The works of Mr. Dana are not numerous, nor popular. His ideas, whether in poems or essays, are addressed to the thinking few, and have undoubtedly done much to mould the public taste. His literary life began when the rhymed couplets of Pope were thought to be the highest form of poetical expression; he has lived to see the decline of that artificial school, and the rise of the nobler philosophical poetry of Wordsworth and his successors.

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS OF THE BUCCANEER.

THE island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently,
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

Nor holy bell nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale:
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear;
Each motion's gentle; all is kindly done.
Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.

THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice?
Why, with that boding cry
O'er the waves dost thou fly?
O, rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;

Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us. Thy wail —
What does it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
With motion, and with roar,
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge —
The Mystery — the Word.

Of thousands thou both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells
A tale of mourning tells —
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more;
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light
Where birds of summer sing.

[From the Husband's and Wife's Grave.]

O, LISTEN, man!
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality;
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;

'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with gentle step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears.
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
So one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

[From Domestic Life,]

CHILDREN.

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy," says Wordsworth. And who of us that is not too good to be conscious of his own vices, who has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child? Who that has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinless child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man, and tell him, in a way which all else he has read or heard never could, how paltry is all the show of intellect compared with a pure and good heart. He that will humble himself, and go to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man.

If children can make us wiser, they surely can make us better. There is no one more to be envied than a good-natured man watching the workings of children's minds, or overlooking their play, their eagerness, curious about everything, making out by a quick imagination what they see but a part of — their fanciful combinations and magic inventions, creating out of ordinary circumstances and the common things which surround them, strange events and little worlds, and these all working in mystery to form matured thought, is study enough for the most acute minds, and should teach us, also, not too officiously, to regulate what we so little understand. The still musing and deep abstraction in which they sometimes sit, affect us as a playful mockery of older heads. These little philosophers have no foolish system, with all its pride and jargon, confusing their brains. Theirs is the natural movement of the soul,

intense with new life, and busy after truth, working to some purpose, though without a noise.

When children are lying about, seemingly idle and dull, we, who have become case-hardened by time and satiety, forget that they are all sensation, that their outstretched bodies are drinking in from the common sun and air, that every sound is taken note of by the ear, that every floating shadow and passing form come and touch at the sleepy eye, and that the little circumstances and the material world about them make their best school, and will be the instructors and formers of their characters for life.

And it is delightful to look on and see how busily the whole acts, with its countless parts fitted to each other, and moving in harmony. There are none of us who have stolen softly behind a child when laboring in a sunny corner digging a liliputian well, or fencing in a six-inch barn-yard, and listened to his soliloquies and his dialogues with some imaginary being, without our hearts being touched by it. Nor have we observed the flush which crossed his face when finding himself betrayed, without seeing in it the delicacy and propriety of the after man.

A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked long in a bad course, yet if he has a love for children, and can take pleasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to act upon — something which can love simplicity and truth. I have seen one in whom some low vice had become a habit, make himself the plaything of a set of riotous children, with as much delight on his countenance as if nothing but goodness had ever been expressed in it; and have felt as much of kindness and sympathy towards him as I have of revolting towards another who has gone through life with all due propriety, with a cold and supercilious bearing towards children, which makes them shrinking and still. I have known one like the latter attempt to court an open-hearted child, who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I have felt as if there were a curse upon him. Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked of children.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1789. His father, Judge William Cooper, became possessed of large tracts of land in the State of New York, on the shores of Lake Otsego, and removed there during the infancy of our author. The prominent position he occupied as a gentleman of wealth, culture, and energy in a new country, is brought to view in the character of Judge Temple, in The Pioneers. Young Cooper was sent to Yale College at the age of thirteen, but he does not appear to have made any figure there, and at the end of his third year he entered the United States navy as a common sailor. After two years' service he was promoted to the rank of midshipman, and eventually to that of lieutenant. Upon his marriage, in 1811, he left the service, and soon after commenced his career as an author.

The novel-reading public had been accustomed to depend wholly upon foreign literature; no works of fiction worth reading had been produced in the United States, except the powerful but intensely disagreeable novels of Charles Brockden Brown. The early home of Cooper had been upon the border of the wilderness; he knew Indians and hunters, and was familiar with all the incidents of frontier life. During his term of naval service he had acquired a thorough knowledge of sailors and of nautical affairs. When a fortunate accident turned his attention to writing, his mind was stored with vivid pictures of the woods and of the scenery of the sea; and he produced in rapid succession a series of fascinating novels, abounding in stirring incidents, and presenting some characters new to the world of fiction. The effect upon the public mind was prodigious; the novels were received with an enthusiasm of which the present generation can have but a faint idea. His works are too numerous to be mentioned in detail; in any one of the last edition, in thirty-two volumes, can be seen a complete list. The most popular sea novels are The Pilot and The Red Rover. The Spy, a tale of the revolutionary war, is his best work, and the one by which he first became known. The tales of frontier life are numerous, and nearly all excellent: The Pioneers, The Deerslayer, The Pathfinder, The Prairie, The Last of the Mohicans, are among the best. There seems to be little falling off in the popularity of Cooper, notwithstanding the advent of the great novelists of later date. His tales have a permanent charm, since they are based upon nature, and are constructed with great skill. In some elements, however, their merit is unequal: his original characters are not numerous, and the same people, under different names, reappear in successive stories as in a masquerade; besides, as Lowell says, —

> "The women he draws, from one model don't vary;
> All sappy as maples, and flat as a prairie."

If Cooper had been content to please his countrymen with his delightful fictions, his life would have been far happier. But he was a man of decided opinions, and had plenty of the talent for criticism, as well as the courage to present his strictures in a blunt way. In Homeward Bound, and Home as Found, and other works, he commented upon blemishes in our national character with so little reserve as to draw upon him a storm of newspaper abuse. He retorted by prosecutions for libel, and at one time had about twenty suits on hand. He generally gained his cases, but the results were barren of honor or profit. His History of the United States Navy also caused a controversy, because it was alleged he had not been quite just in his allotment of praise to the different commanders.

He died at Cooperstown, New York, September 14, 1851.

Cooper was a tall and robust man, very animated in expression, and, though always conscious of his birth and social rank, showed a generous and kindly nature.

The reader must make allowances for the difficulty of giving an adequate idea of his power as a writer by the presentation of detached scenes.

[From The Pilot.]

A CHASE AND BRUSH IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

An involuntary cry of pleasure burst from the lips of Katherine, as she followed his directions, and first beheld the frigate through the medium of the fluctuating colors of the morning. The undulating outlines of the lazy ocean, which rose and fell heavily against the bright boundary of the heavens, was without any relief to distract the eye as it fed eagerly on the beauties of the solitary ship. She was riding sluggishly on the long seas, with only two of her lower and smaller sails spread, to hold her in command; but her tall masts and heavy yards were painted against the fiery sky in strong lines of deep black, while even the smallest cord in the mazes of her rigging might be distinctly traced, stretching from spar to spar with the beautiful accuracy of a picture. At moments, when her huge hull rose on a billow, and was lifted against the background of sky, its shape and dimensions were brought into view; but these transient glimpses were soon lost as it settled into the trough, leaving the waving spars bowing gracefully towards the waters, as if about to follow the vessel into the bosom of the deep. As a clearer light gradually stole on the senses, the delusion of colors and distance vanished together, and when a flood of day preceded the immediate appearance of the sun, the ship became plainly visible within a mile of the cutter, her black hull checkered with ports, and her high, tapering masts exhibiting their proper proportions and hues.

. . . . . .

"The fog rises!" cried Griffith; "give us but the wind for an hour, and we shall run her out of gun-shot."

"These ninetys are very fast off the wind," returned the captain, in a low tone, that was intended only for the ears of his first lieutenant and the pilot; "and we shall have a struggle for it."

The quick eye of the stranger was glancing over the movements of his enemy, while he answered, —

"He finds we have the heels of him already! he is making ready, and we shall be fortunate to escape a broadside! Let her yaw a little, Mr. Griffith; touch her lightly with the helm; if we are raked, sir, we are lost!"

The captain sprang on the taffrail of his ship with the activity of a younger man, and in an instant he perceived the truth of the other's conjecture.

Both vessels now ran for a few minutes, keenly watching each

other's motions, like two skilful combatants; the English ship making slight deviations from the line of her course, and then, as her movements were anticipated by the other, turning as cautiously in the opposite direction, until a sudden and wide sweep of her huge bows told the Americans plainly on which tack to expect her. Captain Munson made a silent but impressive gesture with his arm, as if the crisis were too important for speech, which indicated to the watchful Griffith the way he wished the frigate sheered, to avoid the weight of the impending danger. Both vessels whirled swiftly up to the wind, with their heads towards the land; and as the huge black side of the three-decker, checkered with its triple batteries, frowned full upon her foe, it belched forth a flood of fire and smoke, accompanied by a bellowing roar, that mocked the surly moanings of the sleeping ocean. The nerves of the bravest man in the frigate contracted their fibres as the hurricane of iron hurtled by them, and each eye appeared to gaze in stupid wonder, as if tracing the flight of the swift engines of destruction. But the voice of Captain Munson was heard in the din, shouting, while he waved his hat earnestly in the required direction, "Meet her! meet her with the helm, boy! meet her, Mr. Griffith, meet her!"

Griffith had so far anticipated this movement as to have already ordered the head of the frigate to be turned in its former course, when, struck by the unearthly cry of the last tones uttered by his commander, he bent his head, and beheld the venerable seaman driven through the air, his hat still waving, his gray hair floating in the wind, and his eye set in the wild look of death.

. . . . . .

The ship which the American frigate had now to oppose, was a vessel of near her own size and equipage; and when Griffith looked at her again, he perceived that she had made her preparations to assert her equality in manful fight.

Her sails had been gradually reduced to the usual quantity, and, by certain movements on her decks, the lieutenant and his constant attendant, the pilot, well understood that she only wanted to lessen her distance a few hundred yards to begin the action.

"Now spread everything," whispered the stranger.

Griffith applied the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted, in a voice that was carried even to his enemy, "Let fall — out with your booms — sheet home — hoist away of everything!"

The inspiring cry was answered by a universal bustle. Fifty men flew out on the dizzy heights of the different spars, while broad sheets

of canvas rose as suddenly along the masts, as if some mighty bird were spreading its wings. The Englishman instantly perceived his mistake, and he answered the artifice by a roar of artillery. Griffith watched the effects of the broadside with an absorbing interest as the shot whistled above his head; but when he perceived his masts untouched, and the few unimportant ropes only that were cut, he replied to the uproar with a burst of pleasure.

A few men were, however, seen clinging with wild frenzy to the cordage, dropping from rope to rope, like wounded birds fluttering through a tree, until they fell heavily into the ocean, the sullen ship sweeping by them in a cold indifference. At the next instant the spars and masts of their enemy exhibited a display of men similar to their own, when Griffith again placed the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted aloud, "Give it to them; drive them from their yards, boys; scatter them with your grape; unreeve their rigging!"

The crew of the American wanted but little encouragement to enter on this experiment with hearty good will, and the close of his cheering words was uttered amid the deafening roar of his own cannon. The pilot had, however, mistaken the skill and readiness of their foe; for, notwithstanding the disadvantageous circumstances under which the Englishman increased his sail, the duty was steadily and dexterously performed.

The two ships were now running rapidly on parallel lines, hurling at each other their instruments of destruction with furious industry, and with severe and certain loss to both, though with no manifest advantage in favor of either. Both Griffith and the pilot witnessed with deep concern this unexpected defeat of their hopes; for they could not conceal from themselves that each moment lessened their velocity through the water, as the shot of the enemy stripped the canvas from the yards, or dashed aside the lighter spars in their terrible progress.

"We find our equal here," said Griffith to the stranger. "The ninety is heaving up again like a mountain; and if we continue to shorten sail at this rate, she will soon be down upon us!"

"You say true, sir," returned the pilot, musing; "the man shows judgment as well as spirit; but—"

He was interrupted by Merry, who rushed from the forward part of the vessel, his whole face betokening the eagerness of his spirit and the importance of his intelligence.

"The breakers!" he cried, when nigh enough to be heard amid the din; "we are running dead on a ripple, and the sea is white not two hundred yards ahead."

The pilot jumped on a gun, and bending to catch a glimpse through the smoke, he shouted, in those close, clear, piercing tones, that could be even heard among the roaring of the cannon, —

"Port, port your helm! we are on the Devil's Grip! Pass up the trumpet, sir; port your helm, fellow; give it them, boys — give it to the proud English dogs!"

Griffith unhesitatingly relinquished the symbol of his rank, fastening his own firm look on the calm but quick eye of the pilot, and gathering assurance from the high confidence he read in the countenance of the stranger. The seamen were too busy with their cannon and their rigging to regard the new danger; and the frigate entered one of the dangerous passes of the shoals, in the heat of a severely contested battle. The wondering looks of a few of the older sailors glanced at the sheets of foam that flew before them, in doubt whether the wild gambols of the waves were occasioned by the shot of the enemy, when suddenly the noise of cannon was succeeded by the sullen wash of the disturbed element, and presently the vessel glided out of her smoky shroud, and was boldly steering in the centre of the narrow passages.

For ten breathless minutes longer the pilot continued to hold an uninterrupted sway, during which the vessel ran swiftly by ripples and breakers, by streaks of foam and darker passages of deep water, when he threw down his trumpet, and exclaimed, —

"What threatened to be our destruction has proved our salvation. Keep yonder hill crowned with wood, one point open from the church tower at its base, and steer east by north; you will run through these shoals on that course in an hour, and by so doing you will gain five leagues of your enemy, who will have to double their trail." . . .

Every officer in the ship, after the breathless suspense of uncertainty had passed, rushed to those places where a view might be taken of their enemies. The ninety was still steering boldly onward, and had already approached the two-and-thirty, which lay a helpless wreck, rolling on the unruly seas, that were rudely tossing her on their wanton billows. The frigate last engaged was running along the edge of the ripple, with her torn sails flying loosely in the air, her ragged spars tottering in the breeze, and everything above her hull exhibiting the confusion of a sudden and unlooked-for check to her progress. The exulting taunts and mirthful congratulations of the seamen, as they gazed at the English ships, were, however, soon forgotten in the attention that was required to their own vessel. The drums beat the retreat, the guns were lashed, the wounded

again removed, and every individual able to keep the deck was required to lend his assistance in repairing the damages of the frigate and securing her masts.

The promised hour carried the ship safely through all the dangers, which were much lessened by daylight; and by the time the sun had begun to fall over the land, Griffith, who had not quitted the deck during the day, beheld his vessel once more cleared of the confusion of the chase, and ready to meet another foe.

[From The Pioneers.]

APPEARANCE OF LEATHER-STOCKING.

THERE was a peculiarity in the manner of the hunter that attracted the notice of the young female, who had been a close and interested observer of his appearance and equipments from the moment he came into view. He was tall, and so meagre as to make him seem above even the six feet that he actually stood in his stockings. On his head, which was thinly covered with lank, sandy hair, he wore a cap made of fox skin, resembling in shape the one we have already described, although much inferior in finish and ornaments. His face was skinny, and thin almost to emaciation; but yet it bore no signs of disease; on the contrary, it had every indication of the most robust and enduring health. The cold and exposure had, together, given it a color of uniform red. His gray eyes were glancing under a pair of shaggy brows, that overhung them in long hairs of gray mingled with their natural hue; his scraggy neck was bare, and burnt to the same tint with his face; though a small part of a shirt collar, made of the country check, was to be seen above the overdress he wore. A kind of coat, made of dressed deer skin, with the hair on, was belted close to his lank body, by a girdle of colored worsted. On his feet were deer skin moccasons, ornamented with porcupines' quills, after the manner of the Indians, and his limbs were guarded with long leggings of the same material as the moccasons, which gartering of the knees of his tarnished buckskin breeches had obtained for him among the settlers the nickname of Leather-stocking. Over his left shoulder was slung a belt of deer skin, from which depended an enormous ox horn, so thinly scraped, as to discover the powder it contained. The larger end was fitted ingeniously and securely with a wooden bottom, and the other was stopped tight by a little plug. A leathern pouch hung before him, from which, as he concluded his last speech, he took a small measure,

and filling it accurately with powder, he commenced reloading the rifle, which, as its butt rested on the snow before him, reached nearly to the top of his fox-skin cap.

THE ARREST OF LEATHER-STOCKING.

THE whole group were yet in the fulness of their surprise, when a tall form stalked from the gloom into the circle, treading down the hot ashes and dying embers with callous feet, and standing over the light, lifted his cap, and exposed the bare head and weather-beaten features of the Leather-stocking. For a moment he gazed at the dusky figures who surrounded him, more in sorrow than in anger, before he spoke.

"What would ye with an old and helpless man?" he said. "You've driven God's creaters from the wilderness, where his providence had put them for his own pleasure: and you've brought in the troubles and diviltries of the law, where no man was ever known to disturb another. You have driven me, that have lived forty long years of my appointed time in this very spot, from my home and the shelter of my head, lest you should put your wicked feet and nasty ways in my cabin. You've driven me to burn these logs, under which I've eaten and drunk — the first of Heaven's gifts, and the other of the pure springs — for the half of a hundred years; and to mourn the ashes under my feet, as a man would weep and mourn for the children of his body. You've rankled the heart of an old man, that has never harmed you or your'n, with bitter feelings towards his kind, at a time when his thoughts should be on a better world; and you've driven him to wish that the beasts of the forests, who never feast on the blood of their own families, was his kindred and race: and now, when he has come to see the last brand of his hut, before it is melted into ashes, you follow him up, at midnight, like hungry hounds on the track of a worn-out and dying deer. What more would ye have? for I am here — one too many. I come to mourn, not to fight; and, if it is God's pleasure, work your will on me."

LEATHER-STOCKING'S SENTENCE.

"NATHANIEL BUMPPO," commenced the judge, making the customary pause.

The old hunter, who had been musing again with his head on the bar, raised himself, and cried, with a prompt, military tone, —

"Here."

The judge waved his hand for silence, and proceeded: —

"In forming their sentence, the court have been governed as much by the consideration of your ignorance of the laws, as by a strict sense of the importance of punishing such outrages as this of which you have been found guilty. They have therefore passed over the obvious punishment of whipping on the bare back, in mercy to your years; but, as the dignity of the law requires an open exhibition of the consequences of your crime, it is ordered that you be conveyed from this room to the public stocks, where you are to be confined for one hour; that you pay a fine to the state of one hundred dollars; and that you be imprisoned in the jail of this county for one calendar month; and furthermore, that your imprisonment do not cease until the said fine shall be paid. I feel it my duty, Nathaniel Bumppo —"

"And where should I get the money?" interrupted the Leather-stocking, eagerly; "where should I get the money? You'll take away the bounty on the painters, because I cut the throat of a deer; and how is an old man to find so much gold or silver in the woods? No, no, judge: think better of it, and don't talk of shutting me up in a jail for the little time I have to stay."

"If you have anything to urge against the passing of the sentence, the court will yet hear you," said the judge, mildly.

"I have enough to say ag'in it," cried Natty, grasping the bar, on which his fingers were working with a convulsed motion. "Where am I to get the money? Let me out into the woods and hills, where I've been used to breathe the clear air, and though I'm threescore and ten, if you've left game enough in the country, I'll travel night and day but I'll make you up the sum afore the season is over. Yes, yes — you see the reason of the thing, and the wickedness of shutting up an old man, that has spent his days, as one may say, where he could always look into the windows of heaven."

"I must be governed by the law —"

"Talk not to me of law, Marmaduke Temple," interrupted the hunter. "Did the beast of the forest mind your laws when it was thirsty and hungering for the blood of your own child? She was kneeling to her God for a greater favor than I ask, and he heard her; and if you now say no to my prayers, do you think he will be deaf?"

"My private feelings must not enter into —"

"Hear me, Marmaduke Temple," interrupted the old man, with melancholy earnestness, "and hear reason. I've travelled these

mountains when you was no judge, but an infant in your mother's arms; and I feel as if I had a right and a privilege to travel them ag'in afore I die. Have you forgot the time that you come on to the lake shore, when there wasn't even a jail to lodge in? and didn't I give you my own bear skin to sleep on, and the fat of a noble buck to satisfy the cravings of your hunger? Yes, yes; you thought it no sin then to kill a deer. And this I did, though I had no reason to love you; for you had never done anything but harm to them that loved and sheltered me. And now, will you shut me up in your dungeons to pay me for my kindness? A hundred dollars! where should I get the money? No, no; there's them that says hard things of you, Marmaduke Temple, but you ain't so bad as to wish to see an old man die in a prison because he stood up for the right. Come, friend, let me pass; it's long sin' I've been used to such crowds, and I crave to be in the woods ag'in. Don't fear me, judge — I bid you not to fear me; for if there's beaver enough left on the streams, or the buckskins will sell for a shilling apiece, you shall have the last penny of the fine. Where are ye, pups? Come away, dogs! come away! We have a grievous toil to do for our years, but it shall be done; yes, yes, I've promised it, and it shall be done."

"There must be an end to this," said the judge, struggling to overcome his feelings. "Constable, lead the prisoner to the stocks. Mr. Clerk, what stands next on the calendar?"

Natty seemed to yield to his destiny, for he sank his head on his chest, and followed the officer from the court-room in silence.

CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

Catharine Maria Sedgwick, daughter of Judge Theodore Sedgwick, was born in Stockbridge, Mass., on the 28th day of December, 1789. She was descended from a family in which talent was hereditary, and the influence of her distinguished father and brothers early directed her attention to literature. Her first work, A New England Tale, was published in 1822. This was followed, in 1824, by Redwood, and in 1827 by Hope Leslie, the best of her novels, and especially valuable as a picture of primitive manners, and as a transcript of the thought and opinion of a now half-forgotten age. Clarence: A Tale of the Present Day, appeared in 1830; The Linwoods, a romance of the revolution, in 1835. She also wrote a series of popular works, of which the principal ones are, Live and Let Live, The Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor Man, Means and Ends, and Home. Having made a European tour, she published, on her return in 1841, her Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home. Her Memoir of Lucretia Maria Davidson appeared in Sparks's American Biography. Her last novel, published in 1857, was entitled Married or Single. A biography of Joseph Curtis, a philanthropist of New York, published in 1858, was her last work.

This extended list, together with magazine articles and miscellanies, forms a noble record of a long and useful life. She died at Stockbridge, July 20, 1867.

Miss Sedgwick's style was very attractive; her love of nature was strong, and her sympathies were ready and active. Her novels had a very wide popularity, both in English and in the many languages into which they were translated, and a number of them are eagerly read by the new generations. A collection of her letters, with a brief narrative to connect them, has lately been published by Miss Dewey. The specimens here given are from that work.

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

5th July, On board the Ontario.

WE have been sitting on the roof of the ladies' cabin, and by the light of this beautiful crescent, which now "seems to shine just to pleasure us," watching our winding path through the "Thousand Isles." The heavens are yet brightened by the parting smiles of day. The verdant islands are of every size and form — some stretching for miles in length, and some so small that they seem destined for a race of fairies; some in clusters, like the "solitary set in families," and some like beautiful vestals in single loveliness. The last streak of daylight has faded from the west, and the blush on the waters is followed by the reflection of the "far blue arch" and its starry host. The fishermen's lights are kindling along the margin of the river; our mate says we are having a "most righteous time." Captain Vaughan, whose simplicity and unostentatious kindness have won their way to all our hearts, has fired his signal-gun for us several times, that we might hear the reverberations amidst these islands. The mate says, "Don't they hollow well?" They do, indeed, as if we wakened the spirits of their deep solitudes to send us back our greeting. . . .

We are seated vis-a-vis in our little boat with one small sail. The boat has freight enough to keep it steady, and, though this is very little, it occupies a great portion of our room, so that we are obliged to sit on boards, without the amelioration of a cushion, almost as compactly as we should in a stage-coach. The St. Lawrence presents an appearance quite novel to us. It resembles one of our rivers when brim full from a freshet. We have already passed two of the Rapids. The river usually descends so much as to give great velocity to the current before you come to the Rapids. You find yourself suddenly impelled forward as if by an unseen and invisible hand; the banks seem flying from you; still your passage, though almost as fleet, is as noiseless as that of the planets in their orbits. Suddenly you pass into the waters that are foaming over their hidden bed of rocks. The boatmen throw themselves prostrate

in the bottom of the boat to avoid the dashing billows, their oars being useless in these agitated waters. The skilful steersman strains every nerve at the helm to guide the boat in its difficult path. It seems very perilous to my cowardly nerves, but it is not so, as is proved by the rare occurrence of accidents.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

BOSTON, June 17, 1825.

TO MR. CHARLES SEDGWICK: The great day has arrived, and is as beautiful as if Heaven smiled on our patriotic celebration. The city was never so full, half so full, the people say. There are hundreds vainly inquiring for a lodging. The Common is spread with tents to shelter the militia of the adjacent towns. It is expected that a hundred thousand people will be present. Mr. Webster expects to make fifteen thousand people hear him. He and his wife sent me an invitation to go in their party, so that I think I shall be sure to be among the hearers — the select few. . . . I was last evening at a party at Mrs. Quincy's, to meet the general (Lafayette); was twice shook by his well-shaken hand. It is a pleasure, certainly, to grasp a hand that has been the instrument of so noble a heart; but the pleasure is scarcely individual, for the hand is extended with as little personal feeling as the eyes of a picture are directed. . . .

Saturday. I am "one of the survivors who fought, bled, and died on Bunker Hill." I can only give you generals. The oration was in Mr. Webster's best style of manly eloquence. There were some very fine strokes of genius in it; but you will see it, and judge for yourselves. You will find from the papers that all the world was there — some say seventy-five thousand, some one hundred thousand. We went at nine, and did not get home till after four, so that, except for the pleasure of the remembrance, the balance was rather on the painful side. But when I think of that magnificent man; of the cloud of witnesses; of those old weather-beaten survivors, with their palsied limbs and nerveless arms, once strong, and raised in their might for us; of the good Lafayette, looking with the benignity of a blessed spirit upon the countless multitude; of the old man's prayer; of the union of voices pouring out their praise, — when I think of all these things, I am grateful that I was permitted to see and hear.

LYDIA (HUNTLEY) SIGOURNEY.

Lydia (Huntley) Sigourney was born in Norwich, Conn., September 1, 1791. She early manifested poetic talent, and composed verses at the age of seven. She received a careful education, with such advantages as the country then afforded. In her nineteenth year she removed to Hartford, and opened a young ladies' school. Her first volume, entitled Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse, appeared not long after. In 1819 she was married to Mr. Charles Sigourney, of Hartford, and lived in that city for the remainder of her life. She was a most prolific writer, having published no less than forty-five volumes, consisting of poems, biographies, tales, and miscellanies. [The reader will find a list in Duyckinck's Cyclopædia, vol. ii., p. 137.] Mrs. Sigourney's poems have a musical flow, and are inspired with deep religious feeling; her thoughts are not profound, but are expressed in clear phrase, and are frequently enlivened by poetic fancy. Many of her productions have the qualities that should preserve them, and a judicious collection would undoubtedly be welcome, especially with religious readers. Her death occurred June 10, 1865.

[From the Daily Counsellor.]

AUGUST XI.

"Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary." Psalms lxviii. 9.

I MARKED at morn the thirsty earth,
By lingering drought oppressed,
Like sick man in his fever heat,
With parching brow and breast;
But evening brought a cheering sound
Of music o'er the pane;
The voice of heavenly showers, that said,
O, blessed, blessed rain.

The pale and suffocating plants,
That bowed themselves to die,
Imbibed the pure, reprieving drops,
Sweet gift of a pitying sky;
The fern and heath upon the rock,
And the daisy on the plain,
Each whispered to their new-born buds, —
O, blessed, blessed rain.

The herds that o'er the wasted fields
Roamed with dejected eye,
To find their verdant pasture brown,
Their crystal brooklet dry,

Rejoiced within the mantling pool,
To stand refreshed again,
Each infant ripple leaping high
To meet the blessed rain.

The farmer sees his crisping corn,
Whose tassels swept the ground,
Uplift once more a stately head,
With hopeful beauty crowned;
While the idly lingering water-wheel,
Where the miller ground his grain,
Turns gayly round, with a dashing sound,
At the touch of the blessed rain.

Lord, if our drooping souls too long
Should close their upward wing,
And the adhesive dust of earth
All darkly round them cling,
Send thou such showers of quickening grace,
That the angelic train
Shall to our grateful shout respond,
O, blessed, blessed rain!

NIAGARA.

FLOW on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on,
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him
Eternally, — bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, — and upon thine altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift
The insect-trump that tells her trifling joys
Or fleeting triumphs, 'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves

Retire abashed. For he hath need to sleep
Sometimes, like a spent laborer, calling home
His boisterous billows from their vexing play,
To a long, dreary calm; but thy strong tide
Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart forgets
Its everlasting lesson night nor day.
The morning stars, that hailed creation's birth,
Heard thy hoarse anthem, mixing with their song
Jehovah's name; and the dissolving fires,
That wait the mandate of the day of doom
To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscribed
Upon thy rocky scroll.

The lofty trees
That list thy teaching, scorn the lighter lore
Of the too fitful winds; while their young leaves
Gather fresh greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds,
How bold they venture near, dipping their wing
In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 'tis meet
For them to touch thy garment's hem, or stir
Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon the cloud,
Unblamed, or warble at the gate of heaven
Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our erring lips, to talk
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace
Thine awful features with our pencil's point,
Were but to press on Sinai.

Thou dost speak
Alone of God, who poured thee as a drop
From his right hand — bidding the soul that looks
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,
Be humbly wrapped in its own nothingness,
And lose itself in him.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

SPIRIT of Beauty, who dost love to dwell
In the pure chalice of yon new-born flower,
That unrepining shares my wintry cell,
And from my hand receives the mimic shower; —

Spirit, who hoverest o'er the babe's repose,
Where guardian angels bend with viewless kiss,
Counting the innocence no guile that knows
A faint reflection of their higher bliss; —

Spirit, who on the humblest lip doth rest,
That uttereth words of kindness, and art seen
In the calm sunshine of the lowly breast,
Garnering its treasure in a clime serene; —

Spirit, who, 'mid the smile of holy age
Closing its course in hope, dost make abode,
Though Time hath ploughed the brow with tyrant rage,
And scattered snows where sunny tresses flowed; —

Sweet spirit, trembling through the loneliest star
That the storm-driven mariner descries,
And from the rushlight, when its beam afar —
Eye of his cot — the wayworn peasant spies; —

Blest spirit, touch our hearts, and as the child,
Who toward his parents' home doth singing hie,
Espies some wanderer, shivering on the wild,
And leads him onward with a pitying eye, —

So point us to our Father. He who bade
Thee in this wilderness his way prepare,
And by thy pure, refining influence aid
Upward to him — first perfect and first fair.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Charles Sprague was born in Boston, October 25, 1791. He entered into mercantile life at a very early age, and is indebted for his intellectual cultivation solely to his own efforts. He was appointed cashier of the Globe Bank in 1825, and held the office until 1864, when he retired from active life. He obtained the prize offered for an ode for the opening of the Park Theatre, in New York, in 1821, and subsequently wrote for a number of similar occasions. The ode recited at the Shakespeare celebration in Boston, in 1823, has been greatly admired; it is a carefully elaborated poem, and gives pictures of the prominent creations of the great dramatist in a vivid light. In 1825, on the Fourth of July, he delivered the annual oration before the municipal authorities of Boston. This production has been "got by heart" by more than one generation. The sentiment is elevated and philanthropic; the style animated and smoothly finished, though with rather too much of formal antithesis in its balanced periods. No one of the line of civic orators has had such a popular success. In 1830 he wrote an ode for the centennial celebration of the city, from which some passages are here printed. His poems are few in number, but are graceful and melodious. Mr. Sprague is still living (1872), with unimpaired mental faculties, and takes a lively interest in the literature and affairs of the day. His writings have been published in one volume, 12mo. Boston, 1850.

[From Centennial Ode.]

XV.

I VENERATE the Pilgrim's cause,
  Yet for the red man dare to plead —
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws,
  He turned to Nature for a creed;
Beneath the pillared dome,
  We seek our God in prayer;
Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
  And the Great Spirit worshipped there.
But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt;
To one divinity with us he knelt;
Freedom, the self-same freedom we adore,
Bade him defend his violated shore.
  He saw the cloud ordained to grow
  And burst upon his hills in woe;
  He saw his people withering by,
  Beneath the invader's evil eye;
Strange feet were trampling on his fathers' bones;
  At midnight hour he woke to gaze
  Upon his happy cabin's blaze,
And listen to his children's dying groans.
  He saw, — and, maddening at the sight,
  Gave his bold bosom to the fight;

To tiger rage his soul was driven ;
Mercy was not — nor sought nor given ;
The pale man from his lands must fly ;
He would be free — or he would die.

XIX.

Alas ! for them — their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore ;
No more for them the wild deer bounds ;
The plough is on their hunting grounds ;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods ;
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods ;
Their pleasant springs are dry ;
Their children — look ! by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west
Their children go — to die.

XXI.

Cold, with the beast he slew, he sleeps ;
O'er him no filial spirit weeps ;
No crowds throng round, no anthem-notes ascend,
To bless his coming and embalm his end ;
Even that he lived, is for his conqueror's tongue ;
By foes alone his death-song must be sung ;
No chronicles but theirs shall tell
His mournful doom to future times ;
May these upon his virtues dwell,
And in his fate forget his crimes.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

ADDRESSED TO TWO SWALLOWS THAT FLEW INTO CHAUNCY PLACE CHURCH DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven ?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend ?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend ?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep;
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep.*

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

[From an Oration, delivered July 4, 1825.]

FATE OF THE INDIANS.

ROLL back the tide of time: how powerfully to us applies the promise, "I will give thee the heathen for an inheritance!" Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over our heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here

the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and the helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and the daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and, when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lowly dwelling, in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze, in the lofty pine that had defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove, in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot, and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian, of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying away to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white

man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

[From an Address, delivered in 1827.]

EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

THE ruinous consequences of wide-spread intemperance to a people governing themselves, can hardly be overrated. If there be on earth one nation more than another, whose institutions must draw their life-blood from the individual purity of its citizens, that nation is our own. Rulers by divine right, and nobles by hereditary succession, may, perhaps, tolerate with impunity those depraving indulgences which keep the great mass abject. Where the many enjoy little or no power, it were a trick of policy to wink at those enervating vices which would rob them of both the ability and the inclination to enjoy it. But in our own country, where almost every man, however humble, bears to the omnipotent ballot-box his full portion of the sovereignty; where, at regular periods, the ministers of authority, who went forth to rule, return to be ruled, and lay down their dignities at the feet of the monarch multitude; where, in short, public sentiment is the absolute lever that moves the political world — the purity of the people is the rock of political safety. We may boast, if we please, of our exalted privileges, and fondly imagine that they will be eternal; but whenever those vices shall abound which undeniably tend to debasement, steeping the poor and the ignorant still lower in poverty and ignorance, and thereby destroying that wholesome mental equality which can alone sustain a self-ruled people, it will be found, by woful experience, that our happy system of government, the best ever devised for the intelligent and good, is the very worst to be intrusted to the degraded and vicious. The great majority will then truly become a many-headed monster, to be tamed and led at will. The tremendous power of suffrage, like the strength of the eyeless Nazarite, so far from being their protection, will but serve to pull down upon their heads the temple their ancestors reared for them. Caballers and demagogues will find it an easy task to delude those who have deluded themselves, and the freedom of the people will finally be buried in the grave of their

virtues. National greatness may survive; splendid talents and brilliant victories may fling their delusive lustre abroad — these can illuminate the darkness that hangs round the throne of a despot; but their light will be like the baleful flame that hovers over decaying mortality, and tells of the corruption that festers beneath. The immortal spirit will have gone; and along our shores, and among our hills, — those shores made sacred by the sepulchre of the Pilgrim, those hills hallowed by the uncoffined bones of the patriot, — even there, in the ears of their degenerate descendants, shall ring the last knell of departed liberty.

ALEXANDER HILL EVERETT.

Alexander Hill Everett was born in Boston, March 19, 1792, and was educated at Harvard College, graduating in his fifteenth year, the youngest member of his class, and the highest in scholastic rank. He studied law in the office of John Quincy Adams, and afterwards accompanied that gentleman to St. Petersburgh as an *attaché* to the embassy. Upon his return to Boston he divided his attention between law and politics, and though living in a city of Federalists, was a strong supporter of the war with Great Britain. He was secretary of legation in the mission to Holland, and afterwards *chargé d'affaires*. While abroad, he wrote a work entitled, Europe, or General Survey of the Political Situation of the Principal Powers, with Conjectures on their Future Prospects. In 1822, he published a criticism of the views of Malthus on Population. He was appointed minister to Spain in 1825, and on his return, in 1829, became editor of the North American Review, to which he had been for some years a prominent contributor. He was a member of the state legislature for five years, but he was defeated as a candidate for Congress, having given his support to General Jackson, in oppostion to the views then prevailing in Massachusetts. He was elected president of Jefferson College, in Louisiana, in 1840, but the state of his health compelled him to resign the post. Two volumes of his miscellaneous writings were published, the first in 1845, the next in 1847. He was appointed by President Polk commissioner to China, and died at Canton, May 29, 1847.

The reader of Mr. Everett's essays cannot fail to perceive that he was a man of extraordinary talents and accomplishments. His fame has been overshadowed by the great reputation of his younger brother, Edward; but whatever distinction the latter acquired in his longer and more fortunate career, it is not certain that he was at all superior, either in native force, or in variety or extent of culture. The style of Alexander is more natural and agreeable, partaking less of the laborious stateliness of oratory, than of the easy and fluent diction of a quiet scholar. If his convictions had inclined him to side with the dominant party, and he could have had the kind of intellectual training by which statesmen are developed, his place in our history would have been quite different. But he has written enough to secure him a permanent place in the regard of all scholars, and to warrant the assertion that he was hardly second in ability or in learning to any of the illustrious men of the last generation.

[From a paper upon Madame de Staël, in the North American Review, January, 1821.]

THE CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

If we merely look at his political and military successes, it is evident that the production of such effects, in an age like this, demands intellectual powers of the highest order. An Attila or a Gengis Khan may ravage half the globe, without any qualities but brutal courage and a wild barbarian energy of mind and body; but to establish a dominion, though merely military, over an enlightened continent like Europe, is an achievement of a different sort; and supposes, in addition to the virtues of a great commander, a natural dignity and elevation of mind. Is it possible that a vulgar spirit should raise itself, by its own efforts, from the lowest ranks in the army, to the throne of one of the most powerful and civilized nations in Europe; and should then push the greatness of this nation to a point which it never reached before, and extend its influence over a great part of the continent? But, independently of the proofs, drawn from these prodigious results, of the naturally elevated character of their author, he has given others in abundance, still more direct and decisive. Was it a vulgar spirit that projected and completed the noblest code of laws that the world has yet seen, — as much superior to the undigested mass of the Justinian collection, as the universe is to the chaos out of which it was formed? Was it a vulgar spirit that brought together, with so perfect a taste, the finest specimens of the art from all other countries, and opened them to the world with such princely magnificence, in the unrivalled gallery of the Louvre? Finally, was it a vulgar spirit that could find time amid the various and numberless occupations of the most active life that man ever led, to take an interest in almost every department of knowledge, and to obtain a sufficient acquaintance with all, to be able to converse upon them with satisfaction and credit?

Bonaparte was certainly little in some points, as in the importance which he attached towards the close of his reign to the childish foppery of court etiquette. But almost every character is, to a certain extent, a union of inconsistencies; and the prevailing vices of this personage were of the exactly opposite description. Ambition of the wildest and most extravagant stamp was the ruling passion of his mind. Had this disposition been controlled, in its practical operation, by the influence of moral feelings or principles, it might have produced the happiest results for its possessor and the world. But morality, whether founded in principle or feeling, seems to have

been a thing of which he had no notion whatever. We find no traces in his history of benevolent sentiments, in any of their various forms; and he trampled under foot the endearing relations of blood and birth, with the same savage indifference which he showed for the just rights of individuals, with whom he was unconnected. His mother was not allowed to sit in his reception-room; and his brothers were persecuted by him with such relentless severity, that some of them fled from his presence, and the rest were ready to expire under its terrors. Lucien, whose influence contributed so much to give him his power, found it expedient to retire into voluntary exile. To serve his political purposes, he divorced and broke the heart of an amiable and affectionate wife, who had been his companion and benefactress in his humbler fortunes; and he imposed on his brothers sacrifices of the same kind, to serve not their views, but his own. . . .

The only intellectual vice of Bonaparte was extravagance; and it was this that caused his ruin. With all his contempt for the rights and feelings of others, he might have maintained himself to the last, and transmitted his sceptre to a long line of descendants, had he known how to temper the wildness of his ambition with even a moderate infusion of good sense and discretion. This defect in his understanding had been observed by those who were acquainted with him, before he had betrayed its existence to the public by the incredible follies that marked the close of his reign. General Moreau, as we are told by Madame de Staël, observed at his residence on the Delaware, upon hearing of the failure of some attempt at conspiracy in France, "The French have not the art of managing this sort of business; but there is one conspirator, to whose machinations he must ultimately fall a victim — I mean himself."

[From the North American Review, January, 1829.]

PASSAGES FROM A REVIEW OF IRVING'S COLUMBUS.

THIS is one of those works which are at the same time the delight of readers and the despair of critics. It is as nearly perfect in its kind, as any work well can be; and there is, therefore, little or nothing left for the reviewer but to write at the bottom of every page, as Voltaire said he should be obliged to do, if he published a commentary on Racine, — *Pulchre! bene! optime!* . . .

Mr. Irving shares, in some degree, the merit and the glory that

belong to the industrious hero of the present work, that of leading the way in a previously unexplored and untrodden path of intellectual labor. He is the first writer of purely cis-Atlantic origin and education, who succeeded in establishing a high and undisputed reputation, founded entirely on literary talent and success. This was the opinion expressed by a very judicious and discerning writer in the Edinburgh Review, upon the first publication of the Sketch Book; and it is, as we conceive, a substantially correct one. . . .

Thoroughly labored and highly finished as they all are, Mr. Irving's works will hardly be surpassed in their way. Other writers may, no doubt, arise, in the course of time, who will exhibit in verse or prose a more commanding talent. Some western Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Corneille, or Calderon may irradiate our literary world with a flood of splendor, that shall throw all other greatness into the shade. This, or something like it, may or may not happen; but even if it should, it can never be disputed that the mild and beautiful genius of Mr. Irving was the morning star that led up the march of our heavenly host; and that he has a fair right, much fairer certainly than the great Mantuan, to assume the proud device, *Primus ego in patriam.* To have done this, we repeat, is a singular triumph, far higher than that of merely adding another name to a long list of illustrious predecessors, who flourished in the same country. It implies not merely taste and talent, but *originality*, — the quality which forms the real distinction, if there be one, between what we call *genius*, and every other degree of intellectual power; the quality, in comparison with which, as Sir Walter Scott justly observes, all other literary accomplishments are as dust in the balance.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. He was carefully educated under the advice of his father, who was a man of superior talents and attainments. Like most poets, he began rhyming early, and two productions of his were published in a thin volume while he was under fourteen years of age. He entered Williams College in 1810, but remained only two years, and then commenced the study of law. After being admitted to the bar, he continued in the profession nearly ten years, when, in 1825, he removed to New York city, and thenceforth gave his time to literary pursuits. He became connected with the Evening Post in 1826, and is still (1872) one of the editors and proprietors of that journal. His residence is at Roslyn, L. I. He has made several visits to Europe, and has travelled extensively in this country. He has published accounts of his various journeys, which show his keen observation and enjoyment of nature. In his youth he was associated with R. C. Sands and G. C. Verplanck in editing The Talisman; and he has written much and ably in prose in his long career. But his fame as a poet has over-

shadowed his prose works. The verse of Bryant is characterized by smoothness and elegance, but its polish is not superficial; there are no meaningless lines tolerated for melody alone; the current of thought and the results of poetic observation are so arranged by a nice instinct, that one might suppose the combination had been predestined. Bryant has been said to be an imitator of Wordsworth; and it is true that his poems are characterized by the same intense love of nature, especially of mountains, forests, and streams, the same contemplative mood, the same exclusion of human passions, the same absence of gayety and humor, which we find in the philosophical poet of England; but the nature Bryant has loved is under American and not English skies, and he has been indebted to no master for his inspiration nor for his artistic culture. The poem which is, perhaps, the highest expression of his genius, and the best known of any American poem, is Thanatopsis, written at the age of nineteen, and first published in the North American Review. There is not, probably, an educated man now living among our English race in whose mind this solemn and beautiful meditation is not associated with "the last bitter hour." Its pictured phrases occur at every coming up of the grisly thought that haunts us all. Its serene philosophy has touched thousands who could never reason calmly for themselves upon the inevitable order of nature. It leaves a clear impression upon the memory that defies the blur of misquotation, for its well chosen words are united by the cohesive power of genius, like the cemented blocks of Old World temples, into imperishable forms.

Mr. Bryant has recently laid the world of English readers under new obligations by his admirable translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Blank verse, to be sure, has not much of the music of the original hexameters, but their spirit has never been more faithfully presented.

The poet has probably been the severest critic upon his own productions. We cannot recall a single poem which we could wish omitted from the collection.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around, —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air, —
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings — yet, the dead are there ;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest — and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe

Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man, —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—

TO A WATER-FOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome hand,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form, yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

GREEN RIVER.

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink,
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters — its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot

The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond-stone.
O, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,
Beautiful stream, by the village side;
But windest away from haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen,
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely — save when, by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides;
Or the simpler comes with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look;
Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee.
Still — save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river cherry and seedy reed,
And thy own wild music gushing out
With mellow murmur and fairy shout,
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveller singing along his way.
That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream as it glides along,

Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.
Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud; —
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.

—

THE EVENING WIND.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea.

Nor I alone — a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth.

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go — but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear,
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief.
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Wilt not thine own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there: for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar — that fire of hell —
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this, —
The wisdom which is love, — till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

ORVILLE DEWEY.

Orville Dewey was born in Sheffield, Mass., March 28, 1794. He was graduated at Williams College in 1814, and afterwards studied theology at Andover Seminary. He became a Unitarian in belief, and has since been a distinguished preacher in that denomination. He was at first an assistant to Dr. Channing, in Boston, for two years, and was then settled in New Bedford for ten years. He removed to New York in 1835, where he preached until 1842, and afterwards from 1844 to 1848, when he retired to his native town, and prepared courses of lectures upon The Problem of Human Life and Destiny, and The Education of the Human Race. In 1858 he was again settled in Boston over the New South Church, in Summer Street, where he remained until, a few years ago, the church was taken down to make room for business warehouses.

He has since resided at Sheffield, Mass.

His works were published in three vols., 8vo., New York, 1847. The discourses of Dr. Dewey are full of profound thought, of strong religious convictions, and are written in a solidly attractive style.

[From an Address delivered at Cambridge in 1830.]

THE RELATIONS OF GENIUS AND STUDY.

WHAT *is* poetry? What is this mysterious thing but one form in which human nature expresses itself? What is it but embodying, what is it but "showing up," in all its moods, from the lowliest to the loftiest, the same deep and impassioned but universal mind, which is alike and equally the theme of philosophy? What does poetry tell us but that which was already in our own hearts? What are all its intermingled lights and shadows; what are its gorgeous clouds of imagery, and the hues of its distant landscapes; what are its bright and blessed visions, and its dark pictures of sorrow and passion, but the varied reflection of the beautiful and holy, and yet overshadowed, and marred, and afflicted nature within us? And how then is poetry any more inscrutable than our own hearts are inscrutable. To whom or to what, let us ask again, does poetry address itself? To what, in its heroic ballads, in its epic song, in its humbler verse, in its strains of love, or pity, or indignation, — to what does it speak but to human nature, but to the common mind of all the world? And its noblest productions, its Iliads, its Hamlets and Lears, the whole world has understood — the rude and the refined, the anchorite and the throng of men. There *is* poetry in real life, and in the humblest life. There *is* "unwritten poetry;" there is poetry in prose; there is poetry in all living hearts.

Let him be the true poet who shall find it, sympathize with it, and bring it to light. He that does so, must deeply study human nature. He that does so, must, whether he knows it or not, be a philosopher. . . . He must wait almost in prayer at the oracle within; he must write the very language of his own soul; he must write no rash response from the shrines of idolized models; but asking, questioning, listening to the voice within as he writes; and then will the deepest philosophy take the form of the noblest inspiration.

And what more does the eloquent man, let us ask again — what more does he than express that which, in greater or less power, is within us all? He creates nothing. He is but an interpreter of what God has created within us. He only gives it language. In the old Puritan phrase, as true in philosophy as in religion, he is "but an instrument." He but unlocks the sources of feeling, and it flows of itself. And the key which is to open for him a way to the hearts of others, is a profound study, a deep knowledge, an exquisite sense of what is in his own heart. . . .

"The young man," it is often said, "has genius enough, if he would only study." Now the truth is, as I shall take the liberty to state it, that genius will study; it is that in the mind which does study; that is the very nature of it. I care not to say that it will always use books. All study is not reading, any more than all reading is study. By study, I mean — but let one of the noblest geniuses and hardest students of any age define it for me: "Study," says Cicero, "is the persistent and intense occupation of mind directed with a strong effort of will to any subject, such as philosophy, poetry, geometry, letters." Such study, such intense mental action, and nothing else, is genius. And so far as there is any native predisposition about this enviable character of mind, it is a predisposition to that action. That is the only test of the original bias; and he who does not come to that point, though he may have shrewdness, and readiness, and parts, never had a genius. No need to waste regrets upon him, as that he never could be induced to give his attention or study to anything; he never had that which he is supposed to have lost. For attention it is, — though other qualities belong to this transcendent power, — attention it is, that is the very soul of genius: not the fixed eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is, in fact, an action of the mind which is steadily concentrated upon one idea, or one series of ideas, — which collects in one point the rays of the soul, till they search, penetrate, and fire the whole train of its thoughts. And while the fire burns within, the outward man may indeed be cold, indifferent, negligent, — absent in appearance; he may be an idler, or a wanderer, apparently without aim or intent: but still the fire burns within. And what though "it bursts forth," at length, as has been said, "like volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force?" It only shows the intenser action of the elements beneath. What though it breaks like lightning from the cloud? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament through many a silent, calm, and clear day. What though the might of genius appears in one decisive blow, struck in some moment of high debate, or at the crisis of a nation's peril? That mighty energy, though it may have heaved in the breast of a Demosthenes, was once a feeble infant's thought. A mother's eye watched over its dawning. A father's care guarded its early growth. It soon trod with youthful step the halls of learning, and found other fathers to wake and to watch for it — even as it finds them here. It went on; but

silence was upon its path, and the deep strugglings of the inward soul marked its progress, and the cherishing powers of nature silently ministered to it. The elements around breathed upon it, and "touched it to finer issues." The golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow revolutions of years slowly added to its collected treasures and energies, till, in its hour of glory, it stood forth embodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence! The world wonders at the manifestation, and says, "Strange, strange that it should come thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepared." But the truth is, there is no more a miracle in it than there is in the towering of the pre-eminent forest tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and irresistible river, or in the wealth and the waving of the boundless harvest.

Fathers and guardians of our youthful learning, behold it here — the germ of all that glorious power, in the strong, generous, and manly spirits of the rising youth around you, and say, if you would relinquish an office so honored, and so to be rewarded, for the sceptre of any other dominion. Youthful aspirants after intellectual eminence, forget, forget, I entreat you, — banish, banish forever, the weak and senseless idea, that anything will serve your purpose but study, — intense, unwearied, absorbing study.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Edward Everett was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794. He entered Harvard College at the age of thirteen, and was graduated with the highest honors. On leaving college he was appointed tutor, and at the same time he pursued the study of divinity. He was settled in Boston as pastor of Brattle Street Church, and very soon attracted great attention by his forcible and scholarly discourses. In 1814 he was appointed professor of Greek literature at Cambridge, and was allowed time for travel and study abroad before commencing his duties. He spent four years in Europe, visiting the principal cities and seats of learning, and extending his researches into a wide range of subjects. On his return, he gave a brilliant series of college lectures, and, besides, conducted the North American Review. In 1824 he delivered an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard. The occasion was distinguished by the presence of Lafayette, and the orator's reference to the nation's guest in the closing paragraph was especially happy. Indeed the whole oration, as we can readily believe, produced an extraordinary effect. It was as carefully studied as though it were to be judged in silence by critical readers, and was pronounced with an energy, tempered with unobtrusive art, which literary men are apt to neglect, and by which literary audiences, just as readily as the unlearned, are surprised into enthusiasm. In 1824 he was elected a member of Congress, and continued to represent his district for ten years, when he was chosen governor. After serving four terms, he was defeated in 1839, by Marcus

Morton, by a majority of one vote. In 1841 he was appointed minister to England by President Harrison. Upon his return to the United States, in 1845, he was chosen president of Harvard University; but he found the routine irksome, and resigned at the end of three years. He was appointed secretary of state by President Fillmore, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Daniel Webster.

In the spring of 1853 he was chosen a member of the United States Senate, but his health was so much impaired by the duties and anxieties of the office that he resigned in May, 1854. He became deeply interested in the plan of purchasing Mount Vernon, and delivered his oration on Washington in all the principal cities of the country for the benefit of the fund. The amount so contributed by him for this patriotic purpose exceeded fifty thousand dollars. He died in Boston, January 15, 1865.

It is evident from this brief summary that Mr. Everett was a man of rare powers and rarer cultivation. He might truly say, "What could I have done unto my vineyard that I have not done unto it?" From his infancy he seemed to have been marked out for a scholar, and through his life he enjoyed exceptional advantages in acquiring knowledge, and the best use of his naturally brilliant faculties. His orations were composed for widely differing occasions, but in each case the treatment is so masterly that one would think the subject then in hand had been the special study of his life. But his care did not cease with the preparation; his voice, gestures, and cadences were always in harmony with his theme, so that he was absolute master of his audience. It is seldom that the literary annalist has to record a career in which the preacher and essayist is developed by natural growth into the statesman and diplomatist, while his scholastic tastes and habits grow in parallel lines, and the man at threescore is an epitome of the knowledge and an exemplar of the eloquence of his generation.

Mr. Everett's political career, though an honorable one, was not highly successful in all respects. He was a cold man, and was not in the least popular, except in academic circles, when off the platform. He was naturally a conservative, and success more frequently waits upon the advocate of positive ideas; and, besides, at the time of his senatorial career conservatism was no longer in accordance with the temper of the majority in his state. Though he might not have been deficient in moral courage, — and he certainly took no pains to conceal his opinions, — he was at times placed where downright Saxon would have been more to the purpose than his gracefully turned phrases. His natural sensitiveness and his excessive refinement made him shrink from the personal sacrifices which a popular leader must make, and from the sharp contests with opponents in high places which it is political suicide to shun.

Everett's works are always interesting to the reader. Open a volume at random, and the thought at once engages attention. It is true we do not find passages, like those in Webster's speeches, which come upon us like thunder strokes; but, on the other hand, there are fewer arid spaces. Webster is often uninteresting, if not dull, for pages together. Everett, if he never astonishes, never fails to delight.

Mr. Everett's works are comprised in four vols. 8vo. He edited also the works of Webster, and wrote an introductory biography.

A PICTURE OF A MODEL FARM.

As a work of art, I know few things more pleasing to the eye, or more capable of affording scope and gratification to a taste for the beautiful, than a well-situated, well-cultivated farm. A man of refinement will hang with never wearied gaze on a landscape by Claude or Salvator; the price of a section of the most fertile land in the west would not purchase a few square feet of the canvass on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene. But nature

has forms and proportions beyond the painter's skill; her divine pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows never mingled on his palette. What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye or gratify the taste than a noble farm? It stands upon a southern slope, gradually rising with variegated ascent from the plain, sheltered from the north-western winds by woody heights, broken here and there with moss-covered boulders, which impart variety and strength to the outline. The native forest has been cleared from the greater part of the farm, but a suitable portion, carefully tended, remains in wood for economical purposes, and to give a picturesque effect to the landscape. The eye ranges round three fourths of the horizon over a fertile expanse — bright with the cheerful waters of a rippling stream, a generous river, or a gleaming lake; dotted with hamlets, each with its modest spire; and, if the farm lies in the vicinity of the coast, a distant glimpse, from the high grounds, of the mysterious, everlasting sea, completes the prospect. It is situated off the high road, but near enough to the village to be easily accessible to the church, the school-house, the post-office, the railroad, a sociable neighbor, or a travelling friend. It consists in due proportion of pasture and tillage, meadow and woodland, field and garden. A substantial dwelling, with everything for convenience and nothing for ambition, — with the fitting appendages of stable, and barn, and corn-barn, and other farm buildings, not forgetting a spring-house with a living fountain of water, — occupies, upon a gravelly knoll, a position well chosen to command the whole estate. A few acres on the front and on the sides of the dwelling, set apart to gratify the eye with the choicer forms of rural beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with noble solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook murmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock, whose cool shadow at sunset streams across the field; all displaying, in the real loveliness of nature, the original of those landscapes, of which art in its perfection strives to give us the counterfeit presentment. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter, and Morland, and Landseer, and Rosa Bonheur never painted, roam the pastures, or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the plough walks in rustic majesty across the plain, and opens the genial bosom of the earth to the sun and air; nature's holy sacrament of seed-time is solemnized beneath the vaulted cathedral sky; silent dews, and gentle showers, and kindly sunshine, shed their sweet influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; golden wavelets, driven by the west wind, run over the joyous

wheat-field; the tall maize flaunts in her crispy leaves and nodding tassels; while we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, God's chemistry, which we cannot see, goes on beneath the clods; myriads and myriads of vital cells ferment with elemental life; germ, and stalk, and leaf, and flower, and silk, and tassel, and grain, and fruit, grow up from the common earth; the mowing machine and the reaper — mute rivals of human industry — perform their gladsome task; the well-piled wagon brings home the ripened treasures of the year; the bow of promise fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture, and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that while the earth remaineth, summer and winter, and heat and cold, and day and night, and seed-time and harvest, shall not fail.

THE USES OF ASTRONOMY.

THERE is much, in every way, in the city of Florence, to excite the curiosity, to kindle the imagination, and to gratify the taste. Sheltered on the north by the vine-clad hills of Fiesole, whose Cyclopean walls carry back the antiquary to ages before the Roman, before the Etruscan, power, the flowery city (Fiorenza) covers the sunny banks of the Arno with its stately palaces. Dark and frowning piles of medieval structure; a majestic dome, the prototype of St. Peter's; basilicas which enshrine the ashes of some of the mightiest of the dead; the stone where Dante stood to gaze on the *campanile;* the house of Michael Angelo, still occupied by a descendant of his lineage and name — his hammer, his chisel, his dividers, his manuscript poems, all as if he had left them but yesterday; airy bridges, which seem not so much to rest on the earth as to hover over the waters they span; the loveliest creations of ancient art, rescued from the grave of ages again to "enchant the world;" the breathing marbles of Michael Angelo, the glowing canvas of Raphael and Titian; museums filled with medals and coins of every age, from Cyrus the Younger, and gems, and amulets, and vases from the sepulchres of Egyptian Pharaohs coeval with Joseph, and Etruscan Lucumons that swayed Italy before the Romans; libraries stored with the choicest texts of ancient literature; gardens of rose, and orange, and pomegranate, and myrtle; the very air you breathe languid with music and perfume — such is Florence. But among all its fascinations addressed to the sense, the memory, and the heart, there was none to which I more frequently gave a meditative hour,

during a year's residence, than to the spot where Galileo Galilei sleeps beneath the marble floor of Santa Croce; no building on which I gazed with greater reverence than I did upon the modest mansion at Arcetri, villa at once and prison, in which that venerable sage, by command of the Inquisition, passed the sad closing years of his life; the beloved daughter on whom he had depended to smooth his passage to the grave laid there before him; the eyes with which he had discovered worlds before unknown quenched in blindness: —

> Ahimè! quegli occhi si son fatti oscuri,
> Che vidêr più di tutti i tempi antichi,
> E luce fûr dei secoli futuri.

That was the house "where," says Milton (another of those of whom the world was not worthy), "I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, — a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking on astronomy otherwise than as the Dominican and Franciscan licensers thought." Great Heavens! what a tribunal, what a culprit, what a crime! Let us thank God, my friends, that we live in the nineteenth century. Of all the wonders of ancient and modern art, — statues, and paintings, and jewels, and manuscripts, the admiration and the delight of ages, — there was nothing which I beheld with more affectionate awe than that poor rough tube, a few feet in length, the work of his own hands, that very "optic glass" through which the "Tuscan Artist" viewed the moon, —

> "At evening from the top of Fesolé
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe;"

that poor little spy-glass (for it is scarcely more) through which the human eye first distinctly beheld the surface of the moon — first discovered the phases of Venus, the satellites of Jupiter, and the seeming handles of Saturn — first penetrated the dusky depths of the heavens — first pierced the clouds of visual error, which from the creation of the world involved the system of the universe.

There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when, raising the newly-constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus — crescent like the moon. It was such another moment as that when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art; like that when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th

of October, 1492 (Copernicus, at the age of eighteen, was then a student at Cracow), beheld the shores of San Salvador; like that when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; like that when Franklin saw by the stiffening fibres of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp; like that when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the planet predicted by him was found. . . .

Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right — *E pur si muove.* "It does move." Bigots may make thee recant it — but it moves nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth!

Close now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye; it has seen what man never before saw — it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spy-glass; it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse has comparatively done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when from two hundred observatories in Europe and America the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies, but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten. Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens, like him scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted; in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor!

CONCLUSION OF THE ORATION AT CAMBRIDGE, IN 1824.

MEANTIME the years are rapidly passing away, and gathering importance in their course. With the present year will be completed the half century from that most important era in human history, the commencement of our revolutionary war. The jubilee of our national existence is at hand. The space of time, that has elapsed from that momentous date, has laid down in the dust, which the blood of many of them had already hallowed, most of the great men to whom, under Providence, we owe our national existence and privileges. A few still survive among us, to reap the rich fruits of their labors and sufferings; and one has yielded himself to the

united voice of a people, and returned in his age to receive the gratitude of the nation to whom he devoted his youth. It is recorded on the pages of American history, that when this friend of our country applied to our commissioners at Paris, in 1776, for a passage to America, they were obliged to answer him (so low and abject was then our dear native land), that they possessed not the means nor the credit sufficient for providing a single vessel, in all the ports of France. Then, exclaimed the youthful hero, "I will provide my own;" and it is a literal fact, that when all America was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to our shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle.

Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph such as never conqueror or monarch enjoyed the assurance — that throughout America there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name. You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet the few that remain of the ardent patriots, prudent counsellors, and brave warriors, with whom you were associated in achieving our liberty. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many who would have lived years of pleasure on a day like this, with their old companion in arms and brother in peril. Lincoln, and Greene, and Knox, and Hamilton are gone; the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown have fallen before the only foe they could not meet. Above all, the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomac he lies in glory and peace. You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon, but him whom you venerated as we did, you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the Austrian dungeons, cannot now break its silence, to bid you welcome to his own roof. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome in his name. Welcome, thrice welcome, to our shores; and whithersoever throughout the limits of the continent your course shall take you, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall bear witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy, Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Joseph Rodman Drake was born in New York city, August 7, 1795. The death of his father left the family in adverse circumstances; the young poet, however, obtained a good education, and commenced the study of medicine. He was married, a few months after coming of age, to the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and so had no further struggles for a livelihood. In 1819 the symptoms of consumption appeared, and he went to New Orleans to pass the winter. The mild climate had no power to arrest the disease; he returned home in the spring, and died on the 21st day of September following. Drake began writing verses, mostly of a satirical sort, which were published in the New York Evening Post, and signed "Croaker." Soon after, he was joined in this pleasantry by Fitz-Greene Halleck, and their productions appeared as the work of a partnership, "Croaker & Co." One of the "Croaker" pieces was Drake's poem, here printed, The American Flag. The Culprit Fay, which is the longest and best of his poems, was written, it is said, in three days. It is a bright and delicate conceit; and though Shakespeare and earlier poets furnished most of the "properties" (in stage parlance), the scenery is local, and the management of the story, without the introduction of any mortals, is the author's own. It is too long for insertion in this volume, and at the same time it is injured by mutilation. The reader will need no further suggestion to take and enjoy it as a whole. Speculations upon what might have happened are not always satisfactory, but it is easy to believe that if Drake had lived long enough to mature his powers and perfect his art, he would have occupied a very high place among poets. In the specimens of Halleck's poetry there are some feeling and beautiful stanzas addressed to the memory of Drake. The Culprit Fay is to be found in the bookstores, but no complete collection of the author's poems has been published.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

III.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell;
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve,
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell),—
"Midnight comes, and all is well;
Hither, hither, wing your way;
'Tis the dawn of the fairy-day."

IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;

Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest, —
They had driven him out by elfin power, —
And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charméd hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'-clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above, below, on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.

XXV.

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down;
The corselet-plate, that guarded his breast,
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his firefly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

XXVII.

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the firefly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind,
He flung a glittering spark behind;

He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.
But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast;
He cannot see through the mantle murk,
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast;
Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,
He lashes his steed and spurs amain,
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
And flame-shot tongues around him played,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear.

XXVIII.

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
His eyes are blurred by lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare;
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,
He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind:
Howling the misty spectres flew;
They rend the air with frightful cries,
For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

XXXI.

But, O, how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright!
She seemed to the entrancéd Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon,
That veils the vestal planet's hue;

Her eyes two beamlets from the moon,
  Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

I.

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

III.

Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on
(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet)
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,

Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

IV.

Flag of the seas, on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Fitz-Greene Halleck was born in Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1795. He removed to New York at the age of eighteen, and entered a banking-house as clerk, and afterwards became book-keeper in the office of John Jacob Astor. On the death of Mr. Astor, in 1848, he retired to his native town, where he resided until his death, which occurred November 19, 1867.

Some of his earliest productions were printed with Drake's, and signed "Croaker & Co." The poet did not consider them worth preserving, though their local hits made them popular at the time. His longest poem is entitled Fanny; it is not above mediocrity. Marco Bozzaris is, doubtless, his most brilliant lyric, and perhaps should have been printed here, except that all schoolboys know it, and every collection contains it. The life of Halleck appears devoid of incident, and his productions are in a very narrow compass. Still his versification is finished, and his poems have a telling quality, like those of his favorite, Campbell; and his name bids fair to outlast many that are connected with more pretentious works.

[From a poem on Burns.]

His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek.

And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er passion's moments bright and warm,
O'er reason's dark, cold hours, —

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth ?

What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung !

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,

Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns, though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived — died — in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel, —

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave, —

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard ! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man ! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined —
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, OF NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1820.

"The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket." WORDSWORTH.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven,
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine, —

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow ;
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY.

John Pendleton Kennedy was born in Baltimore, Md., October 25, 1795, and received his education at the College of Baltimore. He was admitted to the bar in 1816. He entered political life in 1820, as a member of the House of Delegates. He was a representative in Congress for several terms, and was one of the recognized leaders of the Whig party. His first attempts in literature were in the columns of a periodical, entitled The Red Book. Swallow Barn, a volume of sketches of rural life in Virginia, was published in 1832. Horse-shoe Robinson, a story of the revolution, appeared in 1835. This is a novel of considerable merit, founded upon actual events, and dealing with historical personages. In 1849 he gave to the public an elaborate Life of William Wirt, in two vols., 8vo. He has besides published occasional discourses, &c. Mr. Kennedy was a fluent and often elegant writer, and showed, in his descriptions, a love of the beautiful and a refined taste. He continued to reside in his native city, and took a deep interest in its welfare. He was one of the trustees selected by Mr. Peabody for the institute of letters and art established in Baltimore. He died August 18, 1870. His life, written by the late Henry T. Tuckerman, appeared the same year.

[From Horse-shoe Robinson.]

A SCHOLAR'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

THE site of the Dove Cote was eminently picturesque. It was an area of level ground, containing, perhaps, two acres, on the summit of a hill that, on one side, overhung the Rockfish River, and on the other rose by a gentle sweep from the champaign country below. This summit might have been as much as two hundred feet above the bed of the stream, and was faced on that side by a bold, rocky precipice, not absolutely perpendicular, but broken into stages or platforms, where grassy mould had accumulated, and where the sweet-brier, and the laurel, and clusters of the azalea, shot up in profuse luxuriance. The fissures of the crag had also collected their handful of soil, and gave nourishment to struggling vines, and everywhere the ash or pine, and not unfrequently the dogwood, took possession of such spots upon the rocky wall, as these adventurous and cliff-loving trees had found congenial to their nature. The opposite or northern bank of the river had an equal elevation, and jutted forward so near to the other as to leave between them a cleft, which suggested the idea of some sudden abruption of the earth in those early paroxysms that geologists have deemed necessary to account for some of the features of our continent. Below was heard the

ceaseless prattle of the waters, as they ran over and amongst the rocks which probably constituted the debris formed in the convulsion that opened this chasm. It was along through this obscure dell that the road, with which my reader is acquainted, found place between the margin of the stream and the foot of the rocks. The general aspect of the country was diversified by high knolls and broken masses of mountain land, and the Dove Cote itself occupied a station sufficiently above the surrounding district to give it a prospect eastward of several miles in extent. From this point the eye might trace the valley of the Rockfish by the abrupt hill-sides that hemmed it in, and by the growth of sombre pines that coated the steeps where nothing else could find a foothold. Not far below, in this direction, was to be seen the Fawn's Tower, a singular pinnacle of rock, which had acquired its name from the protection it was said to have afforded to a young deer against the assault of the hounds, the hard-pressed animal, as the tradition relates, having gained this insulated point by a bound that baffled the most adventurous of his pursuers, and admiration of the successful boldness of the leap having won from the huntsman the favor that spared his life. . . .

The mansion itself partook of the character of the place. It was perched — to use a phrase peculiarly applicable to its position — almost immediately at that point where the terrace made an angle with the cliff, being defended by a stone parapet, through which an iron wicket opened upon a flight of rough-hewn steps, that terminated in a pathway leading down to the river.

The main building was of stone, consisting of one lofty story, and capped with a steep roof, which curved so far over the front as to furnish a broad rustic porch that rested almost upon the ground. The slim pillars of this porch were concealed by lattice-work, which was overgrown with creeping vines ; and the windows of the contiguous rooms, on either side of a spacious hall, opened to the floor, and looked out upon the lawn and upon the quiet landscape far beyond. One of these apartments was also accessible through the eastern gable by a private doorway shaded by a light veranda, and was appropriated by Lindsay to his library. This portal seemed almost to hang over the rock, having but the breadth of the terrace between it and the declivity, and showing no other foreground than the parapet, which was here a necessary defence against the cliff, and from which the romantic dell of the river was seen in all its wildness.

There were other portions of the mansion constructed in the same style of architecture, united to this in such a manner as to

afford an uninterrupted communication, and to furnish a range of chambers for the use of the family. A rustic effect was everywhere preserved. Stacks of chimneys shot up in grotesque array, and heavy, old-fashioned windows looked quaintly down from the peaked roof. Choice exotics, planted in boxes, were tastefully arranged upon the lawn; cages with singing-birds were suspended against the wall, and the whole mass of building, extending along the verge of the cliff, so as to occupy the entire diameter of the semicircle, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, sorted by its simplicity of costume, if I may so speak, and by its tidy beauty, with the close-shaven grass-plot and its trim shades.

Above the whole, flinging their broad and gnarled arms against the chimney-tops, and forming a pleasing contrast with the artificial embellishments of this spot, some ancient oaks, in primeval magnificence, reared their time-honored trunks, and no less sheltered the habitation from the noontide heats than they afforded an asylum to the ringdove and his mate, or to the countless travellers of the air that here stopped for rest or food.

Such was the general aspect of the Dove Cote — a spot where a philosopher might glide through life in unbroken contemplation; where a wearied statesman might betake himself to reassemble the scattered forces of intellect for new enterprises; where the artist might repair to study with advantage the living graces of God's own painting; and where young beauty might bud and bloom amongst the most delicate and graceful forms of earth.

The interior of the dwelling was capacious and comfortable. Its furniture, suitable to the estate of the owner, was plain, and adapted to a munificent rather than to an ostentatious hospitality. It was only in the library that evidence might be seen of large expense. Here the books were ranged from the floor to the ceiling, with scarcely an interval, except where a few choice paintings had found space, or the bust of some ancient worthy. One or two ponderous lounging chairs stood in the apartment; and the footstep of the visitor was dulled into silence by the soft nap of (what, in that day, was a rare and costly luxury) a Turkey carpet. This was, in all respects, an apartment of ease, and it was provided with every incentive to beguile a student into silent and luxurious communion with the spirit of the sages around him — whose subtlest thoughts and holiest breathings, whose most volatile fancies, had been caught up, fixed, and turned into tangible substance, more indestructible than adamant, by the magic of letters.

I have trespassed on the patience of my reader to give him a somewhat minute description of the Dove Cote, principally because I hope thereby to open his mind to a more adequate conception of the character of Philip Lindsay. By looking at a man in his own dwelling, and observing his domestic habits, I will venture to affirm it shall scarcely, in any instance, fail to be true that, if there be seen a tasteful arrangement of matters necessary to his comfort; if his household be well ordered, and his walks clean and well rolled, and his grass-plots neat; and if there be no slovenly inattention to repairs, but thrift against waste, and plenty for all; and if to these be added habits of early rising and comely attire; and, above all, if there be books, many books, well turned and carefully tended, — that man is one to warm up at the coming of a gentleman; to open his doors to him; to take him to his heart, and to do him the kindnesses of life. He is a man to hate what is base, and to stand apart from the mass, as one who will not have his virtue tainted. He is a man, moreover, whose worldly craft may be so smothered and suppressed, in the predominance of the household affections, that the skilful and designing, alas! may practise with success their plans against him.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

James Gates Percival was born in the parish of Kensington and town of Berlin, Conn., September 15, 1795. He entered Yale College at the age of sixteen, and a year after his graduation began the study of medicine. He was not successful as a practitioner, principally because the profession was distasteful to him. He was for a brief period a professor at West Point, and afterwards a surgeon connected with the recruiting service in Boston. He removed to New Haven in 1827, where he revised the translation of Malte Brun's Geography, and assisted Dr. Noah Webster in the preparation of his quarto Dictionary. In 1834 he was appointed by the governor to make a geological survey of the state. The work proved much greater than was expected, and his report was not published until 1842. In 1853 he went to Wisconsin to make a similar survey of that state, and remained there until his death, which occurred at Hazel Green, May 2, 1857.

Dr. Percival was an eminent scholar, not only in his special pursuits, but in linguistic studies. He was familiar with many ancient languages, and with the dialects of the Norse, Gaelic, Sclavonic, and other modern tongues. His poems, which are numerous, were generally written in haste, and with little revision. A few editions were published at intervals, but they did not meet with popular success, and the poet was for most of his life miserably poor. His constitutional melancholy was intensified by his failure to receive sympathy and applause; and some of his bitter lines, with the interpretation which his misfortunes furnish, leave a most painful impression.

Percival's poetry (though more highly esteemed forty years ago) fails to answer the reader's expectations, or to hold the attention beyond half a dozen pages. He undoubtedly

had a perception of the beauty of nature, and there are frequent glimpses of this beauty in his poems; but they are fragmentary, scattered hints, rather than completed pictures, and remind us of the "broken crockery" school in the sister art of music. His thoughts, or, rather, his phrases, deflected by the turning corners of rhyme, run away with him, taking a new direction in every verse, and leading into eddies of words that even his friend the lexicographer could not have helped him out of, and that make the perplexed reader wonder where, when, and how the many-jointed sentence is going to end. Percival had his poetic visions, doubtless, but he forgot that the word poet means *maker*, and he neglected the continuous labor and thought that might have shaped his glowing conceptions into forms of enduring beauty. His name and his works belong to the literary history of the country, but only a few of his simpler poems will remain to justify in some measure his reputation among his contemporaries.

His poems are published in two volumes, 18mo., by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,

And demons are waiting the wreck on shore,
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

EVENING.

O EVENING! thou art lovely: — in thy dress
Of sober gray I woo thee, when thy star
Comes o'er the hazy hills, that rise afar,
When tender thoughts upon my spirit press,
And with the whispering gales and fanning airs
The quiet swelling of my bosom pairs;
And by the lake that lieth motionless,
Low in the secret hollow, where the shade,
By bending elms and drooping willows made,
Displays its peaceful canopy, and gives
A moving picture to the lymph below,
Where float the sapphire sky, the clouds of snow,
The evening streaks, and every swarm that lives
And murmurs in the dun air, and the leaves
That quiver in the breath of night, and shine
With slowly gathered drops, and boughs that play,
Rising and falling gently, he who grieves
For some deep-wounding sorrow, as is mine,
In such a lonely shade his head may lay,
And on the scented grass and flowers recline,
And gaze upon the lingering light of day.

REIGN OF MAY.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale;
  The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
  Tell of serener hours, —
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls
  From his blue throne of air,

And where his whispering voice in music falls,
  Beauty is budding there ;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
  And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
  A canopy of leaves ;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May ;
  The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west wind play,
  And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY.

John Gorham Palfrey was born in Boston, May 2, 1796, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1815. He studied for the ministry, and was ordained as pastor of the Brattle Street Church, in Boston, succeeding Edward Everett in that position. In 1831 he was appointed a professor in the Divinity School at Cambridge, and held the chair till 1839, when he resigned, and left the clerical profession. He was editor of the North American Review from 1835 to 1842. He was secretary of the commonwealth from 1844 to 1847, when he was chosen a representative in Congress. At that session the contest between the north and south for the speakership was unusually violent. Robert C. Winthrop was the candidate of the Whigs, and Howell Cobb of the Democrats. Dr. Palfrey, who was a distinctive anti-slavery man, and had previously emancipated certain slaves which he had inherited from a southern relative, persistently voted for a third party candidate, so that Mr. Cobb was elected.

This action caused great excitement in Massachusetts, and when Dr. Palfrey was brought forward for re-election, after seventeen trials in which there was no choice, he was defeated. He retired from public life from that time, although he has since been postmaster of Boston.

His earlier and professional works are, Evidences of Christianity, two vols., 8vo. (1843); Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities, four vols., 8vo. (1838–52); also a Harmony of the Gospels, and various sermons and lectures. His last work, which is more properly within our view, is his History of New England, a full, able, and mainly fair account of the beginnings of the eastern colonies. The work consists of three volumes, bringing the narrative down to 1688.

Dr. Palfrey's style is clear and exact; if it is considered as lacking in vivacity, it shows conscientious care, and is free from the verbiage that sometimes passes for rhetorical ornament. He resides at Cambridge, Mass.

[From the History of New England.]

ABORIGINAL INHABITANTS.

THESE people held a low place on the scale of humanity. Even their physical capacities contradicted the promise of their external conformation. Supple and agile, so that it was said they would run eighty or a hundred miles in a day, and back again in the next two, they sank under continuous labor. The lymphatic temperament indicated the same preponderance in them of "vegetative nature" which marked other animals of the same continent. They scarcely wept or smiled. Their slender appetites required small indulgence. They could support life on the scantiest quantity of food, and the innutritious stimulus of tobacco seemed almost enough to supply its place; though at times a gormandizing rage seemed to possess them, and they would be as ravenous in abundance as they were capable of being abstemious under necessity. . . .

Their demeanor, so grave when exposed to notice, was apt to be taken for an indication of self-respect, but was equally susceptible of being interpreted as betokening a mere stolid vacuity of emotion and thought. . . .

For food the natives had fish and game; nuts, roots, and berries (and, in the last resort, acorns), which grew wild; and a few cultivated vegetables. In the winter they shot, or snared, or caught in pitfalls, the moose, the bear, and the deer; in the summer still less trouble procured for them a variety of birds; in both seasons, at favorable times, the sea and the rivers afforded some supplies. . . .

Tobacco they cultivated for luxury, using it only in the way of smoking. For food they raised maize, or Indian corn, the squash, the pumpkin, the bean now called Seiva-bean, and a species of sunflower, whose esculent tuberous root resembled the artichoke in taste. It has been asserted, but without probability, that they had cucumbers and watermelons. One tool sufficed for their wretched husbandry — a hoe, made of a clam-shell or a moose's shoulder-blade, fastened into a wooden handle. . . .

Fish were taken with lines or nets, the cordage of which was made of twisted fibres of the dogbane, or of sinews of the deer. Hooks were fashioned of sharpened bones of fishes and birds.

Flesh and fish were cooked by roasting before a fire on the point of a stake, broiling on hot coals or stones, or boiling in vessels of stone, earth, or wood. Water was made to boil, not by hanging the vessel over a fire, but by the immersion in it of heated stones. The

Indians had not the art of making bread. They boiled their corn either alone into *hominy*, or else mixed with beans, in which case the compound was called *succotash;* or they ate the parched kernels whole ; or with a stone pestle and a wooden mortar they broke them up into meal, which, moistened with water into a paste, they called *nookhik.* With a little of this preparation carried in a bag at the girdle, and a similar frugal outfit of tobacco, they were provisioned for a journey. Corn was laid up for winter supply in holes dug in the earth, and lined on the sides, bottom, and top with bark. The Indian did not feed at regular hours, but whenever hunger prompted, or the state of his supplies allowed. He knew no drink but water, except when he could flavor it with the sweet juice, for which, in spring, he tapped the rock-maple tree. . . .

His axe, hatchet, chisel, and gouge were of hard stone, brought to a sort of edge by friction upon another stone. The helve of the axe or hatchet was attached either by a cord drawn tight around a groove in the stone, or by being cleft while still unsevered from the tree, and left to grow till it closed fast around the inserted tool. Bows were strung with the sinews and twisted entrails of the moose and the deer. Arrows were tipped with bone, with claws of the larger species of birds, or with those artificially shaped triangular pieces of flint, which are now often found in the fields. Spears were of similar contrivance. Besides the stone hatchet, as a weapon of offence, was the *tomahawk*, which was merely a wooden club, two feet or more in length, terminating in a heavy knob. Mats served as hangings for houses, and, with or without skins, according to the season, as couches for repose, for which latter use they were laid upon planks raised a foot or two from the ground. Vessels of basket-work, of baked earth, or of hollowed wood or stone, completed the scanty inventory of household furniture. Personal ornaments consisted of greasy paint laid in streaks upon the skin ; of mantles and head-gear made of feathers ; of ear-rings, nose-rings, bracelets, and necklaces of bone, shells, or shining stones, and of pieces of native copper, sometimes in plates, sometimes strung together so as to make a kind of fringe. The pipe, with its bowl of soft stone set upon a stem of hard wood two feet long, and often elaborately carved and ornamented, was a personal object of special consideration. The precious metals were unknown, as well as the preparation of the ores of those employed in the useful arts. . . .

In the absence of gold and silver, they adopted a currency of what was called *wampum*, or *wampumpeag.* It consisted of cylindrical

pieces of shells of the testaceous fishes, a quarter of an inch long and in diameter less than a pipe-stem, drilled lengthwise so as to be strung upon a thread. The beads of a white color, rated at half the value of the black or violet, passed each as the equivalent of a farthing in transactions between the natives and the planters. They were used for ornament as well as for coin, and ten thousand have been known to be wrought into a single war-belt four inches wide. They are said to have been an invention and manufacture of the Narragansetts, and from them to have come into circulation among the other tribes. . . .

His habits as a hunter and a warrior demanded and provided a peculiar discipline for that class of the faculties which the phrenologists call *perceptive*. His quick sense readily detected changes in the appearance of surrounding objects, and discerned their bearing on the purpose of the hour. He tracked his game or his enemy by indications on the surface of the ground, in the motions of trees, in faint sounds without significance to another ear. No wonders of nature or of art stimulated his dull curiosity, or lighted up his vacant eye. But while his own countenance was rarely seen to express emotion, he was skilled to read the passions of others in their aspect.

Beyond this little range, it is surprising to observe how destitute he was of mental culture or capacity. The proceedings of the second generation before his own were as unknown to him as the events of the ancient world. In ballads, songs, or some other rhythmical form of legend, most communities inherit some kindling traditions of the past. The New England Indian had nothing of the kind, nor of any other poetry. . . .

There has been a disposition to attribute to the red man the power of eloquent speech. Never was a reputation so cheaply earned. A few allusions to familiar appearances in nature, and to habits of animals, constitute nearly all his topics for oratorical illustration. Take away his commonplaces of the mountain and the thunder, the sunset and the waterfall, the eagle and the buffalo, the burying of the hatchet, the smoking of the calumet, and the lighting of the council-fire, and the material for his pomp of words is reduced within contemptible dimensions. His best attempts at reasoning or persuasion have been his simplest statements of facts, themselves sometimes, no doubt, sufficiently affecting. But whatever may be thought of those most favorable specimens of his oratory in other parts of North America, which must be allowed to be for the most part of doubtful authenticity, certain it is that there is no recorded

harangue of a New England Indian which can assert a claim to praise. Occasions enough occurred for creditable exhibitions in this field. But the gift of impressive speech was not his.

HORACE MANN.

Horace Mann was born in Franklin, Mass., May 4, 1796. His parents were poor, and his early life was a season of hard work, with few of the circumstances that give to boyhood its long-remembered charms. He fitted for college *in six months*, by an amount of labor that did him a lifelong injury, and entered the sophomore class in Brown University at the age of twenty. He studied law and settled in Dedham, but afterwards removed to Boston. He was elected to the State Senate in 1836, and the following year was chosen secretary of the State Board of Education. The school system of Massachusetts, in its present efficiency, was almost wholly created by his heroic efforts and personal sacrifices. Ignorance and routine stood in the way, and his diary records only a series of struggles, made under all kinds of discouragements. He continued in this office for twelve years, during which time he made a series of annual reports, which form a library of educational science. Upon the death of John Quincy Adams, he was chosen to represent his district in Congress, and remained in that service six years, giving his whole heart and soul to the anti-slavery cause. In 1853 he was invited to Ohio, to become president of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs. His life there was full of anxiety and toil. The college was new, in debt, and wanting in almost all things. Many of the people with whom he was associated did not share in his aspirations for a high standard of attainment. Physical discomforts were numerous and annoying. He lived to see great improvements in the college, but not until he was worn out, mind and body, by his life of excessive labor. He died August 2, 1859. His remains rest in a burying-ground at Providence, R. I. His statue in bronze (not so artistic as might be desired) stands in the State House yard, in Boston, opposite to that of Webster.

The writings of Mann are full of good sense and apt illustration, and are clear, and often elegant in style. Specimens could have been taken which would have better exhibited the higher powers of his mind, but the one here printed is a useful part of our history to remember. His life, written by his wife, with selections from his works, has been published, in 3 vols., 12mo., by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

HOW SCHOOL-HOUSES WERE SOMETIMES BUILT.

THE voice of nature forbids the infliction of annoyance, discomfort, pain upon a child while engaged in study. If he actually suffers from position, or heat, or cold, or fear, not only is a portion of the energy of his mind withdrawn from his lesson, — all of which should be concentrated upon it, — but at that undiscriminating age the pain blends itself with the study, makes part of the remembrance of it, and thus curiosity and the love of learning are deadened, or

turned away towards vicious objects. This is the philosophy of children's hating study. We insulate them by fear; we touch them with non-conductors, and then, because they emit no spark, we gravely aver that they are non-electric bodies. If possible, pleasure should be made to flow like a sweet atmosphere around the early learner, and pain be kept beyond the association of ideas. You cannot open blossoms with a north-east storm. The buds of the hardiest plants will wait for the genial influences of the sun, though they perish while waiting. The first practical application of these truths, in relation to our common schools, is to school-house architecture — a subject so little regarded, yet so vitally important. The construction of school-houses involves, not the love of study and proficiency only, but health and length of life. I have the testimony of many eminent physicians to this fact. They assure me that it is within their own personal knowledge, that there is annually loss of life, destruction of health, and such anatomical distortion as renders life hardly worth possessing, growing out of the bad construction of our school-houses. Nor is this evil confined to a few of them only; it is a very general calamity. I have seen many school-houses, in central districts of rich and populous towns, where each seat connected with a desk consisted only of an upright post or pedestal, jutting up out of the floor, the upper end of which was only about eight or ten inches square, without side-arms or back-board, and some of them so high that the feet of the children in vain sought after the floor. They were beyond soundings. Yet, on the hard top of these stumps the masters and misses of the school must balance themselves, as well as they can, for six hours in a day. All attempts to preserve silence in such a house are not only vain, but cruel. Nothing but absolute impalement could keep a live child still on such a seat, and you would hardly think him worth living if it could. The pupils will resort to every possible bodily evolution for relief; and after all, though they may change the place, they keep the pain. I have good reasons for remembering one of another class of school-houses, which the scientific would probably call the sixth order of architecture, — the wicker-work order; summer houses for winter residences, — where there never was a severely cold day without the ink's freezing in the pens of the scholars while they were writing; and the teacher was literally obliged to compromise between the sufferings of those who were exposed to the cold of the windows and those exposed to the heat of the fire, by not raising the thermometer of the latter above ninety degrees, until that of the

former fell below thirty. A part of the children suffered the arctic cold of Captains Ross and Parry, and a part the torrid heat of the Landers, without, in either case, winning the honors of a discoverer. It was an excellent place for the teacher to illustrate one of the facts in geography, for five steps would have carried him through the five zones. Just before my present circuit, I passed a school-house, the roof of which, on one side, was trough-like, and down towards the eaves there was a large hole, so that the whole operated like a tunnel to catch all the rain and pour it into the school-room. At first, I did not know but it might be some apparatus designed to explain the Deluge. I called and inquired of the mistress if she and her little ones were not sometimes drowned out. She said she should be, only that the floor leaked as badly as the roof, and drained off the water. And yet a healthful, comfortable school-house can be erected as cheaply as one which, judging from its construction, you would say had been dedicated to the evil genius of deformity and suffering. There is another evil in the construction of our school-houses, whose immediate consequences are not so bad, though their remote ones are infinitely worse. No fact is now better established, than that a man cannot live without a supply of about a gallon of fresh air every minute, nor enjoy good health, indeed, without much more. The common air, as is now well known, is mainly composed of two ingredients, one only of which can sustain life. The action of the lungs upon the vital portion of the air changes its very nature, converting it from a life-sustaining to a life-destroying element. As we inhale a portion of the atmosphere, it is healthful; the same portion, as we exhale it, is poisonous. Hence ventilation in rooms, especially where large numbers are collected, is a condition of health and life. Privation admits of no excuse. To deprive a child of comfortable clothes, or wholesome food, or fuel, may sometimes, possibly, be palliated. These cost money, and often draw hardly upon the scanty resources of the poor. But what shall we say of stinting and starving a child in regard to the prime necessary of life — fresh air? of holding his mouth, as it were, lest he should obtain a sufficiency of that vital element which God, in his munificence, has poured out, a hundred miles deep, all around the globe? Of productions, reared or transported by human toil, there may be a dearth. At any rate, frugality in such things is commendable. But to put a child on short allowances out of this sky-full of air is enough to make a miser weep. It is as absurd as it would have been for Noah,

while the torrents of rain were still descending, to have put his family upon short allowances of water. This vast quantity of air was given us to supersede the necessity of ever using it at second hand. Heaven has ordained this matter with adorable wisdom. That very portion of the air which we turn into poison by respiring it, becomes the aliment of vegetation. What is death to us, is life to all verdure and flowerage. And again, vegetation rejects the ingredient which is life to us. Thus the equilibrium is forever restored, or, rather, it is never destroyed. In this perpetual circuit, the atmosphere is forever renovated, and made the sustainer of life, both for the animal and vegetable worlds.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

William Hickling Prescott was born at Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796. He entered Harvard College in 1811, and had intended on graduation to study law, but an injury to one of his eyes, received while in college, so far impaired his sight that his plans in life were changed. He sailed to Europe to consult eminent oculists, but received no benefit from their treatment. After two years he returned home and commenced literary studies, with the aid of a reader and amanuensis. His first work, the History of Ferdinand and Isabella, appeared in 1837, having cost the author more than ten years of labor. The Conquest of Mexico was published in 1843, and the Conquest of Peru in 1847. He next undertook the History of Philip II.; two volumes were published in 1855, and a third in 1858. The work was unfinished at the time of his death, which occurred in Boston, January 28, 1859.

By common consent, Prescott is accorded the first place among our historians. In spite of his partial blindness, his surroundings were highly fortunate. He inherited a good, but not a great intellect, had scholastic training, abundant wealth, the aid of friendly criticism, and the choice of new and untrodden fields. His histories are based on a thorough study of original documents, and are composed with exceeding care. Contrary to the usual tendency, his fondness for pictorial effect seemed to increase, and his last work is, more than any former one, filled with brilliant scenes and episodes. But he was not a philosopher, and made no attempt to deduce the political and moral laws of history; and, besides, he is often cool in the narration of atrocities which would make most men's sentences blaze with indignation.

Besides the histories mentioned, he wrote a continuation of Robertson's History of Charles V., giving an account of the cloister life of that monarch. He published, also, a volume of miscellanies, mostly essays, written for the North American Review.

Mr. Prescott was a tall and handsome man, with singularly pleasing manners and thoroughly amiable character. His habits were methodical, and his ample fortune enabled him to gratify his tastes. He had three residences, — all charming in their way, — one in Beacon Street, Boston, facing the Common, one at Lynn, with a magnificent ocean view, and another at Pepperell, the home of his grandfather, who commanded the American forces at the battle of Bunker Hill. His migrations accorded with the seasons; and, such was the perfection of his domestic arrangements, that he had only to wish for a change, and, like Prince Houssain with his magic carpet, he found himself in the desired place, with his necessary books, and other conveniences, ready to his hand. His library in Boston was a beautiful room, filled with treasures of literature and art. The visitor, upon entering, might

be surprised to find the author absent, but, if it was a favorable time, a section of the shelves swung open, disclosing a passage to the plain upper room where the real work of the author was done.

The reader will see a reference to a pair of swords, that belonged to Mr. Prescott, in the first chapter of Thackeray's Virginians. The swords are now in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Prescott's histories have a great and undiminished popularity, both in England and America. In a single year over forty thousand volumes of his works were sold by his Boston publishers. They belong to that small class of books which have a solid basis of fact, and at the same time the fascination of romance.

[From the History of Phillip II.]

THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

It was two hours before dawn on Sunday, the memorable 7th of October (1571), when the fleet weighed anchor. The wind had become lighter, but it was still contrary, and the galleys were indebted for their progress much more to their oars than their sails. By sunrise they were abreast of the Curzolari, a cluster of huge rocks, or rocky islets, which on the north defends the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto. The fleet moved laboriously along, while every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the hostile navy. At length the watch on the fore-top of the *Real* called out "A sail!" and soon after declared that the whole Ottoman fleet was in sight. Several others, climbing up the rigging, confirmed his report, and in a few moments more word was sent to the same effect by Andrew Doria, who commanded on the right. There was no longer any doubt, and Don John, ordering his pennon to be displayed at the mizzen-peak, unfurled the great standard of the League, given by the pope, and directed a gun to be fired, the signal for battle. The report, as it ran along the rocky shores, fell cheerily on the ears of the confederates, who, raising their eyes towards the consecrated banner, filled the air with their shouts.

The principal captains now came on board the *Real*, to receive the last orders of the commander-in-chief. Even at this late hour, there were some who ventured to intimate their doubts of the expediency of engaging the enemy in a position where he had a decided advantage. But Don John cut short the discussion. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is the time for combat, not for counsel." He then continued the dispositions he was making for the attack. He had already given to each commander of a galley written instructions as to the manner in which the line of battle was to be formed in case of meeting the enemy. The armada was now dis-

posed in that order. It extended on a front of three miles. Far on the right a squadron of sixty-four galleys was commanded by the Genoese admiral, Andrew Doria, — a name of terror to the Moslems. The centre, or *battle*, as it was called, consisting of sixty-three galleys, was led by John of Austria, who was supported on the one side by Colonna, the captain general of the pope, and on the other by the Venetian captain general, Veniero. Immediately in the rear was the galley of the Grand-Commander Requesens, who still remained near the person of his former pupil, though a difference which arose between them on the voyage, fortunately now healed, showed that the young commander-in-chief was wholly independent of his teacher in the art of war.

The left wing was commanded by the noble Venetian Barbarigo, whose vessels stretched along the Ætolian shore, to which he approached as near as, in his ignorance of the coast, he dared to venture, so as to prevent his being turned by the enemy. Finally, the reserve, consisting of thirty-five galleys, was given to the brave Marquis of Santa Cruz, with directions to act in any quarter where he thought his presence most needed. The smaller craft, some of which had now arrived, seem to have taken little part in the action, which was thus left to the galleys.

Each commander was to occupy so much space with his galley as to allow room for manœuvring it to advantage, and yet not enough to allow the enemy to break the line. He was directed to single out his adversary, to close with him at once, and board as soon as possible. The beaks of the galleys were pronounced to be a hinderance rather than a help in action. They were rarely strong enough to resist a shock from an antagonist, and they much interfered with the working and firing of the guns. Don John had the beak of his vessel cut away. The example was followed throughout the fleet, and, as it is said, with eminently good effect. It may seem strange that this discovery should have been reserved for the crisis of a battle. . . .

The Ottoman fleet came on slowly and with difficulty. For, strange to say, the wind, which had hitherto been adverse to the Christians, after lulling for a time suddenly shifted to the opposite quarter, and blew in the face of the enemy. As the day advanced, moreover, the sun, which had shone in the eyes of the confederates, gradually shot its rays into those of the Moslems. Both circumstances were of good omen to the Christians, and the first was regarded as nothing short of a direct interposition from Heaven.

Thus ploughing its way along, the Turkish armament, as it came more into view, showed itself in greater strength than had been anticipated by the allies. It consisted of nearly two hundred and fifty royal galleys, most of them of the largest class, besides a number of smaller vessels in the rear, which, like those of the allies, appear scarcely to have come into action. The men on board, of every description, were computed at not less than a hundred and twenty thousand. The galleys spread out, as usual with the Turks, in the form of a regular half-moon, covering a wider extent of surface than the combined fleets, which they somewhat exceeded in number. They presented, indeed, as they drew near, a magnificent array, with their gilded and gaudily-painted prows, and their myriads of pennons and streamers fluttering gayly in the breeze; while the rays of the morning sun glanced on the polished scimitars of Damascus, and on the superb aigrettes of jewels which sparkled in the turbans of the Ottoman chiefs.

In the centre of the extended line, and directly opposite to the station occupied by the captain-general of the League, was the huge galley of Ali Pacha. The right of the armada was commanded by Mahomet Sirocco, viceroy of Egypt, a circumspect as well as a courageous leader; the left by Uluch Ali, dey of Algiers, the redoubtable corsair of the Mediterranean. Ali Pacha had experienced a difficulty like that of Don John, as several of his officers had strongly urged the inexpediency of engaging so formidable an armament as that of the allies. But Ali, like his rival, was young and ambitious. He had been sent by his master to fight the enemy, and no remonstrances, not even those of Mahomet Sirocco, for whom he had great respect, could turn him from his purpose.

He had, moreover, received intelligence that the allied fleet was much inferior in strength to what it proved. In this error he was fortified by the first appearance of the Christians, for the extremity of their left wing, commanded by Barbarigo, stretching behind the Ætolian shore, was hidden from his view. As he drew nearer, and saw the whole extent of the Christian lines, it is said his countenance fell. If so, he still did not abate one jot of his resolution. He spoke to those around him, with the same confidence as before, of the result of the battle. He urged his rowers to strain every nerve. Ali was a man of more humanity in his nature than often belonged to his nation. His galley-slaves were all, or nearly all, Christian captives, and he addressed them in this brief and pithy manner: "If your countrymen are to win this day, Allah will give you the benefit of it,

yet if I win it, you shall certainly have your freedom. If you feel that I do well by you, do then the like by me." . . .

When the foremost vessels of the Turks had come within cannon shot, they opened their fire on the Christians. The firing soon ran along the whole of the Turkish line, and was kept up, without interruption, as it advanced. Don John gave orders for trumpet and atabal to sound the signal for action, which was followed by the simultaneous discharge of such of the guns in the combined fleet as could be brought to bear on the enemy. The Spanish commander had caused the *galleazzas*, those mammoth war ships, of which some account has been already given, to be towed half a mile ahead of the fleet, where they might intercept the advance of the Turks. As the latter came abreast of them, the huge galleys delivered their broadsides right and left, and their heavy ordnance produced a startling effect. Ali Pacha gave orders for his galleys to open their line and pass on either side, without engaging these monsters of the deep, of which he had no experience. Even so, their heavy guns did considerable damage to several of the nearest vessels, and created some confusion in the pacha's line of battle. They were, however, but unwieldy craft, and, having accomplished their object, seem to have taken no further part in the combat.

The action began on the left wing of the allies, which Mahomet Sirocco was desirous of turning. This had been anticipated by Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, who commanded in that quarter. To prevent it, as we have seen, he lay with his vessels as near the coast as he dared. Sirocco, better acquainted with the surroundings, saw there was space enough for him to pass, and darting by with all the speed that oars could give him, he succeeded in doubling on his enemy. Thus placed between two fires, the extreme of the Christian left fought at terrible disadvantage. No less than eight galleys went to the bottom, and several others were captured. The brave Barbarigo, throwing himself into the heat of the fight, without availing himself of his defensive armor, was pierced in the eye by an arrow, and, reluctant to leave the glory of the field to another, was borne to his cabin. The combat still continued, with unabated fury, on the part of the Venetians. They fought like men who felt that the war was theirs, and who were animated not only by the thirst for glory, but for revenge.

Far on the Christian right a manœuvre, similar to that so successfully executed by Sirocco, was attempted by Uluch Ali, the dey of Algiers. Profiting by his superiority in numbers, he endeavored to turn the right wing of the confederates. It was in this quarter that

Andrew Doria commanded. He had foreseen this movement of his enemy, and he succeeded in foiling it. It was a trial of skill between the two most accomplished seamen in the Mediterranean. Doria extended his line so far to the right, indeed, to prevent being surrounded, that Don John was obliged to remind him that he left the centre too much exposed. His dispositions were so far unfortunate for himself that his own line was thus weakened, and afforded some vulnerable points to his assailant. These were soon detected by the eagle eye of Uluch Ali, and, like the king of birds swooping on his prey, he fell on some galleys separated by a considerable interval from their companions, and, sinking more than one, carried off the great *Capitana* of Malta in triumph as his prize.

While the combat opened thus disastrously to the allies, both on the right and on the left, in the centre they may be said to have fought with doubtful fortune. Don John had led his division gallantly forward. But the object on which he was intent was an encounter with Ali Pacha, the foe most worthy of his sword. The Turkish commander had the same combat no less at heart. The galleys of both were easily recognized, not only from their position, but from their superior size and richer decoration. The one, moreover, displayed the holy banner of the League, the other the great Ottoman standard. This, like the ancient standard of the caliphs, was held sacred in its character. It was covered with texts from the Koran, emblazoned in letters of gold, and had the name of Allah inscribed upon it no less than twenty-eight thousand nine hundred times. It was the banner of the sultan, having passed from father to son since the foundation of the imperial dynasty, and was never seen in the field unless the grand seignior or his lieutenant was there in person.

Both the chiefs urged on their rowers to the top of their speed. Their galleys soon shot ahead of the rest of the line, driven through the boiling surges as by the force of a tornado, and closed with a shock that made every timber crack and the two vessels quiver to their very keels. So powerful, indeed, was the impetus they received, that the pacha's galley, which was considerably the larger and loftier of the two, was thrown so far upon its opponent that the prow reached the fourth bench of rowers. As soon as the vessels were disengaged from each other, and those on board had recovered from the shock, the work of death began. Don John's chief strength consisted of some three hundred Spanish arquebusiers, culled from the flower of his infantry. Ali, on the other hand, was

provided with an equal number of janizaries. He was followed by a smaller vessel, in which two hundred more were stationed as a *corps de reserve.* He had, moreover, a hundred archers on board. The bow was still as much in use with the Turks as with the other Moslems.

The pacha opened at once on his enemy a terrible fire of cannon and musketry. It was returned with equal spirit and much more effect, for the Turks were observed to shoot over the heads of their adversaries. The Moslem galley was unprovided with the defences which protected the sides of the Spanish vessels, and the troops, crowded together on the lofty prow, presented an easy mark to their enemies' balls. But though numbers of them fell at every discharge, their places were soon supplied by those in reserve. They were enabled, therefore, to keep up an incessant fire, which wasted the strength of the Spaniards, and as both Christian and Mussulman fought with indomitable spirit, it seemed doubtful to which side victory would incline. . . .

Thus the fight raged along the whole extent of the entrance to the Gulf of Lepanto. The volumes of vapor rolling heavily over the waters effectually shut out from sight whatever was passing at any considerable distance, unless when a fresher breeze dispelled the smoke for a moment, or the flashes of the heavy guns threw a transient gleam on the dark canopy of battle. If the eye of the spectator could have penetrated the cloud of smoke that enveloped the combatants, and have embraced the whole scene at a glance, he would have perceived them broken up into small detachments, separately engaged one with another, independently of the rest, and indeed ignorant of all that was doing in other quarters.

The contest exhibited few of those large combinations and skilful manœuvres to be expected in a great naval encounter. It was rather an assemblage of petty actions, resembling those on land. The galleys, grappling together, presented a level arena, on which soldier and galley-slave fought hand to hand, and the fate of the engagement was generally decided by boarding. As in most hand-to-hand contests, there was an enormous waste of life. The decks were loaded with corpses, Christian and Moslem lying promiscuously together in the embrace of death. Instances are recorded where every man on board was slain or wounded. It was a ghastly spectacle, where blood flowed in rivulets down the sides of the vessels, staining the waters of the gulf for miles around.

It seemed as if a hurricane had swept over the sea, and covered

it with the wreck of the noble armaments which a moment before were so proudly riding on its bosom. Little had they now to remind one of their late magnificent array, with their hulls battered, their masts and spars gone or splintered by the shot, their canvas cut into shreds and floating wildly on the breeze, while thousands of wounded and drowning men were clinging to the floating fragments, and calling piteously for help. Such was the wild uproar which succeeded the Sabbath-like stillness that two hours before had reigned over these beautiful solitudes.

The left wing of the confederates, commanded by Barbarigo, had been sorely pressed by the Turks, as we have seen, at the beginning of the fight. Barbarigo himself had been mortally wounded. His line had been turned. Several of his galleys had been sunk. But the Venetians gathered courage from despair. By incredible efforts they succeeded in beating off their enemies. They became the assailants in their turn. Sword in hand, they carried one vessel after another. The Capuchin was seen in the thickest of the fight, waving aloft his crucifix, and leading the boarders to the assault. The Christian galley-slaves, in some instances, broke their fetters and joined their countrymen against their masters. Fortunately the vessel of Mahomet Sirocco, the Moslem admiral, was sunk, and, though extricated from the water himself, it was only to perish by the sword of his conqueror, Giovanni Contarini. The Venetian could find in his heart no mercy for the Turk.

The fall of their commander gave the final blow to his followers. Without further attempt to prolong the fight, they fled before the avenging swords of the Venetians. Those nearest the land endeavored to escape by running their vessels ashore, where they abandoned them as prizes to the Christians. Yet many of the fugitives, before gaining the land, perished miserably in the waves.

Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, who was still lingering in agony, heard the tidings of the enemy's defeat, and uttering a few words expressive of his gratitude to Heaven, which had permitted him to see this hour, he breathed his last.

During this time the combat had been going forward in the centre between the two commanders-in-chief, Don John and Ali Pacha, whose galleys blazed with an incessant fire of artillery and musketry, that enveloped them like "a martyr's robe of flames." The parties fought with equal spirit, though not with equal fortune.

Twice the Spaniards had boarded their enemy, and both times they had been repulsed with loss. Still their superiority in the use

of fire-arms would have given them a decided advantage over their opponents, if the loss they had inflicted had not been speedily repaired by fresh re-enforcements. More than once the contest between the two chieftains was interrupted by the arrival of others to take part in the fray. They soon, however, returned to each other, as if unwilling to waste their strength on a meaner enemy. Through the whole engagement, both commanders exposed themselves to danger as freely as any common soldier. In such a contest even Philip must have admitted that it would be difficult for his brother to find, with honor, a place of safety. Don John received a wound in the foot. It was a slight one, however, and he would not allow it to be dressed till the action was over.

Again his men were mustered, and a third time the trumpets sounded to the attack. It was more successful than the preceding. The Spaniards threw themselves boldly into the Turkish galley. They were met with the same spirit as before by the janizaries. Ali Pacha led them on. Unfortunately, at this moment he was struck in the head by a musket-ball, and stretched senseless in the gangway. His men fought worthily of their ancient renown. But they missed the accustomed voice of their commander. After a short but ineffectual struggle against the fiery impetuosity of the Spaniards, they were overpowered, and threw down their arms. The decks were loaded with the bodies of the dead and the dying. Beneath these was discovered the Turkish commander-in-chief, severely wounded, but perhaps not mortally. He was drawn forth by some Castilian soldiers, who, recognizing his person, would at once have despatched him. But the disabled chief, having rallied from the first effects of his wound, had sufficient presence of mind to divert them from their purpose, by pointing out the place below where he had deposited his money and jewels; and they hastened to profit by the disclosure before the treasure should fall into the hands of their commanders.

Ali was not so successful with another soldier, who came up soon after, brandishing his sword, and preparing to plunge it into the body of the prostrate commander. It was in vain that the latter endeavored to turn the ruffian from his purpose. He was a convict, one of those galley-slaves whom Don John had caused to be unchained from the oar and furnished with arms. He could not believe that any treasure would be worth so much as the head of the pacha. Without further hesitation, he dealt him a blow which severed it from his shoulders; then, returning to his galley, he laid the bloody

trophy before Don John. But he had miscalculated on his recompense. His commander gazed on it with a look of pity mingled with horror. He may have thought of the generous conduct of Ali to his Christian captives, and have felt that he deserved a better fate. He coldly inquired "of what use such a present could be to him," and then ordered it to be thrown into the sea. Far from the order being obeyed, it is said the head was stuck on a pike and raised aloft on board of the captured galley. At the same time the banner of the Crescent was pulled down, while that of the Cross, run up in its place, proclaimed the downfall of the pacha.

The sight of the sacred ensign was welcomed by the Christians with a shout of "Victory!" which rose high above the din of battle. The tidings of the death of Ali soon passed from mouth to mouth, giving fresh heart to the confederates, but falling like a knell on the ears of the Moslems. Their confidence was gone; their fire slackened; their efforts grew weaker and weaker. They were too far from shore to seek an asylum there, like their comrades on the right. They had no resource but to prolong the combat or to surrender. Most preferred the latter. Many vessels were carried by boarding; others were sunk by the victorious Christians. Ere four hours had elapsed, the centre, like the right wing of the Moslems, might be said to be annihilated.

Still the fight was lingering on the right of the confederates, where, it will be remembered, Uluch Ali, the Algerine chief, had profited by Doria's error in extending his line so far as greatly to weaken it. Uluch Ali, attacking it on its most vulnerable quarter, had succeeded, as we have seen, in capturing and destroying several vessels, and would have inflicted still heavier losses on his enemy, had it not been for the seasonable succor received from the Marquis of Santa Cruz. This brave officer, who commanded the reserve, had already been of much service to Don John when the *Real* was assailed by several Turkish galleys at once during his combat with Ali Pacha, for at this juncture the Marquis of Santa Cruz arriving, and beating off the assailants, one of whom he afterwards captured, enabled the commander-in-chief to resume his engagement with the pacha.

No sooner did Santa Cruz learn the critical situation of Doria, than, supported by Cardonna, "general" of the Sicilian squadron, he pushed forward to his relief. Dashing into the midst of the *mêlée*, the two commanders fell like a thunderbolt on the Algerine galleys. Few attempted to withstand the shock. But in their haste to avoid it, they were encountered by Doria and his Genoese galleys. Thus

beset on all sides, Uluch Ali was compelled to abandon his prizes, and provide for his own safety by flight. He cut adrift the Maltese *Capitana*, which he had lashed to his stern, and on which three hundred corpses attested the desperate character of her defence. As tidings reached him of the discomfiture of the centre and of the death of Ali Pacha, he felt that nothing remained but to make the best of his way from the fatal scene of action, and save as many of his own ships as he could. And there were no ships in the Turkish fleet superior to his, or manned by men under more perfect discipline, for they were the famous corsairs of the Mediterranean, who had been rocked from infancy on its waters.

Throwing out his signals for retreat, the Algerine was soon to be seen, at the head of his squadron, standing towards the north, under as much canvas as remained to him after the battle, and urged forward through the deep by the whole strength of his oarsmen. Doria and Santa Cruz followed quickly in his wake. But he was borne on the wings of the wind, and soon distanced his pursuers. Don John, having disposed of his own assailants, was coming to the support of Doria, and now joined in the pursuit of the viceroy. A rocky headland, stretching far into the sea, lay in the path of the fugitive, and his enemies hoped to intercept him there. Some few of his vessels were stranded on the rocks. But the rest, near forty in number, standing more boldly out to sea, safely doubled the promontory. Then, quickening their flight, they gradually faded from the horizon, their white sails, the last thing visible, showing in the distance like a flock of Arctic sea-fowl on their way to their native homes. . . .

It was, indeed, a sanguinary battle, surpassing, in this particular, any sea fight of modern times. The loss fell much the most heavily on the Turks. There is the usual discrepancy about numbers, but it may be safe to estimate their loss at nearly twenty-five thousand slain and five thousand prisoners. What brought most pleasure to the hearts of the conquerors was the liberation of twelve thousand Christian captives, who had been chained to the oar on board the Moslem galleys, and who now came forth, with tears of joy streaming down their haggard cheeks, to bless their deliverers.

The loss of the allies was comparatively small — less than eight thousand. That it was so much smaller than that of their enemies, may be referred in part to their superiority in the use of fire-arms; in part also to their exclusive use of these instead of employing bows and arrows, weapons on which, though much less effective, the Turks, like the other Moslem nations, seemed to have greatly relied.

Lastly, the Turks were the vanquished party, and in their heavier losses suffered the almost invariable lot of the vanquished.

As to their armada, it may almost be said to have been annihilated. Not more than forty galleys escaped out of near two hundred and fifty which entered the action. One hundred and thirty were taken and divided among the conquerors. The remainder, sunk or burned, were swallowed up by the waves. To counterbalance all this, the confederates are said to have lost not more than fifteen galleys, though a much larger number, doubtless, were rendered unfit for service. This disparity affords good evidence of the inferiority of the Turks in the construction of their vessels, as well as in the nautical skill required to manage them. A great amount of booty, in the form of gold, jewels, and brocade, was found on board several of the prizes. The galley of the commander-in-chief alone is stated to have contained one hundred and seventy thousand gold sequins — a large sum, but not large enough, it seems, to buy off his life. . . .

Another youth was in that fight who, then humble and unknown, was destined one day to win laurels of a purer and more enviable kind than those which grow on the battle-field. This was Cervantes, who, at the age of twenty-four, was serving on board the fleet as a common soldier. He had been confined to his bed by a fever, but, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his captain, he insisted, on the morning of the action, not only on bearing arms, but on being stationed in the post of danger. And well did he perform his duty there, as was shown by two wounds on the breast, and by another in the hand, by which he lost the use of it. Fortunately it was the left hand. The right yet remained to indite those immortal productions, which were to be known as household words, not only in his own land, but in every quarter of the civilized world.

FRANCIS WAYLAND.

Francis Wayland was born in the city of New York, March 11, 1796. He received his education at Union College, and gave three years to the study of medicine, in Troy, N. Y., but, having joined the Baptist church, he changed his original intention, and entered Andover Theological Seminary. He was tutor four years at Union College, and was afterwards settled in Boston as pastor of the First Baptist Church, where he remained five years. He was a professor at Union College for a few months, and was then (1827) chosen president of Brown University, at Providence, R. I. His great practical talents, no less than his high qualities of intellect and commanding personal influence, were soon felt in the prosperity and

advanced standing of the institution. He brought about a change in the collegiate instruction, by which special courses were open to students, with corresponding degrees for proficiency. He resigned his office in 1855, and died at Providence, September 30, 1865.

Dr. Wayland was a man of remarkable power and originality of thought, and his tastes and studies inclined him to the pursuit of fundamental truths. His style was a reflex of his mental traits, clear, cogent, and direct. His greatest work was his Elements of Moral Science, which has long been a standard text book. He also wrote the Elements of Political Economy, a Treatise on Intellectual Philosophy, Limitations of Human Responsibility, a Life of Adoniram Judson, the missionary, Thoughts on the Collegiate System of the United States, besides several volumes of sermons. His sermon on the Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise is a powerful production, noble in its leading motive, and rising into passages of true eloquence.

Dr. Wayland was tall in stature, with a dignified presence, a massive, overhanging brow, and deep set eyes. His manners were simple and affable, though habitually grave.

[From a Sermon on the Duties of an American Citizen.]

THE BIBLE AND THE ILIAD.

Of all the books with which, since the invention of writing, this world has been deluged, the number of those is very small which have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater part have been, even by their contemporaries, unnoticed and unknown. Not many a one has made its little mark upon the generation that produced it, though it sunk with that generation to utter forgetfulness. But, after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years, how few have been the works, the adamantine basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt among the fluctuations of time, and whose impression can be traced through successive centuries, on the history of our species!

When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable; and such a work, you are aware, is the Iliad of Homer. Who can estimate the results produced by the incomparable efforts of a single mind? who can tell what Greece owes to this first-born of song? Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivalled eloquence, and her matchless verse, all point us to that transcendent genius, who, by the very splendor of his own effulgence, woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages. It was Homer who gave laws to the artist; it was Homer who inspired the poet; it was Homer who thundered in the senate; and, more than all, it was Homer who was sung by the people; and hence a nation was cast into the mould of one mighty mind, and the land of the Iliad became the region of taste, the birthplace of the arts.

Nor was this influence confined within the limits of Greece. Long after the sceptre of empire had passed westward, genius still held her court on the banks of the Ilyssus, and from the country

of Homer gave laws to the world. The light, which the blind old man of Scio had kindled in Greece, shed its radiance over Italy; and thus did he awaken a second nation into intellectual existence. And we may form some idea of the power which this one work has to the present day exerted over the mind of man, by remarking, that "nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments."

But, considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament? Where in the Iliad shall we find simplicity and pathos which shall vie with the narrative of Moses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job or David, of Isaiah or St. John? But I cannot pursue this comparison. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind which dictated the Iliad, and to those other mighty intellects on whom the light of the holy oracles never shined. Who that has read his poem has not observed how he strove in vain to give dignity to the mythology of his time? Who has not seen how the religion of his country, unable to support the flight of his imagination, sunk powerless beneath him? It is the unseen world, where the master spirits of our race breathe freely, and are at home; and it is mournful to behold the intellect of Homer striving to free itself from the conceptions of materialism, and then sinking down in hopeless despair, to weave idle tales about Jupiter and Juno, Apollo and Diana. But the difficulties under which he labored are abundantly illustrated by the fact that the light which poured upon the human intellect taught other ages how unworthy was the religion of his day, of the man who was compelled to use it. "It seems to me," says Longinus, "that Homer, when he describes dissensions, jealousies, tears, imprisonments, and other afflictions to his deities, hath, as much as was in his power, made the men of the Iliad gods, and the gods men. To men, when afflicted, death is the termination of evils; but he hath made not only the nature, but the miseries, of the gods eternal."

If, then, so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined efforts of several, at least his equals in power, over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his coun-

trymen, what may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings, on whose authors was poured the full splendor of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell-bound by a childish mythology, have done so much, what may we not hope for from the supernatural efforts of pre-eminent genius, which spake as it was moved by the Holy Ghost?

HUGH SWINTON LEGARE.

Hugh Swinton Legaré (pronounced Legree) was born in Charleston, S. C., January 2, 1797, and was graduated at South Carolina College, Columbia. He commenced his legal studies in Charleston, and in 1818 went to Europe to complete his education in the history and philosophy of law. He returned to his native city with a high reputation for scholarship, both in ancient and modern literature, and soon entered into public life. He was a member of the state legislature for several years, until in 1830 he was made attorney general of the state. In 1833 he was appointed *chargé d'affaires* at Brussels, where he remained three years. On his return he was elected a member of Congress, and upon the accession of President Tyler, in 1841, was appointed attorney general of the United States. He accompanied the president to Boston on the occasion of the completion of Bunker Hill monument, and, being seized with a sudden illness, died June 20, 1844, at the house of his friend and classmate, the late George Ticknor.

The writings of Mr. Legaré consist of notes from his journal, a few speeches, and articles written for the Southern Quarterly Review, and were published in 1846, in two volumes, 8vo., with a memoir. The biographer was more enthusiastic than judicious. The learning of Mr. Legaré was unusual for a lawyer and politician, but it had not borne much fruit. His essays are thoughtful and interesting, but have no special brilliancy of style, and lack fire as well as imaginative power.

[From an Article on Sir Philip Sydney.]

INFLUENCE OF PURITANISM ON LITERATURE.

With the exception of Surrey, Wyatt, and Sackville, — meritorious, but still inferior poets, — two centuries had passed away without producing a single name worthy to be had in remembrance by posterity. Chaucer and Gower, as we observed on a former occasion, had hitherto found as few successors as Dante and Petrarch; while, in both countries, the national literature, after this period of darkness, "burst forth with sudden blaze" about the same time, or at no great interval. It is not improbable that this coincidence in so striking a state of facts was produced by some general cause — at least, by some cause common both to Italy and England. But however that may be, the revival of poetry had to encounter in the latter an obstacle altogether unknown in the former country. This was the rigorous, self-mortifying fanaticism of the Puritans. We do not mean to derogate from the merit of the sect, whose stern discipline,

like that of their archetypes in heathen antiquity, the Stoics, was so admirably fitted for a period of trial and fiery persecution, and taught so many patriots and heroes to think, to act, and to die, as becomes men devoted to duty and to liberty. We are too well aware what the world — what we in particular, owe to the Long Parliament, and who *they* were that most zealously promoted the reforms which it made in the constitutional law of England. . . .

But highly as we appreciate the political services of these great men, we must be allowed to dissent from some of their views of human nature. Their imaginations were so strongly possessed with what they considered as the abominations of idolatry in those "gay religions full of pomp and gold," from which they were desirous of purging England, that they could tolerate in the church nothing but the most absolute simplicity of forms, and the severest spirituality in worship. The same modes of thought were naturally extended to other subjects. In this vale of tears, how absurd, how criminal was it to be gay! How could a being, accountable for every idle thought, indulge his fancy, with impunity, in vain and chimerical figments, in foolish dreams of what he never could expect, or should never wish to see realized! . . .

Our answer to the dogmas of this school is the same that was made to the Stoics two thousand years ago. They aim at a degree of perfection — if apathy *is* perfection — quite inconsistent with the nature of man and his relation to the world about him. They treat him as if he were no-*body*, but all understanding — a mere mathematical machine, whose only object is to *know*, whose only business is to *reason*, and whose whole conduct in life is to be a sort of practical *demonstration*. All instructive impulse, however generous; all uncalculating affection, however sweet and consoling; all feeling, in short, — unguarded, natural feeling, — is unworthy of a rational being, much more of a supremely wise man. According to this theory, taste, and the sense of beauty and of melody, were given us in vain. Imagination is no part of our original nature, but a consequence, rather, and proof of its corruption. Nature is lovely in vain. Nay, it is worse than in vain that she has poured her bounties forth with such a lavish hand, and covered the earth with odors, fruits, and flowers, — with so many sources of enjoyment — with so many scenes of magnificence and attraction, — all but to delude, to insnare, and to destroy us! Everything about us, and within us, and above us, is full of poetry, — for everything is full of sublimity and beauty, — everything is calculated to inspire admiration or awaken love in

rational creatures, and in them alone. Yet, to enjoy the very pleasures, to cultivate the very perceptions and faculties that most distinguish them from the brutes that perish, is folly, or worse, in the opinions of those who talk, in the loftiest strain, of the privileges and pre-eminence of human reason. . . .

True poetry, like true eloquence, is the voice of nature appealing to the heart with its utmost sublimity and power. Its precepts differ from those of philosophy only in their effect. Instead of teaching merely, it persuades, elevates, inspires. It excites a feeling where the other leaves only an opinion or a maxim. It proposes examples of ideal excellence, and raises virtue into heroism.

WILLIAM WARE.

William Ware was born in Hingham, Mass., August 3, 1797, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1816. He entered the ministry, and preached in New York for sixteen years. He is the author of three historical romances that have gained for him a permanent reputation. The first (published in 1836) is Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra, a series of letters purporting to be written by a Roman, in which the splendors of the desert city, and its final overthrow by the Emperor Aurelian, are described. The work shows an intimate acquaintance not only with the history, but with the private life and manners of the age, and its style is vivid and picturesque. The second (1838) is entitled Probus, and is a sequel of the narrative of Zenobia. The third (1841) is Julian, a picture of the scenes and events in Judea during the latter years of Jesus Christ. Zenobia is the most brilliant of the series, but all possess a high order of merit.

Mr. Ware was afterwards settled over a church in West Cambridge, but resigned on account of ill health in 1845. He died at Cambridge, February 19, 1852.

[From Zenobia.]

THE APPROACH TO PALMYRA.

Upon this boundless desert, which stretches from the Anti-Libanus almost to the very walls of Palmyra, we now soon entered. The scene which it presented was more dismal than I can describe. A red moving sand, — or hard and baked by the heat of a sun such as Rome never knows, — low gray rocks just rising here and there above the level of the plain, with now and then the dead and glittering trunk of a vast cedar, whose roots seemed as if they had outlasted centuries; the bones of camels and elephants, scattered on either hand, dazzling the sight by reason of their excessive whiteness; at a distance, occasionally an Arab of the desert, for a moment surveying our long line, and then darting off to his fastnesses — these were the objects which, with scarce any variation, met our

eyes during the four wearisome days that we dragged ourselves over this wild and inhospitable region. A little after the noon of the fourth day, as we started on our way, having refreshed ourselves and our exhausted animals at a spring which here poured out its warm but still grateful waters to the traveller, my ears received the agreeable news that towards the east there could now be discerned the dark line, which indicated our approach to the verdant tract that encompasses the great city. Our own excited spirits were quickly imparted to our beasts, and a more rapid movement soon revealed into distinctness the high land and waving groves of palm trees which mark the site of Palmyra.

It was several miles before we reached the city, that we suddenly found ourselves, — landing, as it were, from a sea upon an island or continent — in a rich and thickly peopled country. The roads indicated an approach to a great capital, in the increasing numbers of those who thronged them, meeting and passing us, overtaking us, or crossing our way. Elephants, camels, and the dromedary, which I had before seen only in the amphitheatres, I here beheld as the native inhabitants of the soil.

Frequent villas of the rich and luxurious Palmyrenes, to which they retreat from the greater heats of the city, now threw a lovely charm over the scene. Nothing can exceed the splendor of these sumptuous palaces. Italy itself has nothing which surpasses them.

The new and brilliant costumes of the persons whom we met, together with the rich housings or the animals they rode, served greatly to add to all this beauty. I was still entranced, as it were, by the objects around me, and buried in reflection, when I was roused by the shout of those who led the caravan, and who had attained the summit of a little rising ground, saying, "Palmyra! Palmyra!"

I urged forward my steed, and in a moment the most wonderful prospect I ever beheld — no, I cannot except even Rome — burst upon my sight. Flanked by hills of considerable elevation on the east, the city filled the whole plain below as far as the eye could reach, both towards the north and towards the south. This immense plain was all one vast and boundless city. It seemed to me to be larger than Rome. Yet I knew very well that it could not be — that it was not. And it was some time before I understood the true character of the scene before me, so as to separate the city from the country, and the country from the city, which here wonderfully interpenetrate each other; and so confound and deceive the

observer. For the city proper is so studded with groups of lofty palm trees, shooting up among its temples and palaces, and on the other hand, the plain in its immediate vicinity is so thickly adorned with magnificent structures of the purest marble, that it is not easy, nay, it is impossible at the distance at which I contemplated the whole, to distinguish the line which divided the one from the other. It was all city and all country, all country and all city. Those which lay before me I was ready to believe were the Elysian Fields. I imagined that I saw under my feet the dwellings of purified men and of gods. Certainly they were too glorious for the mere earth-born. There was a central point, however, which chiefly fixed my attention, where the vast Temple of the Sun stretched upwards its thousand columns of polished marble to the heavens, in its matchless beauty casting into the shade every other work of art of which the world can boast. I have stood before the Parthenon, and have almost worshipped that divine achievement of the immortal Phidias. But it is a toy by the side of this bright crown of the eastern capital. I have been at Milan, at Ephesus, at Alexandria, at Antioch ; but in neither of those renowned cities have I beheld anything that I can allow to approach in united extent, grandeur, and most consummate beauty, this almost more than work of man. On each side of this, the central point, there rose upward slender pyramids, — pointed obelisks, — domes of the most graceful proportions, columns, arches, and lofty towers, for number and for form beyond my power to describe. These buildings, as well as the walls of the city, being all either of white marble, or of some stone as white, and being everywhere in their whole extent interspersed, as I have already said, with multitudes of overshadowing palm trees, perfectly filled and satisfied my sense of beauty, and made me feel for the moment as if in such a scene I should love to dwell, and there end my days. Nor was I alone in these transports of delight. All my fellow-travellers seemed equally affected ; and from the native Palmyrenes, of whom there were many among us, the most impassioned and boastful exclamations broke forth. "What is Rome to this ?" they cried. "Fortune is not constant. Why may not Palmyra be what Rome has been — mistress of the world ? Who more fit to rule than the great Zenobia ? A few years may see great changes. Who can tell what shall come to pass ?" These, and many such sayings, were uttered by those around me, accompanied by many significant gestures and glances of the eye. I thought of them afterwards. We now descended the hill, and the long line of our caravan moved on towards the city.

A BREAKFAST-ROOM.

I WAS shown to a different apartment from that in which we had supped, but opening into it. It was a portico rather than a room, being on two sides open to the shrubbery, with slender Ionic pillars of marble supporting the ceiling, all joined together by the light interlacings of the most gorgeous creeping plants. Their odors filled the air. A fountain threw up, in the most graceful forms, its clear water, and spread all around an agreeable coolness. Standing at those points where flights of steps led down to the walks and plats of grass and flowers, which wound about the palace, the eye wandered over the rich scene of verdure and blossom which they presented, and then rested where it can never rest too often or too long — upon the glittering shafts of the Temple of the Sun. This morning prospect, from the single point, I thought was reward enough for my long voyage and hot journey over the desert.

THE STREETS.

THE streets, seen now under the advantages of a warm morning sun, adding a beauty of its own to whatever it glanced upon, showed much more brilliantly than ours of Rome.

There is, in the first place, a more general sumptuousness in equipage and dress, very striking to the eye of a Roman. Not, perhaps, that more wealth is displayed, but the forms and the colors through which it displays itself are more various, more tasteful, more gorgeous. Nothing can exceed, nothing equals, it is said, anywhere in the world, the state of the queen and her court; and this infects, if I may use so harsh a word, the whole city. So that, though with far less of real substantial riches than we have, their extravagance and luxury are equal, and their taste far before us. Then everything wears a newer, fresher look than in Rome. The buildings of the republic, which many are so desirous to preserve, and whole streets even of ante-Augustan architecture, tend to spread around here and there in Rome a gloom, to me full of beauty and poetry, but still gloom. Here all is bright and gay. The buildings of marble; the streets paved and clean; frequent fountains of water throwing up their foaming jets, and shedding around a delicious coolness; temples, and palaces of the nobles, or of wealthy Palmyrene merchants, — altogether present a more brilliant

assemblage of objects than I suppose any other city can boast. Then conceive, poured through these long lines of beautiful edifices, among these temples and fountains, a population drawn from every country of the far East, arrayed in every variety of the most showy and fanciful costume, with the singular animals, rarely seen in our streets, but here met at every turn — elephants, camels, and dromedaries, to say nothing of the Arabian horses, with their jewelled housings, with every now and then a troop of the queen's cavalry, moving along to the sound of their clanging trumpets — conceive, I say, this ceaseless tide of various animal life poured along among the proud piles, and choking the ways, and you will have some faint glimpse of the strange and imposing reality.

THE QUEEN.

We had been here not many minutes, before the shouts of the people, and the braying of martial music, and the confused sound of an approaching multitude, showed that the queen was near. Troops of horse, variously caparisoned, each more brilliantly as it seemed than another, preceded a train of sumptuary elephants and camels, these, too, richly dressed, but heavily loaded. Then came the body-guard of the queen, in armor of complete steel; and then the chariot of Zenobia, drawn by milk-white Arabians. So soon as she appeared, the air resounded with the acclamations of the countless multitudes. Every cry of loyalty and affection was heard from ten thousand mouths, making a music such as filled the heart almost to breaking.

It was to me a moment inexpressibly interesting. I could not have asked for more, than for the first time to see this great woman just as I now saw her. I cannot, at this time, even speak of her beauty, and the imposing, yet sweet dignity of her manner; for it was with me, as I suppose it was with all — the diviner beauty of the emotions and sentiments which were working at her heart and shone out in the expressive language of her countenance, took away all power of narrowly scanning complexion, feature, and form. Her look was full of love for her people. She regarded them as if they were her children. She bent herself fondly towards them, as if nothing but the restraints of form withheld her from throwing herself into their arms. This was the beauty which filled and agitated me. I was more than satisfied.

RUFUS CHOATE.

Rufus Choate was born in Essex, Mass., October 1, 1799. He received his education at Dartmouth College, and was graduated with the highest honors of his class in 1819. After a year's service as tutor he commenced the study of law, and was for a year in the office of William Wirt. at Washington. He was admitted to the Essex County bar in 1824, and practised at Danvers, and soon after at Salem. His eminent abilities, conscientious industry and zeal soon brought him into notice. He was elected a member of Congress in 1832, but after one term of service he declined a re-election, and removed to Boston, as a more inviting field for professional distinction. In 1841 he was chosen to succeed Daniel Webster in the United States Senate, and at the close of his term returned to the bar. After the dissolution of the whig party, although he had been decidedly opposed to slavery, he supported Mr. Buchanan and the democrats, alleging that the triumph of the new republican party would lead to a dissolution of the Union. But he took no further active part in politics. In 1859, being in failing health, he undertook a voyage to Europe, but by the advice of the surgeon he left the ship at Halifax, and died there, July 13.

Mr. Choate was a man of brilliant intellect, strong in reason no less than in imagination, a scholar by instinct and by habit, a master of all the arts of oratorical fence, full of playful repartee and of unexpected, dazzling wit, and possessing a power over audiences never surpassed, if equalled, in this country. His efforts at the bar were wholly extemporaneous; his look of flashing intelligence, his melodious sentences, rich in learned allusions, and his wonderful voice, that persuaded and commanded by turns, will be only matters of tradition. Fortunately a few of his orations and discourses have been preserved, and from them posterity will gather some hints of the fascination which this extraordinary man exerted. His mind was so full, his fancy so exuberant, his choice of words so adjusted to the subtilest shades of meaning, that he gave a splendor to the commonest themes, and transformed a country justice's court, for the time, into a tribunal as august as the King's Bench. His pathetic utterances will never be forgotten by those who heard them. His eyes brimming with sensibility, and the melancholy beauty of his tones, gave to sentences like those in the eulogy on Webster a melting charm that was beyond the actor's art.

Teachers of rhetoric will probably say, with justice, that his sentences are too long and involved, and that his very affluence begets perplexity. But any advice to students to avoid such faults is quite superfluous. Choate's was a tropical nature, fertile to profusion: and the sentences of luxuriant growth are its spontaneous expression. It would be just as much to the point to advise pupils to avoid imitating Shakespeare or Jeremy Taylor We cannot prescribe rules for mental processes. The compact and brilliant phrases of Emerson, and the many-membered sentences of Choate, are alike proper to the men, as are the keen, philosophic look of the one, and the inspired and irresistible presence of the other.

Mr. Choate was fortunate in his domestic relations, and the glimpses of his private life, seen in his published letters, show that he was loved even more than he was admired.

His life and selections from his writings, edited by Professor S. G. Brown, have been published in two volumes, 8vo., Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

[From the Eulogy on Daniel Webster.]

AND, therefore, it were fitter that I should ask of you, than speak to you, concerning him. Little, indeed, anywhere can be added now to that wealth of eulogy that has been heaped upon his tomb. Before he died, even, renowned in two hemispheres, in ours he seemed to be known with a universal nearness of knowledge. He walked so long and so conspicuously before the general eye; his

actions, his opinions, on all things which had been large enough to agitate the public mind for the last thirty years and more, had had importance and consequences so remarkable — anxiously waited for, passionately canvassed, not adopted always into the particular measure, or deciding the particular vote of government or the country, yet sinking deep into the reason of the people — a stream of influence whose fruits it is yet too soon for political philosophy to appreciate completely ; an impression of his extraordinary intellectual endowments, and of their peculiar superiority in that most imposing and intelligible of all forms of manifestation, the moving of others' minds by speech — this impression had grown so universal and fixed, and it had kindled curiosity to hear him and read him so wide and so largely indulged ; his individuality altogether was so absolute and so pronounced, the force of will no less than the power of genius ; the exact type and fashion of his mind, not less than its general magnitude, were so distinctly shown through his musical transparent style ; the exterior of the man, the grand mystery of brow and eye, the deep tones, the solemnity, the sovereignty, as of those who would build states, where every power and every grace did seem to set its seal had been made, by personal observation, by description, by the exaggeration, even, of those who had felt the spell, by art, the daguerreotype, and picture, and statue, so familiar to the American eye, graven on the memory like the Washington of Stuart ; the narrative of the mere incidents of his life had been so often told — by some so authentically and with such skill — and had been so literally committed to heart, that when he died there seemed to be little left but to say when and how his change came ; with what dignity, with what possession of himself, with what loving thought for others, with what gratitude to God, uttered with unfaltering voice, that it was appointed to him there to die ; to say how thus, leaning on the rod and staff of the promise, he took his way into the great darkness undismayed, till death should be swallowed up of life ; and then to relate how they laid him in that simple grave, and turning and pausing, and joining their voices to the voices of the sea, bade him hail and farewell.

. . . . . .

But there were other fields of oratory on which, under the influence of more uncommon springs of inspiration, he exemplified, in still other forms, an eloquence in which I do not know that he has had a superior among men. Addressing masses by tens of thousands in

the open air, on the urgent political questions of the day, or designated to lead the meditations of an hour devoted to the remembrance of some national era, or of some incident marking the progress of the nation, and lifting him up to a view of what is, and what is past, and some indistinct revelations of the glory that lies in the future, or of some great historical name, just borne by the nation to his tomb — we have learned that then and there, at the base of Bunker Hill, before the corner-stone was laid, and again when from the finished column the centuries looked on him ; in Faneuil Hall, mourning for those with whose spoken or written eloquence of freedom its arches had so often resounded ; on the rock of Plymouth ; before the Capitol, of which there shall not be one stone left on another, before his memory shall have ceased to live — in such scenes, unfettered by the laws of forensic or parliamentary debate ; multitudes uncounted lifting up their eyes to him ; some great historical scenes of America around ; all symbols of her glory, and art, and power, and fortune there ; voices of the past, not unheard ; shapes beckoning from the future, not unseen — sometimes that mighty intellect, borne upwards to a height and kindled to an illumination which we shall see no more, wrought out, as it were, in an instant, a picture of vision, warning, prediction ; the progress of the nation ; the contrasts of its eras ; the heroic deaths ; the motives to patriotism ; the maxims and arts imperial by which the glory has been gathered and may be heightened — wrought out, in an instant, a picture to fade only when all record of our mind shall die.

In looking over the public remains of his oratory, it is striking to remark how, even in that most sober and massive understanding and nature, you see gathered and expressed the characteristic sentiments and the passing time of our America. It is the strong old oak which ascends before you ; yet our soil, our heaven, are attested in it as perfectly as if it were a flower that could grow in no other climate and in no other hour of the year or day. Let me instance in one thing only. It is a peculiarity of some schools of eloquence that they embody and utter, not merely the individual genius and character of the speaker, but a national consciousness, — a national era, a mood, a hope, a dread, a despair, — in which you listen to the spoken history of the time. There is an eloquence of an expiring nation, such as seems to sadden the glorious speech of Demosthenes ; such as breathes grand and gloomy from the visions of the prophets of the last days of Israel and Judah ; such as gave a spell to the ex-

pression of Grattan and of Kossuth, — the sweetest, most mournful, most awful of the words which man may utter, or which man may hear, — the eloquence of a perishing nation. There is another eloquence, in which the national consciousness of a young or renewed and vast strength, of trust in a dazzling, certain, and limitless future, an inward glorying in victories yet to be won, sounds out, as by voice of clarion, challenging to contest for the highest prize of earth ; such as that in which the leader of Israel in its first days holds up to the new nation the Land of Promise ; such as that which in the well-imagined speeches scattered by Livy over the history of the "majestic series of victories," speaks the Roman consciousness of growing aggrandizement which should subject the world; such as that through which, at the tribunes of her revolution, in the bulletins of her rising soldier, France told to the world her dream of glory. And of this kind somewhat is ours ; cheerful, hopeful, trusting, as befits youth and spring; the eloquence of a state beginning to ascend to the first class of power, eminence, and consideration, and conscious of itself. It is to no purpose that they tell you it is in bad taste ; that it partakes of arrogance and vanity ; that a true national good breeding would not know, or seem to know, whether the nation is old or young ; whether the tides of being are in their flow or ebb ; whether these coursers of the sun are sinking slowly to rest, wearied with a journey of a thousand years, or just bounding from the Orient unbreathed. Higher laws than those of taste determine the consciousness of nations. Higher laws than those of taste determine the general forms of the expression of that consciousness. Let the downward age of America find its orators, and poets, and artists to erect its spirit, or grace and soothe its dying ; be it ours to go up with Webster to the rock, the monument, the capitol, and bid "the distant generations hail" ! . . .

We seem to see his form and hear his deep grave speech everywhere. By some felicity of his personal life ; by some wise, deep, or beautiful word spoken or written ; by some service of his own, or some commemoration of the services of others, it has come to pass that "our granite hills, our inland seas and prairies, and fresh, unbounded, magnificent wilderness ;" our encircling ocean ; the resting place of the Pilgrims ; our new-born sister of the Pacific ; our popular assemblies ; our free schools ; all our cherished doctrines of education, and of the influence of religion, and material policy and law, and the Constitution, give us back his name. What American landscape will you look on ; what subject of American

interest will you study; what source of hope or of anxiety, as an American, will you acknowledge that it does not recall him? . . .

But it is time that this eulogy was spoken. My heart goes back into the coffin there with him, and I would pause. I went — it is a day or two since — alone, to see again the home which he so dearly loved, the chamber where he died, the grave in which they laid him — all habited as when

> "His look drew audience still as night,
> Or summer's noontide air,"

till the heavens be no more. Throughout that spacious and calm scene all things to the eye showed at first unchanged. The books in the library, the portraits, the table at which he wrote, the scientific culture of the land, the course of agricultural occupation, the coming-in of harvests, fruit of the seed his own hand had scattered, the animals and implements of husbandry, the trees planted by him in lines, in copses, in orchards, by thousands, the seat under the noble elm on which he used to sit to feel the south-west wind at evening, or hear the breathings of the sea, or the not less audible music of the starry heavens, all seemed at first unchanged. The sun of a bright day, from which, however, something of the fervors of midsummer were wanting, fell temperately on them all, filled the air on all sides with the utterances of life, and gleamed on the long line of ocean. Some of those whom on earth he loved best still were there. The great mind still seemed to preside; the great presence to be with you; you might expect to hear again the rich and playful tones of the voice of the old hospitality. Yet a moment more, and all the scene took on the aspect of one great monument, inscribed with his name, and sacred to his memory. And such it shall be in all the future of America! The sensation of desolateness, and loneliness, and darkness, with which you see it now, will pass away; the sharp grief of love and friendship will become soothed; men will repair thither as they are wont to commemorate the great days of history; the same glance shall take in, and the same emotions shall greet and bless the harbor of the Pilgrims, and the tomb of Webster.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

George Bancroft was born at Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800 and was graduated at Harvard College in 1817. His college course was but the beginning of his education. He sailed to Europe, and pursued a great variety of studies for five years under the most eminent professors, at Göttingen, Berlin, Heidelberg, Paris, and in several Italian cities, forming acquaintances also with many of the most famous scholars and *savants*. On his return, he was tutor at Harvard for a year, and was for a short time connected with the Round Hill classical school at Northampton. He was an avowed advocate of universal suffrage and of democratic principles, but he declined at that time to enter public life, as he had formed the design of writing a history of the United States. The first volume of the history appeared in 1834. The second volume was written in Springfield, in which place he resided for three years. In 1838 he was appointed collector of the port of Boston, but neither his official duties nor his party services drew his attention from historical composition, and his third volume was published in 1840. He was an unsuccessful candidate for governor in 1844, and the following year was appointed secretary of the navy by President Polk. It was due to his efforts that the Naval Academy at Annapolis was established. In 1846 he was appointed minister to England, and remained abroad until 1849, when he returned and resumed his literary work. The fourth and fifth volumes were published in 1852, the sixth in 1854, the seventh in 1858, the eighth in 1860, the ninth in 1866. The work is still unfinished, the last volume bringing the narrative nearly to the close of the revolutionary war. It is understood that the history will be completed to the peace of 1783 with the tenth volume. In 1867 he was appointed minister to Berlin, a position that he still holds (1872).

Bancroft is the "standard" American historian; the only one who has succeeded in attracting general attention, and in being accepted by all parties as an authority. He takes a philosophic view of events, and endeavors to show that the natural development of our government has been in accordance with the principles of the democratic party, as originated by Jefferson, and carried out by Jackson and his successors. He has been as fair as could be expected from a partisan who had his own theory of politics to establish. As a narrative, the work is clear and perspicuous; but the style, though carefully finished, is not indicative of genius. There are certain episodes, in which the desire for picturesque effect is quite evident; but the author is learned and laborious, rather than spirited and graphic. Perhaps it is too soon to expect a history of the United States that should unite accuracy in details with dramatic grouping, high moral views, and an imaginative style. The time may come for such a history; but Bancroft's differs as much from that ideal work as a topographical chart of Venice would differ from a painting by Turner of the domes of that sea-born city.

It is not intended to depreciate the great merits of our historian; for it remains true that his work is much the best thus far attempted, and no intelligent American can afford to leave it unread.

[From the History of the United States.]

WILLIAM PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

BENEATH a large elm tree at Shakamaxon, on the northern edge of Philadelphia, William Penn, surrounded by a few friends, in the habiliments of peace, met the numerous delegation of the Lenni Lenape tribes. The great treaty was not for the purchase of lands, but, confirming what Penn had written, and Markham covenanted, its sublime purpose was the recognition of the equal rights of hu-

manity. Under the shelter of the forest, now leafless by the frosts of autumn, Penn proclaimed to the men of the Algonquin race, from both banks of the Delaware, from the borders of the Schuylkill, and, it may have been, even from the Susquehanna, the same simple message of peace and love which George Fox had professed before Cromwell, and Mary Fisher had borne to the Grand Turk. The English and the Indian should respect the same moral law, should be alike secure in their pursuits and their possessions, and adjust every difference by a peaceful tribunal, composed of an equal number of men from each race. "We meet," such were the words of William Penn, "on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children; for parents sometimes chide their children too severely: nor brothers only; for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain; for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood." The children of the forest were touched by the sacred doctrine, and renounced their guile and their revenge. They received the presents of Penn in sincerity; and with hearty friendship they gave the belt of wampum. "We will live," said they, "in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the moon and the sun shall endure." This treaty of peace and friendship was made under the open sky, by the side of the Delaware, with the sun, and the river, and the forest for witnesses. It was not confirmed by an oath; it was not ratified by signatures and seals; no written record of the conference can be found; and its terms and conditions had no abiding monument but on the heart. There they were written like the law of God, and were never forgotten The simple sons of the wilderness, returning to their wigwams, kept the history of the covenant by strings of wampum, and, long afterwards, in their cabins, would count over the shells on a clean piece of bark, and recall to their own memory, and repeat to their children or to the stranger, the words of William Penn. New England had just terminated a disastrous war of extermination; the Dutch were scarcely ever at peace with the Algonquins; the laws of Maryland refer to Indian hostilities and massacres, which extended as far as Richmond. Penn came without arms; he declared his purpose to abstain from violence; he had no message but peace; and not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian. . . .

In the following year, Penn often met the Indians in council and

at their festivals. He visited them in their cabins, shared the hospitable banquet of hominy and roasted acorns, and laughed, and frolicked, and practised athletic games with the light-hearted, mirthful, confiding red man. He spoke with them of religion, and found that the tawny skin did not exclude the instinct of a Deity. "The poor savage people believed in God and the soul without the aid of metaphysics." He touched the secret springs of sympathy, and succeeding generations on the Susquehanna acknowledged his loveliness.

VIRGINIA IN EARLY TIMES.

THE genial climate and transparent atmosphere delighted those who had come from the denser air of England. Every object in nature was new and wonderful. The loud and frequent thunder storms were phenomena that had been rarely witnessed in the colder summers of the north; the forests, majestic in their growth, and free from underwood, deserved admiration for their unrivalled magnificence; the purling streams and the frequent rivers, flowing between alluvial banks, quickened the ever-pregnant soil into an unwearied fertility; the strangest and the most delicate flowers grew familiarly in the fields; the woods were replenished with sweet barks and odors; the gardens matured the fruits of Europe, of which the growth was invigorated and the flavor improved by the activity of the virgin mould. Especially the birds, with their gay plumage and varied melodies, inspired delight; every traveller expressed his pleasure in listening to the mocking bird, which carolled a thousand several tunes, imitating and excelling the notes of all its rivals. The humming bird, so brilliant in its plumage, and so delicate in its form, quick in motion, yet not fearing the presence of man, haunting about the flowers like the bee gathering honey, rebounding from the blossoms into which it dips its bill, and as soon returning "to renew its many addresses to its delightful objects," was ever admired as the smallest and the most beautiful of the feathered race. The rattlesnake, with the terrors of its alarms and the power of its venom; the opossum, soon to become as celebrated for the care of its offspring as the fabled pelican; the noisy frog, booming from the shallows like the English bittern; the flying squirrel; the myriads of pigeons,* darkening the air with the immensity of their flocks, and, as men believed, breaking with their

* See Audubon, p. 69.

weight the boughs of trees on which they alighted, — were all honored with frequent commemoration, and became the subjects of the strangest tales.

The concurrent relation of all the Indians justified the belief that, within ten days journey towards the setting of the sun, there was a country where gold might be washed from the sand, and where the natives themselves had learned the use of the crucible; but definite and accurate as were the accounts, inquiry was always baffled; and the regions of gold remained for two centuries an undiscovered land. Various were the employments by which the calmness of life was relieved.

George Sandys, an idle man, who had been a great traveller, and who did not remain in America, a poet, whose verse was tolerated by Dryden and praised by Izaak Walton, beguiled the ennui of his seclusion by translating the whole of Ovid's Metamorphoses. To the man of leisure, the chase furnished a perpetual resource. It was not long before the horse was multiplied in Virginia; and to improve that noble animal was early an object of pride, soon to be favored by legislation. Speed was especially valued; and "the planter's pace" became a proverb. Equally proverbial was the hospitality of the Virginians. Labor was valuable; land was cheap; competence promptly followed industry. There was no need of a scramble; abundance gushed from the earth for all. The morasses were alive with water fowl; the creeks abounded with oysters, heaped together in inexhaustible beds; the rivers were crowded with fish; the forests were nimble with game; the woods rustled with coveys of quails and wild turkeys, while they rang with the merry notes of the singing birds; and hogs, swarming like vermin, ran at large in troops. It was "the best poor man's country in the world." "If a happy peace be settled in poor England," it had been said, "then they in Virginia shall be as happy a people as any under heaven." But plenty encouraged indolence. No domestic manufactures were established; everything was imported from England. The chief branch of industry, for the purpose of exchanges, was tobacco-planting; and the spirit of invention was enfeebled by the uniformity of pursuit.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

WHILE the state was thus connecting by the closest bonds the energy of its faith with its form of government, then appeared in its midst one of those clear minds, which sometimes bless the world by their power of receiving moral truth in its purest light, and of reducing the just conclusions of their principles to a happy and consistent practice. In February of the first year of the colony, but a few months after the arrival of Winthrop, and before either Cotton or Hooker had embarked for New England, there arrived at Nantasket, after a stormy passage of sixty-six days, "a young minister, godly and zealous, having precious gifts." It was Roger Williams. He was then but a little more than thirty years of age; but his mind had already matured a doctrine which secures him an immortality of fame, as its application has given religious peace to the American world. He was a Puritan, and a fugitive from English persecution; but his wrongs had not clouded his accurate understanding; in the capacious recesses of his mind he had revolved the nature of intolerance, and he, and he alone, had arrived at the great principle which is its sole effectual remedy. He announced his discovery under the simple proposition of the sanctity of conscience. The civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul. The doctrine contained within itself an entire reformation of theological jurisprudence: it would blot from the statute-book the felony of non-conformity; would quench the fires that persecution had so long kept burning; would repeal every law compelling attendance on public worship; would abolish tithes and all forced contributions to the maintenance of religion; would give an equal protection to every form of religious faith; and never suffer the authority of the civil government to be enlisted against the mosque of the Mussulman or the altar of the fire-worshipper, against the Jewish synagogue or the Roman cathedral. It is wonderful with what distinctness Roger Williams deduced these inferences from his great principle, the consistency with which, like Pascal and Edwards, those bold and profound reasoners on other subjects, he accepted every fair inference from his doctrines, and the circumspection with which he repelled every unjust imputation. In the unwavering assertion of his views he never changed his position; the sanctity of conscience was the great tenet, which, with all its consequences, he defended, as he first trod the shores of New England; and in his extreme old age it was

the last pulsation of his heart. But it placed the young emigrant in direct opposition to the whole system on which Massachusetts was founded; and gentle and forgiving as was his temper, prompt as he was to concede everything which honesty permitted, he always asserted his belief with temperate firmness and unbending benevolence.

GEORGE PERKINS MARSH.

George Perkins Marsh was born in Woodstock, Vt., March 17, 1801, and was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1820. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar at Burlington. He was chosen a representative in Congress in 1842, and remained in service until 1849, when he was appointed minister to Constantinople. In 1852 he was sent on a special mission to Greece. On his return he was almost constantly in public service in his native state until 1861, when he was appointed minister to the Italian government, a position which he now occupies. Mr. Marsh is an eminent scholar in the northern languages of Europe, and holds a high place among philologists. His principal work, entitled Lectures on the English Language, is a treatise of great value, and possesses an unusual degree of interest.

[From Lectures on the English Language.]

No living language yet possesses a dictionary so complete as to give all the words in use at any one period, still less all those that have belonged to it during the whole extent of its literary history. We cannot, therefore, arrive at any precise results as to the comparative copiousness of our own and other languages, but there is a reason to think that the vocabulary of English is among the most extensive now employed by man.

The number of English words not yet obsolete, but found in good authors, or in approved usage by correct speakers, including the nomenclature of science and the arts, does not probably fall short of one hundred thousand. Now there are persons who know this vocabulary in nearly its whole extent, but they understand a large proportion of it much as they are acquainted with Greek or Latin, that is, as the dialect of books, or of special arts or professions, and not as a living speech, the common language of daily and hourly thought. Or if, like some celebrated English and American orators, living and dead, they are able, upon occasion, to bring into the field in the war of words even the half of this vast array of light and heavy troops, yet they habitually content themselves with a much less imposing display of verbal force, and use for ordinary purposes but a very small proportion of the words they have at their command. Out of our immense magazine of words, and their combina-

tions, every man selects his own implements and weapons, and we should find in the verbal repertory of each individual, were it once fairly laid open to us, a key that would unlock many mysteries of his particular humanity, many secrets of his private history.

Few writers or speakers use as many as ten thousand words; ordinary persons, of fair intelligence, not above three or four thousand. If a scholar were to be required to name, without examination, the authors whose English vocabulary was the largest, he would probably specify the all-embracing Shakespeare, and the all-knowing Milton. And yet in all the works of the great dramatist, there occur not more than fifteen thousand words, in the poems of Milton not above eight thousand. The whole number of Egyptian hieroglyphic symbols does not exceed eight hundred, and the entire Italian operatic vocabulary is said to be scarcely more extensive.

To those whose attention has not been turned to the subject, these are surprising facts; but if we run over a few pages of a dictionary, and observe how great a proportion of the words are such as we do not ourselves individually use, we shall be forced to conclude that we each find a very limited vocabulary sufficient for our own purposes. Although we have few words absolutely synonymous, yet every important thought, image, and feeling has numerous allied, if not equivalent, forms of expression, and out of these every man appropriates and almost exclusively employs those which most closely accord with his own mental constitution, his tastes and opinions, the style of his favorite authors, or which best accommodate themselves to the rest of his habitual phraseology. One man will say a *thankful heart*, another a *grateful spirit;* one usually employs *fancy* where another would say *imagination;* one describes a friend as a person of *sanguine temperament*, another speaks of him as a man of a *hopeful spirit;* one *regards* a winter passage around Cape Horn as a *very hazardous voyage*, another *considers* it a *peculiarly dangerous trip;* one man *begins to build*, another *commences building*. Men of moderate passions employ few epithets, with verbs and substantives of mild significations; excitable men use numerous intensives, and words of strong and stirring meanings. Loose thinkers content themselves with a single expression for a large class of related ideas; logical men scrupulously select the precise word which corresponds to the thought they utter, and yet among persons of but average intelligence each understands, though not employing, the vocabulary of all the rest.

It is evident that unity of speech is essential to the unity of a peo-

ple. Community of language is a stronger bond than identity of religion or of government, and contemporaneous nations of one speech, however formally separated by differences of creed or of political organization, are essentially one in culture, one in tendency, one in influence. The fine, patriotic effusion of Arndt, "*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*" * was founded upon the idea that the oneness of the German speech implied a oneness of spirit, of interest, of aims, and of duties, and the universal acceptance with which the song was received, was evidence that the poet had struck a chord to which every Teutonic heart responded. The national language is the key to the national intellect, the national heart, and it is the special vocation of what is technically called philology, as distinguished from linguistics, to avail itself of the study of language as a means of knowing, not man in the abstract, but man as collected into distinct communities, informed with the same spirit, exposed to the same moulding influences, and pursuing the same great objects by substantially the same means. We are certainly not authorized to conclude that all the individuals of a nation are altogether alike because they speak the same mother tongue, but their characters presumably resemble each other as nearly as the fragments of the common language which each has appropriated to his own use. Every individual selects from the general stock his own vocabulary, his favorite combinations of words, his own forms of syntax, and thus frames for himself a dialect, the outward expression of which is an index to the inner life of the man. No two Englishmen, Germans, or Frenchmen speak and act in all points alike, yet in character as well as in speech they would generally be found to have more points of sympathy and resemblance with each other than either of them with any man of a different tongue.

The relations between the grammatical structure or general idiom of a language and the moral and intellectual character of those who speak it, are usually much more uncertain and obscure than the connection between the particular words which compose their stock, and the thoughts, habits, and tendencies of those who employ them. Except under circumstances where our mouths are sealed and our thoughts suppressed, from motives of prudence, of delicacy, or of shame, the names of the objects dearest to the heart, the expression of the passions which most absorb us, the nomenclature of the religious, social, or political creeds or parties to which we have attached ourselves, will most frequently rise to the lips. Hence it is the

* What is the German's fatherland?

vocabulary and the phraseological combinations of the man, or class of men, which must serve as the clew to guide us into the secret recesses of their being; and in spite of occasional exceptions, apparent or real, it is generally true that our choice of words, as also of the special or conventional meanings of words, is determined by the character, the ruling passion, the habitual thoughts; by the life, in short, of the man; and in this sense Ben Jonson uttered a great and important truth when he said, "Language most shows a man: speak, that I may see thee! It springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of us, and is the image of the parent of it, the mind. No glass renders a man's form and likeness so true as his speech."

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.

Theodore Dwight Woolsey was born in the city of New York, October 31, 1801. He received his education at Yale College, graduating in 1820. He spent two years in the study of theology at Princeton, N. J., and two more as tutor at Yale. In 1831 he was appointed professor of Greek, and in 1846 was chosen president of the college, which place he held until 1871. He has edited several Greek text books, and has been a frequent writer for the reviews, especially the New Englander, which is published at New Haven. He published a treatise upon the elements of International Law in 1860, and one upon Divorce in 1869. A volume of his university sermons appeared in 1871, under the title of The Religion of the Present and the Future.

Dr. Woolsey has long been conspicuous among American scholars for the extent and thoroughness of his learning, his power of thought, and his clear and admirable style. The moral elevation of his character gives great and almost authoritative weight to his opinions, especially upon questions of public law. During his long connection with the college his personal influence has been constantly on the increase, and he is regarded by the graduates with respect and love.

[From the Religion of the Present and the Future.]

"Other men labored, and ye have entered into their labors." John iv. 38.

LET us consider, in some of its particulars, this plan of God for the human race — that each generation enters into the labors of its predecessors, reaping what they have sown, while at the same time, if it is true to its appointed work, it hands over something more to posterity than it had received. Reflect, then, first, *on the labors which the teachers of mankind have undergone*, in order that the world might reach its present state of advancement. The class of teachers may be divided into two portions, into such as *transmit* only and such as only *originate*. The first act directly on those who are just following them in the order of time; the others have a

much wider field of direct action; they are the teachers of all time, "the masters of all who know." To few is it given, out of the whole human race, thus to act over many ages and through many lands. The greatest portion either move the thought of their own times in new channels, or, in a more humble office still, simply make known to others what they themselves have learned. Yet all these teachers have labored, and men are entered into their labors. They have labored hard and long. Men, as they enjoy a work of art or give themselves to the study of a work of philosophy, must not suppose that everything flowed smoothly while the composition was going on, or that there were no difficulties in the preparation. "He that goeth forth *weeping*, bearing precious seed," is the fit motto for all who have employed their minds for the benefit of mankind. What agony of mind have inventors endured; what anxiety and heart-sickness; what unfruitful experiments, reaching through long years, have they tried before success crowned their efforts! The same is true of any work of art which has long kept its place in the heart of a nation or of the world. A work of genius is the essence, it may be, of a whole life, the condensed knowledge, judgment, skill, that make up the man. So, too, in all the sciences, as in the philosophy of thought or of morals, what perplexities has a mind contended with, what hope and patience has it spent, what weighings of evidence, what reflection, what consultation have been needed before the painful work of composition began. It must not be supposed that glimpses of truth are vouchsafed to those that skim over the surface of things in the spirit of curiosity or amusement, nor that inventions enter vacant minds unsought and in full perfection; nor that to the great poet or painter even the labor of composition or of correction, severe as it is, at all compares with that preparatory thought and work on which the whole achievement depended.

So, also, the other class of teachers whose office it is to put knowledge derived from others into form, and to train the minds of their generations — they, too, have labored long and earnestly in order to fit themselves for their work. The conscientious instructor has gone through three series of toils; he has labored hard to learn as he would have his scholars labor, he has qualified himself by still severer toil for his special duty, and then comes the new office of imparting and guiding from day to day, — the hardest labor of all, because the fruits of it do not at once appear.

Now into the labors of these classes of teachers and trainers each new generation of the educated enters. You, my friends, are debtors

to the past, and, indeed, to the remote past. For you Aristotle thought his best thoughts, though they may have taken new shapes before they reached your minds; for you the Greek poets and the English of high renown have sung their strains; for you art has brought to light its treasures; for you discoverers have ventured into untrodden seas; a thousand forgotten names have lived and wrought for your benefit, without whom, it may be, society would have been far behind its present point of advancement. For you, too, the teacher of the present has spent the best hours of his life, has thought his best thought, has patiently drilled and inculcated, that you may enter into his labors, and may, if you will, go beyond him in cultivation and in wisdom. . . .

The law of our race, which we have been considering, our dependence on the past, and the hope of progress for the future, ought to carry us out of ourselves, to unite us to our species, and to beget within us sympathy with man. "Freely ye have received, freely give," says the Master — words which may be applied to all our blessings, as well as to that most necessary one proceeding directly from him. Men have lived in the past for us. In a world of ignorance, thousands have searched for knowledge as for hid treasures, and their labors have blessed us. In a world of sin, multitudes have lived and died to lay the foundations of order and justice, to reform evils, and to show the path to God.

Unknown benefactors and teachers, as well as known, have handed down to us all that enriches and purifies the soul. Is it nothing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses? Or is it nothing that the destinies of the world are in no small degree dependent on each new generation? Or that the success of all efforts beyond the field of pure science grows, in a great degree, out of the motive with which they were begun? Let us come, then, into sympathy with the wise and good of the past; let us pay over to others, in a grateful spirit and with interest, what we have received; let our aims in life respect the welfare of all.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

Horace Bushnell was born April 14, 1802, in Litchfield, Conn., but at ten years of age went to the town of Washington, in the same county, where he was reared. He was graduated at Yale College in 1827, and was, for a time, literary editor of the New York Journal of Commerce. In 1829 he was appointed tutor in Yale College, where he remained two years, studying law and afterwards theology. In 1833 he was settled in Hartford as pastor of the North Congregational Church, where he remained until June, 1859, when he resigned. His discourses attracted great attention on account of their rare qualities of style and of their suspected heretical tendencies. On one occasion he was brought before the association of Congregational ministers to answer the charge of invalidating the doctrine of the Trinity. He was acquitted, and thereupon published a work in which he maintained that "human language is incapable of expressing, with any exactness, theologic science;" and that many of the religious controversies have been disputes over mere words or phrases. Neither his tastes nor his mental traits incline him to polemical theology; not that he is not a logical reasoner, but his nature is a sensitive one, and his discourses all show strong poetic feeling, and a tendency to illustrate spiritual truth by natural images and analogies, rather than to define it in exact formulas by sharp mathematical lines. It will be difficult to find in the sermons of any modern author so many passages of moral and intellectual beauty as Dr. Bushnell's discourses furnish. The current of his thought is strong, but not dogmatic; his piety is evidently the mainspring of his life, but it has no tinge of asceticism; his imagination is his strongest intellectual faculty, but it is made subservient to the noblest uses.

Dr. Bushnell is a man of unpretending and natural manners, of great energy, and with a certain decision that belongs to the leaders of men. His genius is exemplified in conversation as well as in his works, and he is among the most active and public spirited of citizens. The beautiful park in Hartford was secured, in a great measure, by his efforts.

We give a list of his works: Christian Nurture, 1847; God in Christ, 1849; Christ in Theology, 1851; Sermons for the New Life, 1858; Nature and the Supernatural, 1858; Christ and his Salvation, 1864; Work and Play, 1864; The Vicarious Sacrifice, 1866; Moral Uses of Dark Things, 1868. In addition to these he has printed essays and addresses upon a wide range of topics, principally in the New Englander.

He visited Europe in 1845, and in parts of 1856–7 he was in California.

The extracts here given are from his last volume of sermons — sermons so full of beauty and of suggestive thought as to make the task of selection unusually difficult.

[From Moral Uses of Dark Things.]

THE USES OF OBLIVION.

It will be obvious to any one at a glance, that God has not made any such thing as a complete remembrance of past ages possible. He writes oblivion against all but a few names and things, and empties the world to give freer space for what is to come. No tongue could recite the whole vast story if it were known, the world could not contain the books if it were written, and no mind, reading the story, could give it possible harbor. Besides, there are things in the past which no tradition can accurately carry, and no words represent. Who that will untwist the subtle motives of action, can do it far enough to make out anything better than a tolerable fiction? Who can paint a great soul's passion, as that passion, looked upon, painted

itself? To come down to things more humble, yet by no means less significant, by what words can any one find how to set forth a gait or a voice? And yet if I could simply see the back of Cato jogging out a-field, or hear one sentence spoken by Cæsar's voice, it really seems to me I should get a better knowledge of either, from that single token, than I have gotten yet from all other sources, so very impotent are words to reproduce, or keep in impression the facts and men of history. We have a way of speaking, in which we congratulate ourselves on the score of a distinction between what are called the unhistoric and historic ages. The unhistoric, we fancy, make no history, because they have no written language. But having such a gift, with paper to receive the record of it, and types to multiply that record, and libraries to keep it, and, back of all, a body of learned scribes, who are skilled in writing history as one of the elegant arts, we conclude that now the historic age has come.

We do not perceive that, in just this manner, we are going to overwrite history, and write so much of it that we shall really have none. If we had the whole world's history written out in such detail of art, we could not even make anything of it — the historic shelf of our library would girdle the world. What, then, will our written history be to us, after it has gotten fifty millions of years into its record? for we must not forget that the age we live in is but the world's early morning. Calling it the historic age, then, what are we doing in it but writing in oblivion, as the unhistoric age took it without writing at all? . . .

It will be seen that we do not lose our benefit in the past ages because we lose the remembrance of their acts and persons. Do the vegetable growths repine or sicken because they cannot remember the growths of the previous centuries? Is it not enough that the very soil that feeds them is fertilized by the waste of so many generations mouldering in it? The principal and best fruits of the past ages come down to us even when their names do not. If they wrought out great inventions, these will live without a history; if they unfolded great principles of society and duty, great principles do not die; if they brought their nation forward into power and a better civilization, the advances made are none the less real that their authors are forgotten. Their family spirit passed into their family, and passes down with it. Their manners, and maxims, and ideas flavored their children, then, after them, their children's children, and so more truly live than they would in a book. . . .

We all recognize it as the wondrous felicity of certain characters that we know so little about them, and yet seem to know so much, and that of a type so impressive. We say that we wish it were possible to know more, which is very nearly equivalent, not unlikely, if we could see it, to wishing that we knew less. For if their full history were written, so as to answer all inquiries, and bring all circumstances into light, the additions made would rather stale and flatten the great character than raise it; for one must be a singularly perfect man to be lifted in majesty by picking up the crumbs and saving the small items of *his story*. What greater injury, in general, can befall a character than to have its story made up in such nice precision as exactly to meet the little curiosities of little minds? To be so perfectly known argues a sad want of merit, and, if the perfect story is but fiction, amounts to almost a scandal. If Hamlet were known as perfectly as some of the critics will show when they make out his story, he would be Hamlet no longer. If Joan of Arc, not flitting into history and out again, had come abroad duly certificated, with the facts of her biography regularly made up, and all her supposed visitations, revelations, debates, bosom struggles, and motives accurately detailed, she would only seem to have been a case for the hospital, and would, in fact, have been sent to the hospital before she had reached the field. She struck, she won the post of leadership, as in God's mission, because she spoke out of mystery, and took the faith of her time by the spell she wrought in its imagination. And she wins a place with us in the same manner, compelling us to supplement her almost unknown story by the faiths and admirations challenged by the wondrous, seemingly divine, force of her action, And therefore it is, I conceive, that when God would paint, or have painted, some highest, grandest miracle of character, setting it forth in a way to have its greatest power of impression, he makes large use of oblivion, brushing out and away all the trivialities and petty cumberings of the story. Let the blank spaces be large enough to give imagination play, and, for this, let as much be forgotten as can be, and save the few grand strokes that are to be the determining lines of the picture; let the story be so scantily told that we shall often wonder, and sometimes even sigh, that we have so little of it. Only so could a real gospel be written. What we call our gospel is so written, and no such life as that of a Christ could be otherwise given to the world. A full-written, circumstantial biography would be a mortal suffocation of his power. There was no way but to let oblivion

compose a good part of the story. And if we cannot imagine oblivion to be inspired, we can perceive it to be one of the grandest of all evidences of inspiration in the writers, that they could not stoop to over-write and muddle their story by letting their foolish admirations pack it full of detail. How very natural would it have been to write a particular account of the infancy of Jesus, and of the whole thirty years preceding his ministry, telling how he grew, and looked, and acted, and what the people thought of him, calling it, perhaps, the Volume I. of his biography. How often have we regretted this missing picture, and longed to have had it supplied; with how much real wisdom can we probably see in that foolish gospel of the infancy which undertook afterwards to supply it. How easily could it have been given by any one of the evangelists. And yet their whole account of the infancy is made up in a few brief sentences. John, the apostle, had Mary, the mother, with him we know not how many years, and she told the story over, how tenderly, how many times. He was getting old, too, when he wrote his gospel, and old men are proverbially garrulous, and yet he says not one word of the infancy, or gives any faintest allusion to Mary's conversations. No; he has something great to record here, and something which can be fitly honored only in a few bold strokes of narrative, such as will even make the story idealize itself more vividly than words can describe it. Why should he pile it with cargoes of circumstance, when the world itself could not contain the books, and Christ himself would be written out of his divinity by an itemizing gospel that proposes to enhance his record. On this principle all the gospels were written.

OF WINTER.

It is most remarkable that we have, in our winter, a whole season of the year that bears a look of unbenignity. We cannot say or think that God is cold here to his children, but no reverence can hide it from us, in these winter months of the year, that his physical treatment is fearfully chill and severe. A pitiless, stern aspect rests upon the world. The forests stand brown and bare. There is no song in their tops; they only roar and crackle to the blast in their frozen branches. Lake and river bellow to the winds afar, as if monsters, shut under by the freezing, were tearing to be free. The world's body is not dressed, but shrouded rather, looking all the colder that we see it in a laying out of white, unflushed by mortal sympathy. God's

tenderness appears to be quite shut away, or shut in, by his cold. The animals stand crouching in their yards, or under copse or wall, holding their heads low to the storm, as if missing God's pity in it. The little child, whom Christ would have taken up so fondly in his arms, gets stalled in the snows, and, when his hands are freezing, screams imploringly for help; but help is nowhere, and God's unpitying cold goes on to freeze him as remorselessly as if he were a man. The traveller is overtaken at night on the prairie by a howling, wildly driving storm; all trace of a road is gone; his point of direction is lost, and he drives still on, still round and round, passing more than once quite near the light which his wife has set in her window. She is praying that God will spare him; he himself is praying that God will spare him for her dear sake and his children's; but it is as if the prayers themselves were falling under the snow. Two days afterwards he and his exhausted team are found upright and stiff in a snow-bed miles away.

Physically speaking, this is the picture of God's winter. Does it represent him? Certainly it does in some true sense, though not in any such general and complete sense as to yield a just conception of him. Many of God's doings and appointments do not represent his feeling or disposition, but they only represent the more truly his counsel, his purpose, his ends of discipline, his modes of compelling industry, begetting reflection, setting fast habits of attention, consolidating attributes of strength, that are wanted to compose a manly character.

In this manner we shall see that God is represented rather by the moral uses of winter, than by winter itself. Turning our thoughts in this direction, then, we shall find enough to satisfy us; nay, we shall see the benignity of God unfolded here, if not more tenderly, yet more convincingly, than in any of the softer seasons of the year. . . .

Many think it a great misfortune that our excellent fathers did not push their way farther south, at their landing, and seek out a softer and more genial clime. There is no greater folly, as facts most conclusively show. If there be any people on earth who have reason to accuse their climate, it is they who enjoy a perennial season of growth and verdure, and a soft and sunny sky throughout the year. There it is that mind also is soft, enervated by ease and luxury. There it is that eternity offers beauty and bloom to minds that cannot be moved by their attraction, and virtue by her stern requirements to souls too much relaxed by habits of ease and passion, to be

guided by sentiments of high responsibility. After all, the best favors of God are those which take on shapes of rigor and necessity, and prepare the strongest hunger in us for the good of a world invisible. The advantages of the body are poor and mean compared with the advantages of character and religion. Understanding thus our want, we shall thank God most for the frosts, and the snows, and the sleet, and the bleak winds, and the raw, dank seasons interspacing the cold. We shall be like the trees, coated in gems of ice and glittering in thankfulness before him. For the winter of the body is, in some very true sense, the summer of the mind. What softer clime, then, shall the sons of New England envy — wading to their temples on the hills through wintery snows, gathered at their firesides in domestic mutualities and pleasures, trained to close economy and patient industry by the even balance of growth and expenditure, rugged in their virtues as in their religious convictions, and knowing how to gild the rigors of time with glories of future expectation? Whom, again we ask, of all that bask in the warmth of skies more genial, have they to envy?

MARK HOPKINS.

Mark Hopkins was born in Stockbridge, Mass., February 4, 1802. He received his education at Williams College, where he was subsequently a tutor. He studied medicine, and, after taking his degree, removed to New York city, and commenced practice. In 1830 he returned to Williams as professor of moral philosophy and rhetoric, and in 1836 was chosen president of the college, a position which he held until 1872.

Among his published works are, Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity (1846), Miscellaneous Essays and Discourses (1847), Lectures on Moral Science (1862), Love as Law, and the Law of Love (1863), and Baccalaureate Sermons and Occasional Discourses.

Dr. Hopkins is a man of remarkable vigor, and combines high intellectual qualities with great practical and administrative talents. That Williams College has maintained so high a rank among its contemporaries, while its income has been so small compared with that of Harvard or Yale, is, in a great measure, owing to his wise management and to the confidence felt in his character, and in his high aims for the institution.

[From an Oration, delivered December 22, 1853.]

THE LAW OF MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE.

God has so constituted this world, and, doubtless, the universe, that he who aims at and secures the highest good in any department or sphere, will also incidentally, and so best, secure the greatest amount of subordinate good. This is the general law, and whatever exceptions to it there may seem to be are accidental and temporary.

In this principle lies the secret of the unconscious power wielded by our fathers.

Upon the general illustration of a proposition so broad as this, we cannot now enter. It must suffice to notice its application in organic systems, where there is mutual relation and interaction of parts. In these, that which is highest is indeed formed by the lower, but when formed it reacts upon that lower, and becomes necessary to its perfection. Thus the brain, the highest and most central part of the body, is that to which all the other parts are subordinate; but this reacts, and ministers a pervading and vital influence to every inferior part, essential both to their functions and growth, and the perfection of the brain will both imply and secure that of every inferior part.

So in the tree. For the purposes of its own growth and well being, it forms the leaves highest and last; but it is only as these expand freely in the air and sunlight that the roots will strike themselves deepest, and the trunk be enlarged, and the vitality prolonged. The tree grows from its top. And here is the model of political and social growth. Society is built up like an individual. Like a tree, it grows from its top. Let the nutritive and circulatory movements of society flow freely on and up to the quickening and expansion of an intellectual life, and that will so react as we see it doing in our day, by the application of science to art, as to give to the material interests themselves a range and power entirely unknown before. And then let the top still expand into the higher air and purer light of beauty, and of moral and religious truth, and in every fibre at the root will be felt the upward movement; and there will descend nutritive power and regulative principles, causing a growth that will defy the touch of time, that time will only strengthen and enlarge. The elaborated wisdom of sages will descend and diffuse itself into all the currents of thought, and reach the springs and motives of action, and will eliminate evils by those gradual organic revolutions which come on like the tide, but which no human power can set back.

The difficulty with past civilizations has been that they did not form an adequate top. The products of the physical and intellectual life circulated in and for themselves, and hence plethora, stagnation, debility, spasms, and dissolution. This is the stereotyped round in which families and nations perish through prosperity. But if these products might flow on and up, if the affections might distribute them rather than appetite, benevolence rather than ostentation, and principle rather than fashion and caprice; if they might minister to a pure and spiritual religion, and be controlled and distributed by

that, it is not for the imagination to depict the beauty and blessedness that would pervade society.

Particularly do we believe that there would spring from this a higher culture of all that pertains to beauty, and only from this a permanent civil liberty.

There has been an impression that the virtues of our fathers were stern and repulsive of beauty. And so is the mountain-top stern, where the storms wrestle, and the snow abides, and the ice congeals; but from that mountain-top comes the beauty that looks up at its base, and that skirts the stream on its long way to the ocean. So will the sterner virtues always melt into beauty when the storms and cold, with which they have to contend, have passed away. Beauty is of God, and it cannot be that he who has woven the web of light in its colors, and so wrought its golden threads into the tissue of nature, who paints the flower, and unfurls the banner of sunset, should not delight in all beauty, and that it should not proceed from all godlikeness. We believe, indeed, that only as there are with God himself, the high and stern mountains of a holiness and justice unapproachable, does there proceed from him the smile that makes the violet glad. Neither Christ nor his apostles concerned themselves with art; they did not even speak of it. The struggle with moral evil was too earnest. Let this be overcome, and the alliance between the arts and the baser passions dissolved, and there would spring up in connection with the industry, and science, and wealth that religion would produce, a diffused beauty in nature and in art of which we have now no conception. . . .

The principles that were cabined in the Mayflower, — the same once enclosed by the walls of an upper chamber in Jerusalem, — and that two hundred and thirty-three years ago this day, were first breathed into the atmosphere of this continent from Plymouth Rock, have seemed to abide in it there as a mighty spell, and have so diffused and mingled themselves with it everywhere, that the whole people breathe them in as with the very breath of their life, and so that no chemistry of tyranny, civil or ecclesiastical, can ever get them out. They were never as strong as they are to-day. They make little show of unity by great convocations. They affect no pomp, and provide no prizes for a worldly ambition. They are in the world under the same aspect and conditions as Christ himself was — as spiritual Christianity, and truth, and civil liberty have always been. Wealth does not gravitate towards them; fashion has no affinity for them. The votaries of these more often detach them-

selves and float to other centres. In their simplicity they stand, like the heavens, unpropped by visible pillars. They seem, if not born, yet, as it were, born again for this continent and this age, and for that oceanic breadth and depth of movement which is clearly before society and the church. They ally themselves with all that is peculiar in our free institutions, with all that is most simple and grand in the works of God, with all that is free and mighty in the movements of the elements, with all that is comprehensive in charity, and great in effort and self-sacrifice.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Lydia Maria Child, daughter of David Francis, was born in Medford, Mass., February 11, 1802. Her first book, a story of the early settlement of the country, entitled Hobomok, was published in 1824. The next year appeared The Rebels, a Tale of the Revolution. She was married, in 1828, to David Lee Child, an editor and author of some note. She was an advocate of the anti-slavery cause in its early and unpopular days, and wrote several volumes upon the morals of the question. In 1836 she published a romance, entitled Philothea; a striking and beautiful picture of Athenian society in the time of Pericles. She has written a great number of stories for young people, in which she has displayed a remarkable faculty to interest and instruct. Excepting Hans Christian Andersen, she is almost without a rival in this field. She is the author of a work on the Condition of Women in different Ages of the World; also of a philosophical treatise, in three volumes, entitled The Progress of Religious Ideas. She has written a Life of Isaac T. Hopper, a benevolent Friend. Letters from New York is a volume containing some of her contributions to the Anti-Slavery Standard.

Mrs. Child is a woman of strong and generous impulses, with a lively sense of beauty, especially fond of music, and of tracing fanciful analogies between its subtile suggestions and the sister arts, believing in absolute truth and justice, but somewhat too enthusiastic to preserve always the just balance of judgment. Her works apparently reflect her own nature, and bring the reader and author face to face. In the haste of composition there are occasional slips, and among so many works there is not a uniform standard of merit; still there are few authors that have added so much to the pleasure and to the moral culture of our generation. It is to be hoped that a revised edition of her works may be published, as many of them are now out of print.

In the Fable for Critics, there is a playful passage upon this author, under the name of Philothea, which is, on the whole, a warm tribute to her noble qualities. We can give only the concluding lines: —

> "Yes, a great soul is hers, one that dares to go in
> To the prison, the slave-hut, the alleys of sin,
> And to bring into each, or to find there, some line
> Of the never completely out-trampled divine;
> If her heart at high floods swamps her brain now and then,
> 'Tis but richer for that when the tide ebbs again;
> As, after old Nile has subsided, his plain
> Overflows with a second broad deluge of grain.
> What a wealth would it bring to the narrow and sour
> Could they be as a Child but for one little hour!"

[From Letters from New York.]

PROGRESS OF MORAL IDEAS.

March 29, 1844.

THERE have always been a large class of thinkers who deny that the world makes any progress. They say we move in a circle; that evils are never conquered, but only change their forms. In proof of this doctrine, they remind us that the many are now as effectually kept in subjection to the few, by commercial fraud and diplomatic cunning, as they once were by sword and battle-axe. This class of reasoners are uncomfortable to the hopeful soul, the more so because they can easily bring forward an array of facts, from which, in the very nature of the case, it is impossible to evolve the good and evil separately, to weigh them accurately, and justly determine the results of each on the whole destiny of man. These unbelievers point to the past, whose records are deeply graven, and seen of all men, though they relate only to the externals of human history; while those who believe in perpetual progress found their faith mainly on the inward growth and unwritten history of the soul. They see within all events a spiritual essence, subtle, expansive, and noiseless as light, and from the roseate gleam resting on the horizon's edge, they predict that the sun will rise to its zenith, and veil the whole earth in transfigured glory.

It is the mission of the prophet to announce, rather than to prove; yet facts are not wanting to *prove* that mankind have made progress. Experience is not always at discord with hope; perhaps it is never so, if we could read history as the Omniscient reads it. Doubtless the world does move in circles, and good and evil, reproduced in new forms, bear a continual check-and-balance relation to each other. But the circles in which we move rise in a perpetually ascending series, and evil will finally be overcome with good. The very fierceness of the conflict shows that this consummation is approaching. There never was a time when good and evil, truth and falsehood, were at work with such miraculous activity. To those who look on the surface, it may seem as if the evil and false were gaining the victory, because the evil and the false are always more violent and tumultuous than the good and true. The tornado blusters, and the atmosphere is still, but the atmosphere produces and sustains a thousand fold more than the tornado destroys. The good and the true work for eternity in a golden silence.

The very uproar of evil, at the present time, is full of promise, for

all evil must be made *manifest*, that it may be cured. To this end divine Providence is continually exerted, both in the material and the spiritual world. If the right proportions of the atmosphere are disturbed, the discord manifests in thunder and lightning, and thus is harmony restored. To the superstitious it sounds like the voice of wrath, but it is only universal love restoring order to the elements.

November 7, 1844.

A FRENCH writer describes November as "the month in which Englishmen hang and drown themselves." No wonder they are desperate when they have an almost permanent fog superadded to the usual gloomy accompaniments of retreating summer. In early life I loved scenes that were tinged with sadness, because they invited to repose the exuberant gayety of my own spirit.

"In youth we love the darksome lawn,
Brushed by the owlet's wing;
Then twilight is preferred to dawn,
And autumn to the spring.

"Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness."

But now, alas! I have no joyousness to spare, and I would fain borrow from the outward that radiance which no longer superabounds within.

I felt this oppressively the other day, when I went over to Staten Island. Here and there, in the desolate fields, a long withered leaf fluttered on some dried cornstalk, standing up like Memory in the lone stubble-field of the Past, where once had been the green budding hopes and the golden harvests of fruition. The woods, which I had seen in the young leafiness of June, in the verdant strength of summer, and in their rich autumnal robe, were now scantily dressed in most dismal brown. Some of the trees had dropped the decaying vesture, and stood in distinct relief against the cold, gray sky. But I found pleasure in their unclothed beauty, its character was so various. The boughs of no two trees ever have the same arrangements. Nature always produces *individuals;* she never produces *classes*. Man is at war with her laws when he seeks to arrange opinions into classes, under the name of sects, or employments into classes on account of sex, color, or condition.

The woods of Staten Island are very beautiful in their infinitely various shading, from the deepest to the liveliest green. But neither here nor anywhere else in the State of New York have I seen such a noble growth of trees as in New England. When I think of the magnificent elms of Northampton and Springfield, the kings of the forest here dwindle into mere dwarfs in comparison. This slight association of thought brought vividly before my inward eye the picturesque valley of the Connecticut. I saw Mount Tom looking at me gray and cold in the distance. I saw old Holyoke in various garbs; fantastic, grand, or lovely, as mists, cloud-shadows, storm, or sunlight cradled themselves on his rugged breast. There always seemed to me something peculiarly Christian in the character of mountain scenery, forever pointing upward, rising with such serene elevation above the earth, and overlooking the whole with such all-embracing vision. In the groves I think of Dryads, by the ocean I have many fancies of Nereids and Tritons, but never do I think of

> "Those lightsome foot maids,
> The Oreads, that frequent the lifted mountains."

There is something in the quiet grandeur of the everlasting hills that rises above the classic into the holy.

Their presence could never quite reconcile me to the absence of the sea. My soul always yearns for that great type of power and freedom; its ever-recurring tides chained by the law of Necessity, its mighty and restless waves fighting with the strength and energy of Free Will — the fierce old conflict that keeps our nature forever striving and forever bound; forever one hand winged and the other chained.

But the mountains remind us of no such battles. They raise us to the region where necessity and will are one. Calmly they breathe into us the religious sentiment, and we receive it in unconscious quietude; like Wordsworth's shepherd, who

> "Had early learned
> To reverence the volume which displays
> The mystery, the life which cannot die;
> But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.
> There did he *see* the writing. All things there
> Breathed immortality, revolving life;
> There littleness was not: and the least things
> Seemed infinite."

Filled with such emotions, I greet the mountains with reverent love when I enter Massachusetts from the west, and see them rising

up all round the horizon, in undulating lines, as if left there by retreating waves. At every turn of the road they tower before you, veiled in the blue mist of distance. Look which way you will, "you cannot get shut of them," as New Yorkers say. In this respect they have often reminded me of remarkably clear visions of inward light, guiding me in my spiritual pilgrimage through perilous seasons of doubt and conflict; so high above my own unaided intellectual perceptions, that they served not merely as a candle for the present moment, but remain like brilliant beacon-lights over the wide waters of the future.

LEONARD BACON.

Leonard Bacon was born in Detroit, Mich., February 19, 1802. His father was a native of Connecticut, and had been sent to the West as a missionary to the Indians. He was graduated at Yale College in 1820, and, after pursuing a theological course at Andover, was settled, in 1825, as pastor of the Centre Church, in New Haven. His connection with the church has not been severed, although he has held a chair in the university for some years. In 1866 he was appointed professor of didactic theology, and is now lecturer on church polity and American church history.

Dr. Bacon is one of the characteristic products of Puritan training in New England, and has long been one of the ablest and most widely known of preachers. He is a man of great energy and intellectual power, possessed of more than ordinary vivacity and facility of expression, and a temper that friends call uncompromising, but which might be thought pugnacious in a layman.

His published sermons are very numerous, and so are his contributions to religious periodicals. In everything he has written it is apparent that he has something to say, and his clear sentences never leave any doubt of his meaning. He is not fond of rhetorical arts, and his scope, as well as his modes of illustration, are somewhat limited; but there are few preachers who have done more thorough and conscientious work, or who have wielded such a great and beneficent influence.

He published the Life and Writings of Baxter, in 1835, two vols. 8vo., and Slavery Discussed in Essays, 1846. His articles in the New Englander, and the Bibliotheca Sacra, especially those upon ecclesiastical history, are very valuable. A selection from his many sermons would be prized by religious readers.

[From an Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Dartmouth College, July 30, 1845.]

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

At the outset, it is worth our while to recollect distinctly what we mean by *liberal* education. It is that higher and general education in science and in letters which is distinguished from common education on the one hand and from professional education on the other. There is the common education of American citizens, for which the system of common schools is established. Such an education comprehends those rudiments of knowledge without which the citizen, in every employment, is degraded below his proper level. Every

citizen must be able to read, to write, to keep accounts, and must have some knowledge of the geography, institutions, and laws of his country, and of its relations to the rest of the world, or he is not fit to be a citizen. Besides this education common to all the people, there is also that particular education by which each individual is to be qualified for his own particular occupation in society ; and this we call *professional* education. Of two boys who are together at the common school, and equal in all that constitutes the education there acquired, one, at the age of sixteen, enters a watchmaker's shop as an apprentice ; the other, at the same age, enters an attorney's office as a clerk. The one learns how to handle the tools of his trade ; he learns much about the mechanism of the various kinds of timepieces, and not a little about the qualities of different metals and metallic compounds ; and at the same time, by constant practice, he acquires the skill necessary for the nice and diversified operations of his art. The other learns how to draw writs, declarations, and pleadings, contracts, deeds, and wills ; he learns the routine of courts and of legal practice ; he learns the meaning of law phrases ; he learns the nature of various kinds of testimony, and the processes of law logic ; he reads law books, and becomes familiar with authorities, and skilful in finding and applying precedents. Each of these two men has acquired what may be called a professional education. The watchmaker indeed is a mechanic, and the lawyer is considered as belonging to one of the learned professions ; but if neither of them has learned anything except what lies directly in the line of his own particular trade or employment, neither of them can be said to be liberally educated. . . .

A liberally educated man, then, is one whose faculties have been disciplined, and whose mind has been expanded and quickened, not only by that kind of knowledge which is common to the citizens of an enlightened country, and by that which is essential to his own particular occupation in the world, but also by an enlarged circuit of free study in the various departments of learning and of science. It is for this liberal education, and not for what is sometimes called a practical education, that colleges are established by public or by private munificence. Yet a liberal education and a college education are not, in all instances, precisely the same thing. A man may be liberally educated — nay, with proper effort, he may liberally educate himself — in retirement, without the helps and excitements of a public institution. And on the other hand, a man may have all these advantages, and may get through a four years' course of

lessons, lectures, and examinations, and may even by some accident come out at the end with a college diploma, and after all have no education worthy to be called liberal — none that has had the effect of imparting enlargement and freedom to the mind, and of giving new vigor and symmetry to the various faculties by various culture.

There is a common prejudice which associates the idea of a liberal education exclusively, or almost exclusively, with the three learned professions, as they are called. But this is only a prejudice. In truth, there is no profession which a liberally educated man may not adorn. He may enter the pulpit, he may plead at the bar, he may practise the healing art, he may aspire to serve his country in a political career; or, with equal propriety, he may return to his paternal acres, or may engage in commerce, or in any honest business. He is not limited in his choice. . . .

Every liberally educated man ought to be a better man in his profession than if he were not thus educated. It is naturally and reasonably demanded of the minister of the gospel, who has enjoyed the invigorating discipline and the liberalizing culture of classical and scientific studies, that all this shall make him more accurate, more skilful, and more powerful in the exhibition of religious truth. With the same propriety it is expected of the lawyer or physician whose professional studies have been preceded by a liberal training, that the value of that previous training shall be seen in his earlier and higher professional eminence. . . .

The man who has been liberally educated is prepared to liberalize and elevate any profession which it may be his lot to pursue. If there were nothing of the nature of liberal education in the community, the constant tendency of every profession, not excepting the learned professions, would be to sink into a mere trade, and to involve no knowledge but the knowledge of technicalities. The trade of practising law may be acquired without learning much of the science of law in any large and liberal view, or of the relations of that science to other departments of the field of universal knowledge; but if all lawyers were educated in that way, how soon would the practice of law become nothing better than a low trade of pettifogging! So a certain trade of curing diseases may be learned by learning a few formulas, the names and more obvious symptoms of a few diseases, and the names and qualities of a few medicines, without acquiring any apprehension of those wide and various sciences into which a perfect knowledge of the healing art resolves itself; and if all physicians were educated in this way, the profession would be

continually sinking to a lower level, and in time the community would be delivered over to the healing skill of quacks and grannies. So every profession may be acquired and practised as a mere trade; and on the other hand, any mechanical trade acquired and pursued by a man of well-informed and cultivated mind, bringing all his faculties to bear upon his proper business, becomes a liberal profession. One part, then, of the influence of the liberally educated man, in whatever employment, should be to bring into his profession large views of its relations to society and to the universal range of knowledge, and thus to counteract its tendency to mere technicality and unintelligent tradition.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. His father, the Rev. William Emerson, was a member of the Anthology Club, mentioned in the introduction of this work. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1821, and after teaching school for some years he entered the ministry in 1826. In 1829 he was settled in Boston as successor of the Rev. Henry Ware. He left the church and the ministry in 1832, on account of a change in his opinions, and then sailed to Europe, where he remained a year. Upon his return he commenced his career as a lecturer, and soon after took up his residence at Concord. The historic town has gained thereby a new and, perhaps, more lasting distinction.

With some authors, lecturing is an occasional employment or recreation; Emerson is a lecturer only, born and developed for that function. When one series of topics has engaged his thoughts for a sufficient length of time, and has been retouched in the course of successive readings before the public, it is laid aside for the printer, and appears as a volume of his works. The field is not suffered to lie fallow long; soon a new crop appears, to go through the same changes — to delight the circles of his admirers, and to be gathered into fair sheaves at last. This is the history of all his prose works.

Though there is room for differences of opinion as to the soundness of Mr. Emerson's methods, and of the value of the philosophical results he presents, there can be no question as to his high rank among writers. And it is humiliating to remember that for years his name was scarcely mentioned, even in so-called literary periodicals, without a sneer. He was stigmatized as an imitator of Carlyle, when, in truth, he has hardly any qualities in common with that iconoclast. Writers who had finished the literature of the primer, and were commencing Tupper, thought Emerson's Oriental similes to be excellent matter for diversion; the learning that transcended their horn-book experience they hooted at; and the sentences so crystallized as to be insoluble by their chemistry they called riddles. All this only proved that genius is never recognized at first sight, and that though hemlock has gone out of fashion, the multitude is hardly more just to its philosophers now than the Athenian public was to Socrates.

Emerson is not a philosopher solely; he stands rather on the height where poetry and philosophy meet. He never argues and never pursues with strictness a train of thought. He is a disciple of no one master — neither of Plato, Kant, nor Comte. He has established no school, intellectual or moral. But with wonderfully sharp perception he has looked into the vast drama of the universe, the mystery of existence, and the powers of the soul. With equal acuteness he has observed the manifestations of nature in plants and animals. And in a long lifetime he has mastered and assimilated the wisdom of centuries.

His vivid imagination supplies him with figures that are as brilliant and enduring as diamonds. But all he sees is with a poet's eye. The course of empires, the development of the arts, the learning of scholars, the beauty of landscapes, furnish hints to his all-absorbing mind; but the separate ideas never coalesce into a system. His essays are full of golden veins and imbedded gems; a whole dictionary of quotations could be made from them. His poems have the same qualities, and sparkle with aphoristic lines; but his sense of melody or his command of metre is limited, and his verses sometimes have a simple and rustic monotony of cadence, like the oft-repeated plaint of a wild bird.

The strongest trait in Mr. Emerson's nature is his worship of the beautiful:

"Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,"

is his claim for his Humble-Bee. The thoughts of death and distress as well as of what is vile and uncomely are silently shut out. The universe for him is *kosmos*, in its sense of beauty.

The opinions of Mr. Emerson are nowhere clearly set down; and it is scarcely worth the time here to attempt an analysis, or to note his divergence from Christian doctrines. Those who are sufficiently cultivated to be influenced by him will be certain to have also sufficient intelligence to judge for themselves.

Mr. Emerson's works consist of Essays, first and second series, Miscellanies, Representative Men, English Traits, Poems, Conduct of Life, and Society and Solitude, each in one volume (Boston, J. R. Osgood & Co.) He also contributed a portion of the Memoir of Margaret Fuller. He still gives some time to periodical writing, and the reading world will hope that the intimation conveyed in the poem entitled Terminus (Atlantic Monthly, January, 1867) may long wait for a literal fulfilment.

[From Nature, in the volume of Miscellanies.]

LANGUAGE.

WORDS are signs of natural facts. The use of natural history is to give us aid in supernatural history: the use of the outer creation, to give us language for the beings and changes of the inward creation. Every word which is used to express a moral or intellectual fact, if traced to its root, is found to be borrowed from some material appearance. *Right* means *straight; wrong* means *twisted. Spirit* primarily means *wind; transgression*, the crossing of a *line; supercilious*, the *raising of the eyebrow.* We say the *heart* to express emotion, the *head* to denote thought; and *thought* and *emotion* are words borrowed from sensible things, and now appropriated to spiritual nature. Most of the process by which this transformation is made is hidden from us in the remote time when language was framed; but the same tendency may be daily observed in children. Children and savages use only nouns, or names of things, which they convert into verbs, and apply to analogous mental acts.

But this origin of all words that convey a spiritual import — so conspicuous a fact in the history of language — is our least debt to nature. It is not words only that are emblematic; it is things which are emblematic. Every natural fact is a symbol of some

spiritual fact. Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of the mind, and that state of the mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture. An enraged man is a lion, a cunning man is a fox, a firm man is a rock, a learned man is a torch. A lamb is innocence; a snake is subtle spite; flowers express to us the delicate affections. Light and darkness are our familiar expression for knowledge and ignorance; and heat for love. Visible distance behind and before us is respectively our image of memory and hope. . . .

Because of this radical correspondence between visible things and human thoughts, savages, who have only what is necessary, converse in figures. As we go back in history, language becomes more picturesque, until its infancy, when it is all poetry; or all spiritual facts are represented by natural symbols. The same symbols are found to make the original elements of all languages. It has moreover been observed, that the idioms of all languages approach each other in passages of the greatest eloquence and power. And as this is the first language, so it is the last. This immediate dependence of language upon nature, this conversion of an outward phenomenon into a type of somewhat in human life, never loses its power to affect us. It is this which gives that piquancy to the conversation of a strong-natured farmer or backwoodsman which all men relish.

A man's power to connect his thought with its proper symbol, and so to utter it, depends on the simplicity of his character, that is, upon his love of truth, and his desire to communicate it without loss. The corruption of man is followed by the corruption of language. When simplicity of character and the sovereignty of ideas are broken up by the prevalence of secondary desires, — the desire of riches, of pleasure, of power, and of praise, — and duplicity and falsehood take place of simplicity and truth, the power over nature as an interpreter of the will is in a degree lost; new imagery ceases to be created, and old words are perverted to stand for things which are not; a paper currency is employed when there is no bullion in the vaults. In due time, the fraud is manifest, and words lose all power to stimulate the understanding or the affections. Hundreds of writers may be found in every long-civilized nation, who for a short time believe, and make others believe, that they see and utter truths, who do not of themselves clothe one thought in its natural garment, but who feed unconsciously on the language created by the primary writers of the country, — those, namely, who hold primarily on nature.

But wise men pierce this rotten diction, and fasten words again to visible things ; so that picturesque language is at once a commanding certificate that he who employs it, is a man in alliance with truth and God. The moment our discourse rises above the ground line of familiar facts, and is inflamed with passion or exalted by thought, it clothes itself in images. A man conversing in earnest, if he watch his intellectual processes, will find that a material image, more or less luminous, arises in his mind, contemporaneous with every thought, which furnishes the vestment of the thought. Hence good writing and brilliant discourse are perpetual allegories. This imagery is spontaneous. It is the blending of experience with the present action of the mind. It is proper creation. It is the working of the original cause through the instruments he has already made.

These facts may suggest the advantage which country-life possesses, for a powerful mind, over the artificial and curtailed life of cities. We know more from nature than we can at will communicate. Its light flows into the mind evermore, and we forget its presence. The poet, the orator, bred in the woods, — whose senses have been nourished by their fair and appeasing changes, year after year, without design and without heed, — shall not lose their lesson altogether, in the roar of cities or the broil of politics. Long hereafter, amidst agitation and terror in national councils, — in the hour of revolution, — these solemn images shall reappear in their morning lustre, as fit symbols and words of the thoughts which the passing events shall awaken. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains, as he saw and heard them in his infancy. And with these forms, the spells of persuasion, the keys of power are put into his hands.

We are thus assisted by natural objects in the expression of particular meanings. But how great a language to convey such pepper-corn informations ! Did it need such noble races of creatures, this profusion of forms, this host of orbs in heaven, to furnish man with the dictionary and grammar of his municipal speech? Whilst we use this grand cipher to expedite the affairs of our pot and kettle, we feel that we have not yet put it to its use, neither are able. We are like travellers using the cinders of a volcano to roast their eggs. Whilst we see that it always stands ready to clothe what we would say, we cannot avoid the question whether the characters are not significant of themselves. Have mountains, and waves, and

skies, no significance but what we consciously give them, when we employ them as emblems of our thoughts? The world is emblematic. Parts of speech are metaphors, because the whole of nature is a metaphor of the human kind. The laws of moral nature answer to those of matter as face to face in a glass. . . .

In like manner, the memorable words of history, and the proverbs of nations, consist usually of a natural fact, selected as a picture or parable of a moral truth. Thus; A rolling stone gathers no moss; A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; A cripple in the right way will beat a racer in the wrong; Make hay while the sun shines; 'Tis hard to carry a full cup even; Vinegar is the son of wine; The last ounce broke the camel's back; Long-lived trees make roots first; — and the like. In their primary sense these are trivial facts, but we repeat them for the value of their analogical import. What is true of proverbs is true of all fables, parables, and allegories.

This relation between the mind and matter is not fancied by some poet, but stands in the will of God, and so is free to be known by all men. It appears to men, or it does not appear. When in fortunate hours we ponder this miracle, the wise man doubts, if, at all other times, he is not blind and deaf;

> "Can these things be,
> And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
> Without our special wonder?"

for the universe becomes transparent, and the light of higher laws than its own shines through it.

[From Society and Solitude.]

DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE perfection of the providence for childhood is easily acknowledged. The care which covers the seed of the tree under tough husks and stony cases provides for the human plant the mother's breast and the father's house. The size of the nestler is comic, and its tiny beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the happy patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high reposing Providence towards it. Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in its weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or, more beautiful, the sobbing child, —

the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation, — soften all hearts to pity, and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. His flesh is angels' flesh, all alive. "Infancy," said Coleridge, "presents body and spirit in unity; the body is all animated." All day, between his three or four sleeps, he cooes like a pigeon-house, sputters, and spurs, and puts on his faces of importance; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. By lamplight he delights in shadows on the wall; by daylight, in yellow and scarlet. Carry him out of doors — he is overpowered by the light and by the extent of natural objects, and is silent. Then presently begins his use of his fingers, and he studies power, the lesson of race. First it appears in no great harm, in architectural tastes. Out of blocks, thread-spools, cards, and checkers, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand, — no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, grandsires, grandams, fall an easy prey: he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper, and make mouths, and babble, and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.

"The childhood," said Milton, "shows the man, as morning shows the day." The child realizes to every man his own earliest remembrances, and so supplies a defect in our education, or enables us to live over the unconscious history with a sympathy so tender as to be almost personal experience.

Fast — almost too fast for the wistful curiosity of the parents, studious of the witchcraft of curls, and dimples, and broken words — the little talker grows to a boy. He walks daily among wonders: fire, light, darkness, the moon, the stars, the furniture of the house, the red tin horse, the domestics, who, like rude foster-mothers, befriend and feed him, the faces that claim his kisses, are all in turn absorbing; yet warm, cheerful, and with good appetite, the little sovereign subdues them without knowing it; the new knowledge is taken up into the life of to-day, and becomes the means of more. The blowing rose is a new event; the garden full of flowers is Eden

over again to the small Adam; the rain, the ice, the frost, make epochs in his life. What a holiday is the first snow in which Two-shoes can be trusted abroad!

What art can paint or gild any object in after-life with the glow which Nature gives to the first baubles of childhood! St. Peter's cannot have the magical power over us that the red and gold covers of our first picture-book possessed. How the imagination cleaves to the warm glories of that tinsel even now! What entertainments make every day bright and short for the fine freshman! The street is old as nature; the persons all have their sacredness. His imaginative life dresses all things in their best. His fears adorn the dark parts with poetry. He has heard of wild horses and of bad boys, and with a pleasing terror he watches at his gate for the passing of those varieties of each species. The first ride into the country, the first bath in running water, the first time the skates are put on, the first game out of doors in moonlight, the books of the nursery, are new chapters of joy. The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, the Seven Champions of Christendom, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress, — what mines of thought and emotion, what a wardrobe to dress the whole world withal, are in this encyclopædia of young thinking! And so by beautiful traits, which, without art, yet seem the masterpiece of wisdom, provoking the love that watches and educates him, the little pilgrim prosecutes the journey through nature which he has thus gayly begun. He grows up the ornament and joy of the house, which rings to his glee, to rosy boyhood.

[Selections from May-Day.]

DAUGHTER of Heaven and Earth, coy Spring,
With sudden passion languishing,
Maketh all things softly smile,
Painteth pictures mile on mile,
Holds a cup with cowslip-wreaths,
Whence a smokeless incense breathes.
Girls are peeling the sweet willow,
Poplar white, and Gilead tree,
And troops of boys
Shouting with whoop and hilloa,
And hip, hip, three times three.
The air is full of whistlings bland;
What was that I heard
Out of the hazy land?
Harp of the wind, or song of bird,
Or clapping of shepherd's hands,
Or vagrant booming of the air,
Voice of a meteor lost in day?
Such tidings of the starry sphere
Can this elastic air convey.
Or haply 'twas the cannonade
Of the pent and darkened lake,
Cooled by the pendent mountain's shade,
Whose deeps, till beams of noonday break,
Afflicted moan, and latest hold
Even into May the iceberg cold.
Was it a squirrel's pettish bark,
Or clarionet of jay? or, hark,
Where yon wedged line the Nestor leads,
Steering north with raucous cry
Through tracts and provinces of sky,
Every night alighting down

In new landscapes of romance,
Where darkling feed the clamorous clans
By lonely lakes to men unknown.
Come the tumult whence it will,
Voice of sport, or rush of wings,
It is a sound, it is a token
That the marble sleep is broken,
And a change has passed on things.

. . . .

April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs brings again,
The whistle of returning birds,
And trumpet-lowing of the herds.
The scarlet maple-keys betray
What potent blood hath modest May;
What fiery force the earth renews,
The wealth of forms, the flush of hues;
Joy shed in rosy waves abroad
Flows from the heart of Love, the Lord.

. . . .

Ah! well I mind the calendar,
Faithful through a thousand years,
Of the painted race of flowers,
Exact to days, exact to hours,
Counted on the spacious dial
Yon broidered zodiac girds.
I know the pretty almanac
Of the punctual coming-back,
On their due days, of the birds.
I marked them yestermorn,
A flock of finches darting
Beneath the crystal arch,
Piping as they flew, a march, —
Belike the one they used in parting
Last year from yon oak or larch;
Dusky sparrows in a crowd,
Diving, darting northward free,
Suddenly betook them all,
Every one to his hole in the wall,
Or to his niche in the apple tree.
I greet with joy the choral trains
Fresh from palms and Cuba's canes.
Best gems of Nature's cabinet,
With dews of tropic morning wet,
Beloved of children, bards, and Spring,
O birds, your perfect virtues bring,
Your song, your forms, your rhythmic flight
Your manners for the heart's delight;
Nestle in hedge, or barn, or roof,
Here weave your chamber weather-proof;
Forgive our harms, and condescend
To man, as to a lubber friend,
And, generous, teach his awkward race
Courage, and probity, and grace!

[From The Problem.]

THE hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew; —
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

. . . .

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

GOOD BY.

GOOD BY, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through the weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good by to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good by, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone —
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learnéd clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON.

Orestes Augustus Brownson was born at Stockbridge, Vt., September 16, 1803. He was early inclined to religious and philosophical discussion, and has since sought truth through every conceivable avenue of approach. Commencing with the creed of New England Congregationalism, he joined the Presbyterian church at the age of nineteen, while attending an academy. After some struggles he became, in 1825, a Universalist minister, preaching and writing in his usual strong and aggressive style. He next gave his sympathies to the social reforms proposed by Robert Owen; but, finding progress slow in that direction, he was attracted by the influence of Dr. Channing, and was pastor of a Unitarian society. In this period he enlarged his acquaintance with languages, literature, and philosophy. This phase of thought lasted until 1836, when he organized a new society in Boston for "Christian union and progress." In 1838 he established the Boston Quarterly Review, which he edited for five years. In 1840 he published Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted, a strongly "médicated" novel, as the Autocrat's friend would have termed it. Having gone the round of speculative ideas in theology, he began to experience a mental reaction, and in 1844 joined the Roman Catholic church. In the same year he commenced the publication of Brownson's Quarterly Review, which was continued until 1864. The following is a list of his later works, though, perhaps, not complete: The Spirit Rapper (1854); The Convert (1857); The American Republic, its Constitution, Tendencies, and Destiny (1865); Liberalism and the Church (1869). He removed from Boston about the year 1854 and has since resided in and near New York.

Dr. Brownson is an exceedingly able and acute reasoner, and a clear and forcible writer. As might be expected, his religious convictions permeate nearly every sentence. With most authors there are certain fields on which there is a truce to controversy; but Dr. Brownson, with more logic, perhaps, but with less amenity, treats every subject, from metaphysics to an album sonnet, in its relations to the church; and it is almost impossible to give the best specimens of his style without introducing topics that do not belong in a collection of literature.

[From a Review, published October, 1846.]

WAR AND LOYALTY.

Our orators have invested the Fourth of July with so many disturbing associations that our citizens are gradually becoming less and less disposed to greet its annual return with those festivities which it was the hope of our fathers would continue to mark it through all generations to come. Still, it is a day sacred in the affec-

tions of every American citizen, and it cannot come round without exciting lively emotions of gratitude and joy to every American heart. The birth of a nation is an event to be remembered, and the day on which it takes its rank in the family of independent nations is well deserving to be set apart by some service at once joyous and solemn, recounting the glory which has been won, the blessings which have been received, and pointing to the high destiny and grave responsibilities to which the new people are called. The orations ordinarily given on our national anniversary are of that peculiar sort which, it is said, neither gods nor men can tolerate. They are tawdry and turgid, full of stale declamation about liberty, fulsome and disgusting glorifications of ourselves as a people, or uncalled-for denunciations of those states and empires that have not seen proper to adopt political institutions similar to our own. Yet we may, perhaps, be too fastidious in our taste, and too sweeping in our censures. Boys will be boys, and dulness will be dulness, and when either is installed "orator of the day," the performance must needs be boyish or dull. But when the number of orations annually called forth by our national jubilee, from all sorts of persons, throughout the length and breadth of the land, is considered, we may rather wonder that so many are produced which do credit to their authors, and fall not far below the occasion, than that there are so few. All are not mere school-boy productions; all are not patriotism on tiptoe, nor eloquence on stilts. Every year sends out not a few which, for their sound sense, deep thought, subdued passion, earnest spirit, manly tone, and chaste expression, deserve an honorable place in our national literature. There are — and perhaps as large a proportion as we ought to expect — Fourth of July orators who, while they indulge in not unseemly exultations, forget to disgust us with untimely rant about self-government, the marvellous virtue and intelligence of the masses, and the industrial miracles they are daily performing; who show by their reserve, rather than by their noisy declamation, that they have American hearts and confidence in American patriotism and American institutions. A people not factitiously great has no occasion to speak of its greatness, and true patriotism expresses itself in deeds not words. . . .

Their patriotism has no suspicions, no jealousies, no fears, no self-consciousness. It is too deep for words. It is silent, majestic; it is where the country is, does what she bids, and, though sacrificing all upon her altars, never dreams that it is doing anything extraordinary. There is, perhaps, more of this genuine patriotism in the

American people than strangers, or even we ourselves, commonly suppose. The foam floats on the surface, and is whirled hither and thither by each shifting breeze, but below are the sweet, silent, deep waters.

. . . . . .

It may be said that war is unjustifiable, because if all would practise justice there could be no war. Undoubtedly, if all men and nations were wise and just, wars would cease. We might then, in very deed, "beat our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning-hooks," and learn war no more. We should not in vision only, but in reality, possess universal peace. So, if all individuals understood and practised the moral and Christian virtues in their perfection, there would be no occasion for penal codes, and a police to enforce them. If no wrongs or outrages were committed, there would be none to be repressed or punished. If there were no diseases, there would be none to cure. If the world were quite another world than it is, it — would be. But so long as the world is what it is, so long as men fail to respect the rights of men, the penal code and police will be necessary; so long as diseases obtain, the physician and his drugs, nauseous as they are, will be indispensable; and so long as nation continues to encroach on nation, the aggrieved party will have the right to be compelled to defend and avenge itself by an appeal to arms, terrible as that appeal may be. The evils of war are great, but not the greatest. It is a greater evil to lose national freedom, to become the tributaries or the slaves of the foreigner, to see the sanctity of our homes invaded, our altars desecrated, and our wives and children made the prey of the ruthless oppressor. These are evils which do not die with us, but may descend upon our posterity through all coming generations. The man that will look tamely on and see altars and homes defiled, all that is sacred and dear wrested from him, and his country stricken from the roll of nations, has as little reason to applaud himself for his morals as for his manhood. No doubt philanthropy may weep over the wounded and the dying, but it is no great evil. It is appointed unto all men to die, and, so far as the death itself is concerned, it matters not whether it comes a few months earlier or a few months later, on the battle-field or in our own bed-chambers. The evil is not in dying, but in dying unprepared. If prepared — and the soldier, fighting by command of his country in her cause, *may* be prepared — it is of little consequence whether the death may come in the sabre-cut or leaden bullet, or in that of disease or old age. The tears of the sen-

timentalist are lost upon him who is conscious of his responsibilities, that he is commanded to place duty before death, and to weigh no danger against fidelity to his God and to his country. Physical pain is not worth counting. Accumulate all that you can imagine, — the Christian greets it with joy when it lies in the pathway of his duty. He who cannot take his life in his hand, and pausing not for an instant before the accumulated torture of years, rush in, at the call of duty, where blows fall thickest, and blows fall heaviest, deserves rebuke for his moral weakness rather than commendation for his peaceable disposition.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD.

Robert Montgomery Bird was born in Newcastle, Del., in the year 1803. He received his classical and professional education in Philadelphia, and for many years resided in that city. He was the author of several novels of more than ordinary merit, among which are, Calavar, a Tale of the Conquest of Mexico; The Infidel, or the Fall of Mexico; Nick of the Woods, or the Jibbenainosay, a story of life in Kentucky in early times; The Adventures of Robin Day. He wrote three tragedies, one of which, The Gladiator, has been made popular by the acting of Mr. Forrest. The tragedies have never been printed, two of them, at least, being Mr. Forrest's property. Calavar contains many beautiful descriptive passages, and is believed to present a faithful picture of the ancient city as it was before the conquest. Nick of the Woods is full of startling border adventures, and, though it has suffered in consequence of the horde of later imitations, it shows originality and power in the author.

Dr. Bird left the field of literature at an early age, retired to his native place, and died there in January, 1854.

[From Calavar.]

VIEW OF MEXICO FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

"I HAVE heard that the cold which freezes men to death begins by setting them to sleep. Sleep brings dreams, and dreams are often most vivid and fantastical before we have yet been wholly lost in slumber. Perhaps 'tis this most biting and benumbing blast that brings me such phantoms. Art thou not very cold?" "Not very, senor. Methinks we are descending; and now the winds are not so frigid as before." "I would to Heaven, for the sake of us all, that we were descended yet lower, for night approaches, and still we are stumbling among these clouds that seem to separate us from earth, without yet advancing us nearer to heaven." While the cavalier was yet speaking, there came from the van of the army, very far in the distance, a shout of joy, that was caught up by those who toiled in his neighborhood, and continued by the squadrons that brought up the rear, until finally lost among the echoes of remote cliffs. He

pressed forward with the animation shared by his companions, and still leading Jacinto, arrived at last at a place where the mountain dipped downwards with so sudden and so precipitous a declivity as to interpose no obstacle to the vision. The mists were rolling away from his feet in huge wreaths, which gradually, as they became thinner, received and transmitted the rays of an evening sun, and were lighted up with a golden and crimson radiance glorious to behold, and increasing every moment in splendor. As this superb curtain was parted before him, as if by cords that went up to heaven, and surged voluminously aside, he looked over the heads of those that thronged the side of the mountain beneath, and saw, stretching away like a picture touched by the hands of angels, the fair valley imbosomed among those romantic hills, whose shadows were stealing visibly over its western slopes, but leaving all the eastern portion dyed with the tints of sunset. The green plains, studded with yet greener woodlands; the little mountains raising their fairy-like crests; the lovely lakes, now gleaming like floods of molten silver, where they stretched into the sunshine, and now vanishing away, in a shadowy expanse, under the gloom of the growing twilight; the structures that rose vaguely and obscurely, here from their verdant margins, and there from their very bosom, as if floating on their placid waters, seeming at one time to present the image of a city crowned with towers and pinnacles, and then broken by some agitation of the element, or confused by some vapor swimming through the atmosphere into the mere fragments and phantasms of edifices, — these, seen in that uncertain and fading light, and at that misty and enchanting distance, unfolded such a spectacle of beauty and peace, as plunged the neophyte into a reverie of rapture. The trembling of the page's hand, a deep sigh that breathed from his lips, recalled him to consciousness, without, however, dispelling his delight. "By the cross which I worship," he cried, "it fills me with amazement to think that this cursed and malefactious earth doth contain a spot that is so much like a paradise. Now do I remember me of the words of the Senor Gomez, that no man could conceive of heaven till he had looked upon the valley of Mexico — an expression which at that time I considered very absurd, and somewhat profane; yet, if I am not now mistaken, I shall henceforth, doubtless, when figuring to my imagination the seats of bliss, begin by thinking of this very prospect."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. His father, a shipmaster, died in Havana when the future author was six years old. At the age of ten, on account of feeble health, he was sent to live on a farm in Maine. He entered Bowdoin College, and received his degree in 1825. His first publication was a collection of stories he had written for periodicals, entitled Twice-told Tales. It appeared in 1837, and, though it was praised by the author's classmate, Longfellow, and by other friends, it made no impression upon the public. A fact like this causes no surprise to those familiar with the history of literature. A second volume appeared in 1842. From 1838 to 1841 he held a subordinate office in the Boston custom-house. He joined the Brook Farm association, in West Roxbury, after leaving the custom-house, and the fruit of his experience appeared some time after (1852) in the Blithedale Romance. He did not remain with the association long, but married and took up his residence at Concord, in the old parsonage house, which has been made historic by his Mosses from an Old Manse. In 1846 he was appointed surveyor of the port of Salem, and, while residing there, wrote the romance which established his reputation. This was The Scarlet Letter, probably the most imaginative, picturesque, and powerful work of the kind in this century. The introduction to the romance contains a series of portraits of the superannuated and decayed officials whom he found on duty in the custom-house. There is no denying the sharpness and vigor of these sketches, but, as the subjects of them were still living, the operation was as cruel as the experiments of Magendie in vivisection. In 1849, having lost his office by the change in politics, he removed to Lenox, where he wrote The House of the Seven Gables, which appeared in 1851. In 1852 he returned to Concord, and there he wrote the biography of his college friend, Franklin Pierce, then a candidate for the presidency. Mr. Pierce, upon his accession to office, gave him the place of consul to Liverpool. In 1857 our author resigned his office, and travelled upon the continent. Upon his return home he published an Italian romance, called The Marble Faun, in 1860; also a volume of his impressions of England, under the title of Our Old Home, 1863. He wrote also, at different times, several juvenile works, which bear the unmistakable stamp of his genius; among them are, The Snow Image, The Wonder Book, Tanglewood Tales, and True Stories from History and Biography. His complete works are published by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

He died at Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1864, whither he had gone for recreation, in company with his friend, Ex-President Pierce.

Since his death, six volumes of his Note Books have been published, and a posthumous romance, entitled Septimius Felton, has appeared in the Atlantic Monthly.

Nothing could be more remote from the ordinary pictures of life and manners as shown in the modern novel, than the romances of Hawthorne. Boston, as he paints it, is as far away as old Troy. They are striking and life-like figures which we see involved in the magical web of his story, but the art of the romancer throws upon them a film of distance, so that we seem contemplating phantasms. An air of mystery broods over every scene, whether it is in a many-gabled house or in the depths of the original forest. The reader feels a tingling in the silence of his room, as in the days when his boyish terrors were roused by stories of ghosts. He feels that he is entering a realm over which shines a

"light that never was on sea or land,"

where the flowers are like their semblances in wax, where the sounds of laughter have ceased to echo, and where the grave people, each burdened with his sin or his sorrow, walk about like the unresting throng in the hall of Eblis, each holding his hand over his ever-burning heart. But all is managed with such profound art, and with such an exquisite mastery of language, that the fascination of the story can neither be questioned nor resisted.

Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens *create* characters, and place them before us clothed in their proper figures, and using their proper and characteristic speech. Hawthorne reverses the process, and taking the ideal person for granted, shows him as upon a dissecting table, and lays bare every throbbing nerve and every secret fibre of his soul.

The judicious critic in time comes to hesitate about giving estimates of greater and less. It is not easy to compare the dissimilar, but convenient rather to take refuge in the saying of Paul, "One star differeth from another star in glory." The genius of Hawthorne was unique; as the Germans say of Jean Paul Richter, he was *Hawthorne the Only*; his niche in the temple of fame will not be claimed by another.

[From Twice-told Tales.]

DAVID SWAN. — A FANTASY.

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events — if such they may be called — which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh, bubbling spring, that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within

its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed-chamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the road-side. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference, were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a stand-still nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linchpin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income, for it would support health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like this than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside and a maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him.

Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face,

the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it; and having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we wake him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest; yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendor, who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused — is there any harm in saying it? — her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth — if silk it were — was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bedchamber, and for such a purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead, — buzz, buzz, buzz, — now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan.

The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her only could he love with a perfect love; him only could she receive into the depths of her heart; and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side: should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here, again, had good fortune — the best of fortunes — stolen so near that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight, when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villany on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow, —

"Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?"

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has

either a pocket-book, or a snug little hoard of small change, stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons pocket."

"But what if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it," muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger towards his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched, from his elastic frame, the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred; now moved his lips, without a sound; now talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder

and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber — and there was the stage coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver! Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top," answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily towards Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dream-like vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood — all, in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence, that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough, in mortal life, to render foresight even partially available?

[From Mosses from an Old Manse.]

DESCRIPTION OF THE MANSE.

BETWEEN two tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch), we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage, terminating the vista of an avenue of black ash trees. It was now a twelvemonth since the funeral procession of the venerable clergyman, its last inhabitant, had turned from that gateway towards the village burying-ground. The wheel track, leading to the door, as well as the whole breadth of the avenue, was almost overgrown with grass, affording dainty mouthfuls to two or three vagrant cows and an old white horse, who had his own living to pick up along the roadside. The glimmering shadows, that lay half asleep between the door of the house and the public highway, were a kind of spiritual medium, seen through which, the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world. Certainly it had little in common with those ordinary abodes, which stand so imminent upon the road that every passer-by can thrust his head, as it were, into the domestic circle. From these quiet windows the figures of passing travellers looked too remote and dim to disturb the sense of privacy. In its near retirement and accessible seclusion, it was the very spot for the residence of a clergyman; a man not estranged from human life, yet enveloped, in the

midst of it, with a veil woven of intermingled gloom and brightness. It was worthy to have been one of the time-honored parsonages of England, in which, through many generations, a succession of holy occupants pass from youth to age, and bequeath each an inheritance of sanctity to pervade the house and hover over it, as with an atmosphere. . . .

In furtherance of my design, and as if to leave me no pretext for not fulfilling it, there was, in the rear of the house, the most delightful little nook of a study that ever offered its snug seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emerson wrote "Nature;" for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn and the Paphian sunset and moonrise, from the summit of our eastern hill. When I first saw the room, its walls were blackened with the smoke of unnumbered years, and made still blacker by the grim prints of Puritan ministers that hung around. These worthies looked strangely like bad angels, or, at least, like men who had wrestled so continually and so sternly with the devil, that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages. They had all vanished now; a cheerful coat of paint, and golden-tinted paper hangings, lighted up the small apartment, while the shadow of a willow tree, that swept against the overhanging eaves, attempered the cheery western sunshine. In place of the grim prints, there was the sweet and lovely head of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and two pleasant little pictures of the Lake of Como. The only other decorations were a purple vase of flowers, always fresh, and a bronze one containing graceful ferns. My books — few, and by no means choice, for they were chiefly such waifs as chance had thrown in my way — stood in order about the room, seldom to be disturbed.

The study had three windows, set with little old fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it. The two on the western side looked, or rather peeped, between the willow branches, down into the orchard, with glimpses of the river through the trees. The third, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the river, at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history. It was at this window that the clergyman, who then dwelt in the Manse, stood watching the outbreak of a long and deadly struggle between two nations. He saw the irregular array of his parishioners on the farther side of the river, and the glittering line of the British on the hither bank; he awaited, in an agony of suspense, the rattle of the musketry. It came — and there needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle smoke around this quiet house. . . .

Come; we have pursued a somewhat devious track in our walk to the battle-ground. Here we are, at the point where the river was crossed by the old bridge, the possession of which was the immediate object of the contest. On the hither side grow two or three elms, throwing a wide circumference of shade, but which must have been planted at some period within the threescore years and ten that have passed since the battle-day. On the farther shore, overhung by a clump of elder-bushes, we discern the stone abutment of the bridge. Looking down into the river, I once discovered some heavy fragment of the timbers, all green with half a century's growth of water-moss; for, during that length of time, the tramp of horses and human footsteps have ceased along this ancient highway. The stream has here about the breadth of twenty strokes of a swimmer's arm — a space not too wide, when the bullets were whistling across. Old people, who dwell hereabouts, will point out the very spots, on the western bank, where our countrymen fell down and died; and, on this side of the river, an obelisk of granite has grown up from the soil that was fertilized with British blood.

ASSABETH RIVER.

Or it might be that Ellery Channing came up the avenue, to join me in a fishing excursion on the river. Strange and happy times were those, when we cast aside all irksome forms and straitlaced habitudes, and delivered ourselves up to the free air, to live like the Indians, or any less conventional race, during one bright semicircle of the sun. Rowing our boat against the current, between wide meadows, we turned aside into the Assabeth. A more lonely stream than this, for a mile above its junction with the Concord, has never flowed on earth — nowhere, indeed, except to lave the interior regions of a poet's imagination. It is sheltered from the breeze by woods and a hillside, so that elsewhere there might be a hurricane, and here scarcely a ripple across the shaded water. The current lingers along so gently, that the mere force of the boatman's will seems sufficient to propel his craft against it. It comes flowing softly through the midmost privacy and deepest heart of a wood, which whispers it to be quiet, while the stream whispers back again from its sedgy borders, as if river and wood were hushing one another to sleep. . . .

We drew up our skiff at some point where the overarching shade formed a natural bower, and there kindled a fire with the pine-cones

and decayed branches that lay strewn plentifully around. Soon the smoke ascended among the trees, impregnated with a savory incense, not heavy, dull, and surfeiting, like the steam of cookery within doors, but sprightly and piquant. The smell of our feast was akin to the woodland odors with which it mingled; there was no sacrilege committed by our intrusion there; the sacred solitude was hospitable, and granted us free leave to cook and eat, in the recess that was at once our kitchen and banqueting hall. It is strange what humble offices may be performed, in a beautiful scene, without destroying its poetry. Our fire, red gleaming among the trees, and we beside it, busied with culinary rites and spreading out our meal on a moss-grown log, all seemed in unison with the river gliding by, and the foliage rustling over us. And, what was strangest, neither did our mirth seem to disturb the propriety of the solemn woods; although the hobgoblins of the old wilderness, and the will-o'-the-wisps that glimmered in the marshy places, might have come trooping to share our table-talk, and have added their shrill laughter to our merriment. It was the very spot in which to utter the extremest nonsense, or the profoundest wisdom — or that ethereal product of the mind which partakes of both, and may become one or the other, in correspondence with the faith and insight of the auditor. . . .

I have forgotten whether the song of the cricket be not as early a token of autumn's approach as any other, — that song, which may be called an audible stillness; for, though very loud and heard afar, yet the mind does not take note of it as a sound, so completely is its individual existence merged among the accompanying characteristics of the season. Alas! for the pleasant summer-time! In August, the grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever, and as green; the flowers gleam forth in richer abundance along the margin of the river, and by the stone walls, and deep among the woods; the days, too, are as fervid now as they were a month ago, — and yet, in every breath of wind, and in every beam of sunshine, we hear the whispered farewell, and behold the parting smile, of a dear friend. There is a coolness amid all the heat; a mildness in the blazing noon. Not a breeze can stir but it thrills us with the breath of autumn. A pensive glory is seen in the far golden gleams, among the shadows of the trees. The flowers — even the brightest of them, and they are the most gorgeous of the year — have this gentle sadness wedded to their pomp, and typify the character of the delicious time, each within itself. The brilliant Cardinal flower has never seemed gay to me.

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS.

William R. Williams was born in the city of New York, October 14, 1804, and was graduated at Columbia College in 1822. He pursued the study of the law for three years, and commenced practice with bright prospects; but he gave up the profession he had chosen, and became a minister in the Baptist denomination. He was settled as pastor of the Amity Street Baptist Church, in New York, in 1831, and still remains in that position. His sermons are remarkable for their vigor and directness of style, and exhibit the results of a wide range of reading in general literature, as well as in ecclesiastical history and doctrines. He has published a collection of miscellanies, entitled The Conservative Principle in Literature, and other essays (1850), Lectures on the Lord's Prayer (1851), Religious Progress (1851), besides a number of occasional discourses. A sermon preached by him during the late civil war attracted considerable attention. An article on Pascal, in the Baptist Quarterly, January, 1872, may be cited as a specimen of a clear and attractive style of narration, and an admirable summary of character.

The long service of this eminent divine in one church, although he has frequently declined offers to fill more conspicuous positions, shows the estimation in which he is held, as well as the inherent nobleness and modesty of the man.

[From a Discourse delivered in 1847.]

"Scatter thou the people that delight in war." Psalm lxviii. 30.

THE *literary classes* of a nation may have their share in the woes of our text. The true rulers of a people are often less the men recognized as magistrates and monarchs by the ensigns of office, but rather the popular authors who give coloring to the tastes and sentiments, and shape to the principles of their times. Wearing no tiara, wielding no sceptre, they are yet often really throned as rulers in the mind of the nation and the age. When these, as such in authority, feed a taste for war, reckless of right, and greedy only of glory and plunder, they sin, and God holds them answerable for the homes from which they lure the adventurous son or husband enlisting for a soldier's perils, and answerable for the darker desolation of the abodes into which war carries pollution and remorseless carnage. Poetry has too much made the fray, and the banner, and nodding plume, the resounding march, and the murderous volley, its favorite themes, careless of the right or wrong of the quarrel. And one of the many causes of contention that Virtue and Piety have with the drama, especially in modern times, is its love of slaughter, and the insane profusion with which it assumes to expend human life like water, and gluts and fires an admiring crowd with its spectacles of imaged suicide and murder. Into these things a God of justice will search. . . .

See the memorials of the far-travelled and victorious legions of ancient Rome in the days of her republican might and her imperial

pride, then turn to trace, if you can, the features of that terrible nation, who so excelled and so delighted in war; in the effeminate, treacherous, and vindictive Italian, who has passion without power, and feeling without principle, his animal sensibilities, as nurtured amid the nudities of exquisite statuary and matchless painting to a refined delicacy of taste, educated until they have outgrown the moral, and left behind no delicacy whatever of moral feelings. Their Virgil boasted once, in the days of warlike power, that other people might better carve and better paint, but Romans were born to rule. The curse of Providence on the mad love of military rapine has inverted the boast of their poet. The modern Roman carves and paints, but rule he cannot, himself or others. The bayonets of Austria govern him, and the Swiss mercenaries are the guards of his pontiff. The assassin has replaced the warrior, the fiddler the statesman, and for the severe virtue of her Cato and the simple patriotism of her Cincinnatus, you see a nation without conscience, without dignity, and without power, getting up melodramatic conspiracies and sanguinary outbreaks, but without the pith and manhood to recover their freedom. They who delighted in war, how are they scattered, although the arches and the pillars yet stand that tell of their old manhood, and enterprise, and renown; and under the shadow of Trajan's column and the arch of Titus clamors the mendicant and lurks the assassin!

The old Sclavi, once a formidable people, whose name in their own language signified "glory," were at first terrible in their brave, fierce invasions, but became, in their time and turn, vanquished and captives; and now their national name is, in our own and several European languages, the term to describe the bondman, the man not only who has lost peace, but who has lost freedom also. Yes, our very word "slave," is a standing memorial of the great retributive law of our text, "the scatterer scattered," the prowler preyed upon, the troubler caught in the pitfall he has dug. So, turn to the European ancestors of the race with whom is waged our present contest. So, see Spain, once the mightiest and bravest nation of Europe, now at home poor, though her universal exchequer once was gorged with the wealth of both the Indies, and in her colonies, once the scene of the valor of a Pizarro and a Cortez, see her race now how spent and abject! In times nearer our own, how dreadfully were the invasions of revolutionary and imperial France requited in her own capital, twice entered by an enemy, and in the fate of her own great Captain, coming at first, as it was predicted of

Cyrus, "upon princes as upon mortar, and as the potter treadeth clay," afterwards fretting himself to death within the circuit of his narrow island prison — how did God seem reading a fresh comment, for a new and forgetful generation, on this old and forgotten law of his providence.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

Frederic Henry Hedge was born in Cambridge, Mass., December 12, 1805. His father was a professor of logic and metaphysics in Harvard College. The son accompanied Mr. George Bancroft to Europe, and studied at German schools. He returned to this country in 1823, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1825. He studied theology at the Cambridge school, and was settled, in 1828, as pastor of a church in West Cambridge. In 1835 he removed to Bangor, Me., where he remained fifteen years. In 1847 he made a tour of Europe, and spent a winter in Italy. In 1850 he was settled as pastor of a church in Providence, and remained there until 1856, when he removed to Brookline, Mass., where he still resides. He was chosen professor in the theological school at Cambridge in 1857. He has been a contributor to the Examiner, the Atlantic Monthly, and other religious and literary periodicals. His principal work is The Prose Writers of Germany, which is a careful selection from the most eminent authors, beginning with Luther, with an original biography of each. Many of the translations were made by him also. His life has been one of great activity, and a collection of his printed sermons, orations, discourses, reviews, and essays would occupy a large space. Dr. Hedge is far from being a diffuse writer, however; his style is compact and sinewy, and he challenges his reader's most thoughtful attention. He is considered one of the most thorough scholars, as he is one of the ablest and most effective writers, in the Unitarian denomination. — N. B. Since the above was written, Dr. Hedge has been appointed Professor of German in Harvard College.

[From an article upon Irony, in the Atlantic Monthly.]

THE IRONY OF NATURE.

We began with the irony of spirit; let us round the swift synopsis with a glance at the ironies of nature.

As such I reckon, for one thing, the close reserve with which nature baffles the scrutiny of science, and hides from curious eyes the final secret of her births. From time immemorial the inscrutable mother has been playing a game of inverted blind-man's-buff with her inquisitive children. She bandages their eyes, and bids them catch her if they can. Her explorers chase her hither and thither, but their eyes are holden that they should not know her. When any one thinks he has caught her, it is only a part of her drapery which she yields to his clutches, never herself. "Science," says the Persian mystic, "puts her finger in her mouth and cries because the mystery of being will not reveal itself." The physiologist searches for the secret of life. What is it that discriminates animated from inanimate being? Function. In the lowest as in the highest, in

the rhizopod as in the angel, it is function that distinguishes life from death. But where is the functionary? Where sits the performer who plays the many-stringed or the one-stringed instrument? No dissection could ever show. What becomes of him when the instrument stops? No observation could ever report. Performer and performance are indistinguishably one. Between the instrument played and the instrument suddenly stopped there is no perceptible difference, except the fact of ability or inability still to perform. Yet is the difference infinite between life and death. The ontologist searches for the primal substance. Behind all the wrappers that envelop it, beneath all the acts that represent it, he would stand face to face with the ultimate fact. Is it matter? With microscope, and knife, and crucible he interrogates sensible forms. Is it spirit? With unsparing analysis he interrogates consciousness; and finds himself at last, in whatever direction he seeks, after all his probing, face to face with — nothing. And "nothing" is the answer with which the irony of nature responds alike to physicist and metaphysician, when the search transcends the prescribed bound. The Ixion of Greek mythology is an ever-fit symbol of all endeavors to lay hold of the absolute. Ixion is in love with Juno, the queen of the empyrean; he thinks to embrace her, and embraces a cloud. Transcendentalism experiences the same illusion, and experiences something of Ixion's penalty of endless rotation, forever traversing the same cycle, from spirit to matter, and round to spirit again, on the wheel to which her serpentine subtleties have bound her.

"Tortos Ixionis angues
Immanemque rotam."

Philosophy chases, nature hides, forever inviting, forever baffling investigation. "Nature," wrote Goethe, in the midst of his researches, "we are surrounded and clasped by her, unable to step out of her, and unable to go farther into her. Unbidden and unwarned, she takes us up into her circling dance, and whirls herself forth with us until we are exhausted, and sink from her arms. . . . We live in the midst of her, and are strangers to her; she converses with us unceasingly, and never betrays her secret. We act upon her continually, and yet have no power over her. She lives altogether in her children; and the mother, where is she?"

A deeper irony lurks in the swift termination with which nature limits all beauty, satisfaction, life.

All beauty resides in surfaces merely; it is constituted by lines and angles, of which the least disturbance dissipates the vision. All

natural beauty is a phantasmagory, an unreal mockery, to which a sentiment in the soul of the beholder gives all its effect. The glories of sunset, the witchery of rose and gold that lures like the gates of heaven, — what is it but vibrations of an invisible ether struggling through moisture and made visible by impediment? Obstruction in the object, abstraction in the subject, explains the whole secret of the gorgeous cheat. The moon-silvered expanse of ocean seen from your balcony at Newport or Nahant, a vision that draws the soul from the body and laps it in elysium, — what is it but a remnant of that setting sun received second-hand and mixed with unsavory brine?

The moon on the wave is beautiful, and beautiful the landscape bathed in its light. But encounter that orb at dead of night on a desolate road when past the full, just risen above the horizon and level with your eye, gibbous, lurid, portentous, — what irony glares in it! what a tale it tells of a blasted, worn-out, ruined world!

All human beauty is but skin deep, and scarcely that. A little roughening of the cuticle will mar the fairest face, and change beauty to hideousness. What fearful irony leers upon us from the human skull! This was the head, this the divine countenance, of some Helen, some Aspasia or Cleopatra, some Agnes of Meran or Mary of Scotland, on whose eyelids hung the destinies of nations, for whose lips the lords of the earth thought the world well lost, from whose lineaments painters drew their presentment of the Queen of Heaven. How was this cruel metamorphosis wrought? Simply by stripping off the surface. The miraculous bulb was peeled, a layer of tissue removed, and behold the grinning horror! ("Get you to my lady's chamber; tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come.") Hamlet.

The saying of the poet, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is true only when predicated of the image in the mind and of intellectual contemplation. The beauty of *things* is a phantom; the enjoyment the senses have of it, a slippery illusion. A beautiful phenomenon is actually seen but for a moment. A little while, and though present to the eye it is seen no more, as a strain of music ceases to be heard when unduly prolonged. Only the thought survives the image in the mind. As mere sensation, the enjoyment of beauty is fleeting, like all our enjoyments; the more intense, the more evanescent. It is a bitter irony of nature that, whilst grief may last for days and months, all pleasure is momentary. The best that life yields in that kind is an equilibrium of mild content, a poise between joy and pain. Disturb that equilibrium by dropping a sorrow into

the scale, and long time is required to restore the balance. Disturb the equilibrium by adding a new joy, and how soon the beam is straight! We get used and indifferent to our joys; we do not get used to our pains. And yet nature can bear a greater accession of sorrow than of pleasure. Strange to say, the heart will sooner break with joy than grief. On the plane of physical experience there are painful sensations, which, beyond a certain point of aggravation, are fatal, as the strain of the rack has sometimes proved. And there are pleasurable sensations which would be fatal if greatly intensified or prolonged. But note this curious fact, that before the limit of endurance in the latter case is reached the pleasure turns to pain, which shows how limited is physical enjoyment. Bodily pain, on the contrary, never breaks into any falsetto of pleasure, but keeps "due on" its dolorous road till anguish deepens into death.

Of mental emotions, joy in itself is more fatal than sorrow; the only reason why men oftener pine to death than rejoice to death is because occasions of extreme grief are more frequent than occasions of excessive joy.

"If ever," says Faust, in his bargain with Mephistopheles, — "if ever I shall say to the passing moment, 'Tarry, thou art so beautiful,' then you may lay fetters on me, and I will gladly go to perdition." . . .

Meanwhile, nature pursues her course, regardless alike of joy and grief. No sympathy has she with sad or gay, no care to adjust her aspects with our experience, her seasons with our need, or to match with her sky the weather in the soul. She smiles her blandest on the recent battle-field where the hopes of a thousand homes lie withered, and she smites with her tornadoes the ungathered harvest in which the bread of a thousand homes has ripened. She refuses a glint of her sunlight to the ship befogged on a lee shore, and pours it in full splendor on the finished, irreparable wreck. Prodigal of life, she is every moment teeming with births innumerable, and still the drift of death accumulates on the planet. This earth of our abode is all compact of extinct creations, every creature on it a sarcophagus of perished lives, every existence purchased and maintained by sumless deaths. The outstretched landscape, refulgent in the bright June morning, dew-gemmed, vocal with the ecstasies of welcoming birds, suggestive of eternal youth, is a funeral pageant, a part of the fatal procession which takes us with it as we gaze. The fresh enamel laid on by the laughing hours, the festive sheen, the universal face of joy, "the bridal of the earth and sky," when ana-

lyzed, turns to a thin varnish spread over mould and corruption. And amid the myriad-voiced psalm of life that makes the outgoings of the morning glad, is heard, if we listen, the sullen ground-tone of mortality with which nature accompanies all her music.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

William Gilmore Simms was born in Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806. He received but a limited education in one of the grammar schools of the city, and was for some time a clerk in a drug house; but at the age of eighteen he commenced the study of law. He was married at twenty, and at twenty-two was admitted to the bar. After practising a year, he purchased an interest in a newspaper; but this proved a losing venture, as the doctrine of "nullification" was in the ascendant, and Simms was then an advocate for the maintenance of the Federal Union. He resolved to retrieve his fortunes by literary labors, and from that time forward he published, with almost every year, a poem, a novel, a history, or a biography. No writer of modern times has excelled him in industry; but the rapidity with which his works were produced has had its usual effect. None of them show the matured and symmetrical design which marks a work of art, still less the hand of a master in their execution. There are passages of description in many of his novels that are vivid and picturesque, but the style is often redundant, lacking in repose, and scarcely ever free from provincialisms. The characters are like the lay figures of the studio, useful in exigencies and effective in tableaux, but devoid of interest in themselves. The best of his novels are of the historical kind, in which southern life in early times is painted, such as The Yemassee and Guy Rivers. The most of them are irredeemably dull, at least for readers who value their time, and they must surely sink into neglect.

Among his more solid works are the History of South Carolina, and the lives of Generals Francis Marion and Nathanael Greene, Captain John Smith, founder of the Virginia colony, and the Chevalier Bayard. Most of his poems, some fourteen in the whole, are out of print. The best of them is said to be Atalantis, published in New York in 1833. He was also an indefatigable writer for periodicals, having been editor of several southern reviews, and a contributor to a great number of northern magazines. The student who is curious in such matters will find in Appleton's Cyclopædia, Vol. XIV., p. 668, a list of nearly sixty volumes of his works.

Mr. Simms received a considerable fortune by his second marriage, and his works undoubtedly yielded him a handsome income. He was a man of frank and hearty manners and amiable character. He died at Savannah, June 11, 1870.

The extract here given is from the Life of Marion. The work of selection is much like giving a sample from a piece of cloth; his style has a certain level quality, that neither kindles our enthusiasm, nor falls below a respectable mediocrity.

[From the Life of Marion.]

MARION'S career, as a partisan, in the thickets and swamps of Carolina, is abundantly distinguished by the picturesque; but it was while he held his camp at Snow's Island, that it received its highest colors of romance. . . .

Art had done little to increase the comforts or the securities of his fortress. It was one, complete to his hands, from those of

nature — such a one as must have delighted the generous English outlaw of Sherwood forest; insulated by deep ravines and rivers, a dense forest of mighty trees, and interminable undergrowth. The vine and brier guarded his passes. The laurel and the shrub, the vine and sweet scented jessamine, roofed his dwelling, and clambered up between his closed eyelids and the stars. Obstructions, scarcely penetrable by any foe, crowded the pathway to his tent; and no footstep, not practised in the secret, and "to the manner born," might pass unchallenged to his midnight rest. The swamp was his moat; his bulwarks were the deep ravines, which, watched by sleepless rifles, were quite as impregnable as the castles on the Rhine. Here, in the possession of his fortress, the partisan slept secure. . . .

His movements were marked by equal promptitude and wariness. He suffered no risks from a neglect of proper precaution. His habits of circumspection and resolve ran together in happy unison. His plans, carefully considered beforehand, were always timed with the happiest reference to the condition and feelings of his men. To prepare that condition, and to train those feelings, were the chief employment of his repose. He knew his game, and how it should be played, before a step was taken or a weapon drawn. When he himself, or any of his parties, left the island upon an expedition, they advanced along no beaten paths. They made them as they went. He had the Indian faculty in perfection, of gathering his course from the sun, from the stars, from the bark and tops of trees, and such other natural guides, as the woodman acquires only through long and watchful experience. Many of the trails, thus opened by him, upon these expeditions, are now the ordinary avenues of the country. On starting, he almost invariably struck into the woods, and seeking the heads of the larger watercourses, crossed them at their first and small beginnings. He destroyed the bridges where he could. He preferred fords. The former not only facilitated the progress of less fearless enemies, but apprised them of his own approach. If speed was essential, a more direct, but not less cautious route was pursued. . . .

The secrecy with which Marion conducted his expeditions was, perhaps, one of the causes of their frequent success. He intrusted his schemes to nobody, not even his most confidential officers. He consulted with them respectfully, heard them patiently, weighed their suggestions, and silently approached his conclusions. They knew his determinations only from his actions. He left no track behind him, if it were possible to avoid it. He was often vainly

hunted after by his own detachments. He was more apt at finding them than they him. His scouts were taught a peculiar and shrill whistle, which, at night, could be heard at a most astonishing distance. We are reminded of a signal of Roderick Dhu: —

> "He whistled shrill,
> And he was answered from the hill;
> Wild as the scream of the curlew,
> From crag to crag the signal flew."

His expeditions were frequently long, and his men, hurrying forth without due preparation, not unfrequently suffered much privation from want of food. To guard against this danger, it was their habit to watch his cook. If they saw him unusually busied in preparing supplies of the rude, portable food, which it was Marion's custom to carry on such occasions, they knew what was before them, and provided themselves accordingly. In no other way could they arrive at their general's intentions. His favorite time for moving was with the setting sun, and then it was known that the march would continue all night. . . .

These marches were made in all seasons. His men were badly clothed in homespun, — a light wear which afforded little warmth. They slept in the open air, and frequently without a blanket. Their ordinary food consisted of sweet potatoes, garnished, on fortunate occasions, with lean beef. . . .

Their swords, unless taken from the enemy, were made out of mill saws, roughly manufactured by a forest blacksmith. His scouts were out in all directions, and at all hours. They did the double duty of patrol and spies. They hovered about the posts of the enemy, crouching in the thicket, or darting along the plain, picking up prisoners, and information, and spoils together. They cut off stragglers, encountered patrols of the foe, and arrested his supplies on the way to the garrison. Sometimes the single scout, buried in the thick tops of the tree, looked down upon the march of his legions, or hung, perched over the hostile encampment till it slept, then slipping down, stole through the silent host, carrying off a drowsy sentinel, or a favorite charger, upon which the daring spy flourished conspicuous among his less fortunate companions.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., February 27, 1807. His recollections of

"The beautiful town
That is seated by the sea"

are gathered in the touching poem, My Lost Youth. He was graduated in 1825 at Bowdoin College, in the same class with Hawthorne. The next year he was appointed professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, and was allowed the customary leave of absence, that he might make the tour of Europe. On his return he commenced the duties of his chair. While professor at Bowdoin he translated the Coplas de Manrique, and was a contributor to the North American Review. His first original work, entitled Outre Mer, containing his notes of travel, published in 1835, showed refinement of style, and many delicate traits of observation, which were immediately recognized by critical readers. In 1835 he was appointed to a similar professorship at Harvard College, as a successor to Mr. George Ticknor; upon which he made a second visit to Europe, and was absent two years. On his return he commenced his college duties, and held the place until 1854. In 1839 appeared his romance Hyperion, a book that is glowing with poetic thought and instinct with poetic expression. In the same year was published Voices of the Night, a collection that embraces many of his most widely known poems. From that time he was universally acknowledged to be, if not the first, the most popular living poet. Ballads and Other Poems, was printed in 1841, Poems on Slavery in 1842, The Spanish Student, a play, in 1843, Poets and Poetry of Europe in 1845, The Belfry of Bruges in 1845, Evangeline in 1847, Kavanagh, a novel, in 1849, Seaside and Fireside in 1849, The Golden Legend in 1851, The Song of Hiawatha in 1855, The Courtship of Miles Standish in 1858, Tales of a Wayside Inn, 1863, Flower de Luce in 1866, a translation of The Divine Comedy of Dante in 1867, The New England Tragedies in 1868, The Divine Tragedy in 1871, Three Books of Song in 1872.

It is remarkable to observe that every volume has made a positive addition to our stock of ideal portraits and poetical imagery. We might conceive of a Longfellow Gallery, better known and more fondly cherished than the picture galleries of kings. There, in the place of honor hangs Evangeline, sweetest of rustic heroines, turning her sad face away from the desolate Grand Pré. Opposite is the Puritan damsel, Priscilla, with her bashful, clerical lover, and the fiery little captain. In the next panel is the half-frozen sound, over which skims the bold Norseman. There, under the chestnut tree, stands the swart blacksmith, all the love of a father brimming in his eyes. There leans the vast glacier, gleaming in fatal beauty, along whose verge toils upwards the youth with *Excelsior* on his banner. There the airy Preciosa is dancing away the scruples of the archbishop. Here is pictured the Belfry of Bruges, and the groups of people listening to the heavenly chime of its bells. There, shivering in a wintry sea, is the Hesperus, a helpless wreck, driving upon Norman's Woe. Yonder stands Albert Dürer, in a street of his beloved, quaint old Nuremberg. There, on the sculptured stairway, is the Clock, ticking its eternal *Forever! never! Never! forever!* There saunters the dreamy-eyed Sicilian, his dainty mustaches spread like a swallow's wings. Behold the busy throngs about that huge hulk, and see the proud master waving his hand as the signal for the launch! By that empty cradle sits the mother thinking of the dead lamb of her flock. Yonder looms up Strasburg spire, while spirits of the air circle round its pinnacles, and the miracle play goes on below. That is Paul Revere, galloping in the gray of the morning along the road to Concord. In that green spot, with the limitless prairie beyond, stands Hiawatha, looking gloomily westward, whither his path leads him. Lastly, we see a broad frame, on which we read in golden letters the legend, *The Divine Tragedy*. Let us not lightly raise the veil.

Poetry, like music, has some strains suited to every mood of mind, and awakens a sense

of beauty in the simple hearts of the uncultured, as well as in the strong souls of the great and wise; and therefore each possessor of the divine gift attracts his separate followers, and addresses different faculties. But Longfellow is well nigh universal in his sympathies, and so is beloved of all men. If it is urged that one poet is more profoundly imaginative, another more witty or more glowing, it can still be said that his images fill the horizon of widely different minds, and that his verse has a grace, melody, and variety that leave no room for criticism. Every emotion that stirs us finds a response in some of his poems, and we see that his nice art has seized upon the picturesque in nature to form an appropriate setting to each thought. The poetry of Longfellow furnishes, probably, the most signal proof of the benefits conferred by poets upon mankind. It is a gospel of good will set to music. It has carried "sweetness and light" to thousands of homes. It is blended with our holiest affections and our immortal hopes.

[From Outre Mer.]

THE JOURNEY INTO SPAIN.

I PASSED by moonlight the little River Bidasoa, which forms the boundary between France and Spain; and when the morning broke, found myself far up among the mountains of San Salvador, the most westerly links of the great Pyrenean chain. The mountains around me were neither rugged nor precipitous, but they rose one above another in a long, majestic swell, and the trace of the ploughshare was occasionally visible to their summits. They seemed entirely destitute of forest scenery; and as the season of vegetation had not yet commenced, their huge outlines lay black, and barren, and desolate against the sky. But it was a glorious morning, and the sun rose up into a cloudless heaven, and poured a flood of gorgeous splendor over the mountain landscape, as if proud of the realm he shone upon. The scene was enlivened by the dashing of a swollen mountain brook, whose course we followed for miles down the valley, as it leaped onward to its journey's end, now breaking into a white cascade, and now foaming and chafing beneath a rustic bridge. Now and then we rode through a dilapidated town, with a group of idlers at every corner, wrapped in tattered brown cloaks, and smoking their little paper cigars in the sun; then would succeed a desolate tract of country, cheered only by the tinkle of a mule bell, or the song of a muleteer; then we would meet a solitary traveller mounted on horseback, and wrapped in the ample folds of his cloak, with a gun hanging at the pommel of his saddle. Occasionally, too, among the bleak, inhospitable hills, we passed a rude little chapel, with a cluster of ruined cottages around it; and whenever our carriage stopped at the relay, or loitered slowly up the hillside, a crowd of children would gather around us, with little images and crucifixes for sale, curiously ornamented with ribbons and little bits of tawdry finery. . . .

On the following morning we left the town, long before daybreak, and during our forenoon's journey the postilion drew up at an inn, on the southern slope of the Sierra de San Lorenzo, in the province of old Castile. The house was an old, dilapidated tenement, built of rough stone, and coarsely plastered upon the outside. The tiled roof had long been the sport of wind and rain, the motley coat of plaster was broken and time-worn, and the whole building sadly out of repair; though the fanciful mouldings under the eaves, and the curiously carved wood-work that supported the little balcony over the principal entrance, spoke of better days gone by. The whole building reminded me of a dilapidated Spanish Don, down at the heel and out at the elbows, but with here and there a remnant of former magnificence peeping through the loopholes of his tattered cloak.

A wide gateway ushered the traveller into the interior of the building, and conducted him to a low-roofed apartment, paved with round stones, and serving both as a court-yard and a stable. It seemed to be a neutral ground for man and beast — a little republic, where horse and rider had common privileges, and mule and muleteer lay cheek by jowl. In one corner a poor jackass was patiently devouring a bundle of musty straw; in another, its master lay sound asleep, with his saddle-cloth for a pillow; here a group of muleteers were quarrelling over a pack of dirty cards, and there the village barber, with a self-important air, stood laving the alcalde's chin from the helmet of Mambrino. On the wall a little taper glimmered feebly before an image of St. Anthony; directly opposite these a leathern wine-bottle hung by the neck from a pair of ox-horns; and the pavement below was covered with a curious medley of boxes, and bags, and cloaks, and pack-saddles, and sacks of grain, and skins of wine, and all kinds of lumber.

A small door upon the right led us into the inn kitchen. It was a room about ten feet square, and literally all chimney; for the hearth was in the centre of the floor, and the walls sloped upwards in the form of a long, narrow pyramid, with an opening at the top for the escape of the smoke. Quite round this little room ran a row of benches, upon which sat one or two grave personages smoking paper cigars. Upon the hearth blazed a handful of fagots, whose bright flame danced merrily among a motley congregation of pots and kettles, and a long wreath of smoke wound lazily up through the huge tunnel of the roof above. The walls were black with soot, and ornamented with sundry legs of bacon, and festoons of sausages;

and as there were no windows in this dingy abode, the only light which cheered the darkness within came flickering from the fire upon the hearth, and the smoky sunbeams that peeped down the long-necked chimney.

[From Hyperion.]

"WHERE should the scholar live? In solitude, or in society? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of Nature beat; or in the dark, gray town, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, gray town. O, they do greatly err, who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees. Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the land of song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass; — and to be in this, and be a part of this, acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing, with his fellow-men — such, such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armor should be somewhat bruised by rude encounters even, than hang forever rusting on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut in between the walls of houses, and having merely the decorations of street scenery. A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as Challey bridged the Sarine in Switzerland, and Telford the sea between Anglesea and England, with chain bridges. These

are the great themes of human thought — not green grass, and flowers, and moonlight. Besides, the mere external forms of Nature we make our own, and carry with us everywhere by the power of memory."

"I fear, however," interrupted Flemming, "that in towns the soul of man grows proud. He needs at times to be sent forth, like the Assyrian monarch, into green fields, 'a wondrous wretch and weedless,' to eat green herbs, and be wakened and chastised by the rain shower and winter's bitter weather. Moreover, in cities there is danger of the soul's becoming wed to pleasure, and forgetful of its high vocation. There have been souls dedicated to heaven from childhood, and guarded by good angels as sweet seclusions for holy thoughts, and prayers, and all good purposes, wherein pious wishes dwelt like nuns, and every image was a saint; and yet in life's vicissitudes, by the treachery of occasion, by the thronging passions of great cities, have become soiled and sinful. They resemble those convents on the River Rhine, which have been changed to taverns; from whose chambers the pious inmates have long departed, and in whose cloisters the footsteps of travellers have effaced the images of buried saints, and whose walls are written over with ribaldry and the names of strangers, and resound no more with holy hymns, but with revelry and loud voices."

"Both town and country have their dangers," said the Baron, "and therefore, wherever the scholar lives, he must not forget his high vocation."

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the canonnade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accurséd instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time; —

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old, marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarméd air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star, —
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!"
JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Half way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,

Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O, precious hours! O, golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLEHEAD

WE sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O, flames that glowed! O, hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,

Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.
Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.
Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.
Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, "Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."
Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.
And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.
Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

SEA-WEED.

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides:
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, erelong
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate; —

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

GEORGE LUNT.

George Lunt was born in Newburyport, Mass., in the year 1807. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1824, studied law, and commenced practice in his native town. He removed to Boston in 1848, when he was appointed United States district attorney. He has written a number of poems of more than ordinary merit, but it is chiefly by his strong and manly prose that he has won his place among authors. Mr. Lunt has been a constant contributor to the newspaper press, and for many years was editor of the Boston Courier, and many of his published essays appeared first in that paper. Mr. Lunt is a strong conservative in his opinions, and, like other earnest men, does not allow his readers to miss the lessons which he draws from history for their benefit. His style is vigorous and often eloquent, showing the culture of a scholar as well as the power of sustained thought. A volume of his poems was published in 1839. The Age of Gold, a poem, appeared in 1843, Culture in 1845, The Dove and the Eagle in 1851, Lyric Poems in 1854, Julia in 1855, Eastford, a novel, in 1855, Three Eras of New England in 1857, Radicalism in Religion, Philosophy, and Social Life, in 1858, The Origin of the Late War, traced from the Beginning of the Constitution to the Revolt of the Southern States in 1867.

[From Three Eras of New England.]

FOR never again can there be such preparation and such a result. No unexplored continent is again to cheer the eye of the long-baffled and almost despondent mariner — now doubted, as if it must be only some delusive cloud, and now rehailed with the joyful cry of "Land!" as it rises, low and distant, under the eyelids of the morning, along the dim horizon of the dreary main. Never again, by some yet unborn Columbus, will a new world be given to the kingdom of Castile and Leon. Never again will human memorials be emblazoned with the enduring record of all their

"better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom."

Never will be re-lighted the gospel-kindling fires of Smithfield; never be re-written a like affecting story of the unexampled exile of Leyden; never such a history of that one perilous traverse of the unknown deep; — instead of the southern verdure which hope had fondly anticipated and portrayed, to picture the bare, blank aspect of that wild, inhospitable sand cape, to tell of the half-timorous yet half-hostile greeting of the savage, of the biting and bitter welcome of winter, and all from which the heart shrinks, as the eye wanders over that simple narrative of dangers where there was no fear, and sufferings where there was no despair. For my own part, I care little for the natural imperfections of such men. It is superfluous to defend the founders of New England. A vain and thankless task is his, who attempts to under-estimate their virtues, or to detract from the majestic proportions of the gray fathers of the people. Their personal faults passed with them into the grave; their just principles and noble actions survived and blossomed into a living harvest of sacred and immortal memory. . . .

If nothing else had ever been written in their favor, there are two records, at least, which will last forever to their praise. When the first colony which fled from the persecutions of home, on the eve of their departure for their future habitation in the wilderness, was now about to bid that final and most affecting farewell to those hospitable arms, which Christian Holland had opened for their refuge, the magistrates of Leyden solemnly declared that during their residence of twelve years, — which we well know were years of almost unparalleled trials and privations, — "these English" had not troubled the city with a single suit or any sort of controversy; and the greatest historian in England, regarding their religious opinions with disdain, and their political tendencies with a strongly-defined and systematic hostility, yet pronounced, "so absolute was the authority of the crown, that the precious spark of liberty had been kindled by the *Puritans alone*, and it was to this sect that the English owe the whole freedom of their constitution.

—

[From the Uses and Abuses of the Daily Press.]

And what would we not gladly give for *some* old newspapers, which suggest themselves as amongst the possibilities of the imagination? Bring us in, if you please, a file of the Crusader. I should like to look over again the telegraphic report of that stirring sermon of Peter the Hermit, which raised Europe out of itself,

and sent the flower and chivalry and the yeomanry of Christendom, for a cause of the heart, if not of the understanding, to do battle and perish, piously and thankfully, on the burning plains of Syria. Let us read, as they transpired, the events of that pictured narrative, which has intermingled with the tissue of the world's history one broidered filament of golden romance, lasting as its annals, and, now and forever, twining itself inextricably around all the social relations of civilized life. What price would be too dear, for an Independent Press, for example, or the Daily Clarion, of the period, proclaiming, in trumpet tones, its denunciation of that brutal Henry of England, who made a shambles of his loves; or of his still bloodier daughter, who slew the innocent for their faith? . . .

Or, what should we say to the Puritan Recorder, of 1620, faintly portraying the inexpressible emotions of Carver, and Bradford, and Brewster, and Standish, and the rest, as they launched upon the scarcely traversed ocean of their pilgrimage, to brave the commingled yet conflicting elements of the coming winter and the unknown sea, and left, with lingering looks, the home of their human affections, that they might peacefully commune, in the exile of a savage land, with the dearer home of their souls!

And yet who would care to see glittering blazonry of human history sobered down the homely daub of utilitarian philosophy, or reduced within the petty compass of a pen-and-ink sketch? Who would wish that all the sacred and tender mysteries of life should be accurately sounded, and surveyed, and mapped out before his eyes, and every gleaming headland on the vast ocean of time, taken in its bearings and distances, with the clear and sober certainty of geometrical analysis? I rejoice that there is yet something uncertain, secret, mysterious, indefinable, grand — altogether out of the scope of the peering researches and shallow philosophy, and hasty, unreflecting speculations of the day. I rejoice that there are yet left gaps and fissures, along the royal highway of Time, beyond all engineering art to level and subdue, which only Imagination can fill up with her own deepening colors, and people with forms, and shapes, and fancies of her own legitimate creation.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, Me., January 20, 1807. He was graduated at Yale College in 1827. Some of his most popular poems, including his Scripture Sketches, were written while he was in college. He established the American Monthly Magazine in 1828, which, after an existence of two or three years, was merged in the New York Mirror. A small volume of his Fugitive Poetry was published in Boston in 1829. He went to Europe in 1831, and while on his tour wrote a series of letters for the Mirror, entitled Pencillings by the Way. His journey ended in England in 1835, where the Pencillings were published, in a collected form, in three volumes, and where the author was married. His next work, Inklings of Adventure, appeared in 1836, and was republished in the United States. The following year Mr. Willis returned home, and settled at Glenmary, near Owego, N. Y. After two years he revisited England, and, in 1840, published Letters from Under a Bridge, and, shortly after, Loiterings of Travel, also two dramas, entitled Two Ways of Dying for a Husband. In 1845 he published another collection of sketches, entitled Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil. About a year later the Home Journal was established by our author, in connection with Mr. George P. Morris, the song-writer. He published, in 1848, a collection, entitled Poems of Early and After Years. The remaining works of Mr. Willis are mostly reprinted from the columns of the Journal. They are Rural Letters (1849), People I Have Met (1850), Life Here and There (1850), Hurry Graphs (1851), Memoranda of a Life of Jenny Lind (1851), Fun Jottings (1853), A Health Trip to the Tropics (1853), A Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean (1853), Famous Persons and Places (1854), Out Doors at Idlewild (1854), The Rag Bag (1855), Paul Fane, a novel (1856), The Convalescent (1860).

His health had been delicate for many years, as may be inferred from some of the titles of his works, but the disease had been resisted and kept in check by country life and active habits. He died in January, 1867.

Mr. Willis had great natural gifts. His perceptions were quick; his instinctive sense of color and of harmony pervades both prose and verse; his spirits were so lively that he could never be dull, whatever other offences he might commit. His landscapes and rural scenes are so exquisitely painted that we are sure his love of country life was his strongest feeling. But he could never have been a studious recluse; there was always a telegraph or carrier-pigeon, or letter, or what not — something that brought the news and gossip of the great world, and told the interesting hermit what "society" thought of his latest letter or poem. This same "society" is answerable for the author's most serious faults. His early stories and sketches abound in stanhopes, blooded horses, champagne, star-eyed poets, and glorious damsels. That style of writing, flippant, *Frenchy*, and dashing (and fascinating too, as we must allow it to be), would seem to have originated with Bulwer's Pelham, if that self-satisfied Adonis had ever taken the trouble to write anything. To play the double rôle of hard-working author and squire of dames, to correct proof in the morning when one is meditating the *bons mots* for the evening, is too much of a burden. And we rather wonder, in view of the life he must have led, that he retained, as he did, his early freshness of feeling, and wrote so much that was admirable. That his pictures should reflect too faithfully the superficial glitter of fashion, the unworthy ambitions of artificial life, and, above all, the affectations that mark the speech and the manners of "society," was not to be avoided. Genius has no business with such people.

The Fable for Critics, which we have quoted before, contains a witty sketch of our author, in which there are a few lines, referring to the Letters from Under a Bridge, that show a warm appreciation.

> "No volume I know to read under a tree
> More truly delicious than his *A l'Abri*,

With the shadows of leaves flowing over your book,
Like ripple-shades netting the bed of a brook;
With June coming softly your shoulder to look over,
Breezes waiting to turn every leaf of your book over,
And Nature to criticise still as you read, —
The page that bears that is a rare one indeed."

The Scripture scenes have been the most popular of Willis's poems, and they have the merit of preserving the pathos and much of the simplicity of the original narrations.

Mr. Willis had a kindly and generous nature, full of sympathy, especially to young writers. He was doubtless annoyed by the receipt of letters, from all sorts of people, as successful authors always are; but, unlike some of his brethren, he always had a kind, sensible, and judicious answer to give. There are many who will remember this trait with deep gratitude.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam, under the Old South bell,
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air:
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shadow has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel —
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell —
Chime of the hour or funeral knell —
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer, —
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,

Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with filméd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.
Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot like mine is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

[From Melanie.]

IV.

A CALM and lovely paradise
Is Italy, for minds at ease.
The sadness of its sunny skies
Weighs not upon the lives of these.
The ruined aisle, the crumbling fane,
The broken column, vast and prone —
It may be joy, it may be pain,
Amid such wrecks to walk alone.
The saddest man will sadder be,
The gentlest lover gentler there —
As if, whate'er the spirit's key,
It strengthened in that solemn air.

The heart soon grows to mournful things,
And Italy has not a breeze
But comes on melancholy wings;
And even her majestic trees
Stand ghostlike in the Cæsar's home,
As if their conscious roots were set
In the old graves of giant Rome,
And drew their sap all kingly yet!

And every stone your feet beneath
Is broken from some mighty thought;
And sculptures in the dust still breathe
The fire with which their lines were wrought;
And sundered arch, and plundered tomb,
Still thunder back the echo, "Rome."

Yet gayly o'er Egeria's fount
The ivy flings its emerald veil,
And flowers grow fair on Numa's mount,
And light-sprung arches span the dale;
And soft, from Caracalla's baths,
The herdsman's song comes down the breeze,
While climb his goats the giddy paths
To grass-grown architrave and frieze;
And gracefully Albano's hill,
Curves into the horizon's line;
And sweetly sings that classic rill;
And fairly stands that nameless shrine;
And here, O, many a sultry noon,
And starry eve, that happy June,
Came Angelo and Melanie!
And earth for us was all in tune —
For while Love talked with them, Hope walked
apart with me.

—

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

The shadows lay along Broadway —
'Twas near the twilight tide —
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air,
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair —
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true —
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo —
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair —
A slight girl, lily-pale ;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail —
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow,
For this world's peace to pray ;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way !
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven,
By man is cursed alway.

[From Inklings of Adventure.]

A SCENE ON NAHANT BEACH.

We recline, as it were, in an ebon pyramid, with a hundred feet of floor and sixty of wall, and the fourth side open to the sky. The light comes in mellow and dim, and the sharp edges of the rocky portal seem let into the pearly arch of heaven. The tide is at half ebb, and the advancing and retreating waves, which at first just lifted the fringe of crimson dulse at the lip of the cavern, now dash their spray-pearls on the rock below, the "tenth" surge alone rallying as if in scorn of its retreating fellows, and, like the chieftain of Culloden Moor, rushing back singly to the contest. And now that the waters reach the entrance no more, come forward and look on the sea. The swell lifts ! — would you not think the bases of the earth rising beneath it ? It falls ! — would you not think the foundation of the deep had given way ? A plain, broad enough for the navies of the world to ride at large, heaves up evenly and steadily as if it would lie against the sky, rests a moment spellbound in its place, and falls again as far — the respiration

of a sleeping child not more regular and full of slumber. It is only on the shore that it chafes. Blessed emblem! it is at peace with itself! The rocks war with a nature so unlike their own, and the hoarse din of their border onsets resounds through the caverns they have rent open; but beyond, in the calm bosom of the ocean, what heavenly dignity! What god-like unconsciousness of alarm! I did not think we should stumble on such a moral in the cave.

By the deeper base of its hoarse organ, the sea is now playing upon its lowest stops, and the tide is down. Hear! How it rushes in beneath the rocks, broken and stilled in its tortuous way, till it ends with a washing and dull hiss among the seaweed, and, like a myriad of small tinkling bells, the dripping from the crags is audible. There is fine music in the sea!

And now the beach is bare. The cave begins to cool and darken, and the first gold tint of sunset is stealing into the sky, and the sea looks of a changing opal, green, purple, and white, as if its floor were paved with pearl, and the changing light struck up through the waters. And there heaves a ship into the horizon, like a white-winged bird lying with dark breast on the waves, abandoned of the sea breeze within sight of port, and repelled even by the spicy breath that comes with a welcome off the shore. She comes from "merrie England." She is freighted with more than merchandise. The homesick exile will gaze on her snowy sail as she sets in with the morning breeze, and bless it; for the wind that first filled it on its way swept through the green valley of his home! What links of human affection brings she over the sea? How much comes in her that is not in her "bill of lading," yet worth, to the heart that is waiting for it, a thousand times the purchase of her whole venture! . . .

Slowly, Thalaba! Tread gingerly down this rocky descent. So, here we are on the floor of the vasty deep. What a glorious race-course! The polished and printless sand spreads away before you as far as the eye can see, the surf comes in below, breast high ere it breaks, and the white fringe of the sliding wave shoots up the beach, but leaves room for the marching of a Persian phalanx on the sands it has deserted. O, how noiselessly runs the wheel, and how dreamily we glide along, feeling our motion but in the resistance of the wind, and by the trout-like pull of the ribbons by the excited animal before us! Mark the color of the sand! White at high-water mark, and thence deepening to a silvery gray as the water has evaporated

less — a slab of Egyptian granite in the obelisk of St. Peter's not more polished and unimpressible. Shell or rock, weed or quicksand, there is none; and mar or deface its bright surface as you will, it is ever beaten down anew, and washed even of the dust of the foot of man by the returning sea. You may write upon its fine-grained face with a crow-quill, you may course over its dazzling expanse with a troop of chariots.

CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON.

Cornelius Conway Felton was born at Newbury, Mass., November 6, 1807. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1827. He taught a high school in Geneseo, N. Y., for two years, after which he became a tutor in Harvard. In 1832 he was appointed professor of the Greek language, and, two years later, professor of Greek literature. In this congenial position he remained until, in 1860, he was chosen president of the university. He made a tour of Europe in 1853–4, and again in 1858, — the last time on account of his failing health. He was in the city of Washington on the occasion of the inauguration of President Buchanan, and was a guest at the National Hotel at the time of the supposed wholesale poisoning, that caused so many deaths. The origin of that mysterious disease will probably never be known, but Professor Felton believed that it was arsenical poison, and he frequently declared that he should never recover from its effects. His anticipations proved true; his health gradually declined, and he died Feb. 26, 1862.

Professor Felton's life was an active one, but most of his time was devoted to the special department he had chosen, and his contributions to original literature are not numerous. He published editions of the Greek classics, — among them Homer, The Clouds and the Birds of Aristophanes, the Agamemnon of Æschylus. He delivered three courses of lectures, before the Lowell Institute, upon subjects connected with Grecian history and literature. A volume of these lectures was published in 1867, after his death. Another posthumous work of his, Familiar Letters from Europe, was published in 1865. He performed a great amount of literary labor, the value of which only scholars can appreciate, such as the preparation of articles for cyclopædias and for literary and critical periodicals. He was a vigorous writer, possessing strong common sense, with unaffected enthusiasm for learning, and a temper of unfailing cheerfulness. There was a heartiness in his manner, and in all he did, that secured universal respect and good will.

The extract we have here printed will show, in some measure, his feelings towards the city to whose art and letters he had devoted his life.

ATHENS, November 6, 1853.

LET me now tell you more fully than in my last letter how I spent my first Sunday in Athens. In the forenoon I heard Dr. King, the American missionary, preach to a small assembly of Greeks, in his own house, in Greek; an excellent sermon, to every word of which I could cordially assent. Then I took a copy of the Greek New Testament, and, walking round the Acropolis by the street of the Tripods, and along the upper ranges of the Dionysiac Theatre, passed the Odeion of Herodes Atticus and the Propylæa, down into the valley

on the north of the Acropolis, and up the stone steps to the Areopagus. I read the admirable discourse of St. Paul, standing, as he did, "in the midst of Mars' Hill." I read it five times, from beginning to end, — twice aloud, in presence of the same natural features of the scene that lay before his eyes, and many of the grandest objects of art that he saw, ruinous, but still sublime. The discourse in the Acts is evidently only a sketch of the sermon as it was delivered, but I think it embraces all the main points. Standing there, on an elevated rock, "in the midst of Mars' Hill," silent, with the Acropolis before me, covered with fragments of idols and ruins of "temples made with hands," the seats of the Areopagites around me scarcely traceable, and crumbling with age and the weather, and no one to occupy them except the fancied forms of the Epicureans and Stoics who encountered St. Paul, I could well understand the noble eloquence with which the apostle spoke to his curious hearers of the "God that made the world and all things therein," who is "Lord of heaven and earth, and dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

These words are even more striking now than they were when St. Paul uttered them. Then these glorious temples stood entire, and the statues that peopled or surrounded them seemed like an assembly of gods; now the gods are prostrate, or carried away to adorn the museums of distant lands. Heads, arms, legs, mutilated bodies, majestic and beautiful indeed, but thrown down from their high places and broken in pieces, or laboriously put together by the antiquary, are all that remain around the ruinous and time-stained columns which stand so mournfully on the spot which they once made the central point of Grecian worship. Surely the apostle's words sound more solemn after eighteen centuries have wrought so tremendous an argument for their truth. If any temples built by human hands deserved to be the dwelling-place of God, it was the temples on the Acropolis; and what are they now? Wonderfully do those old columns, friezes, and architraves stand out against an Attic evening sky; wonderfully do they reflect the rays of the sun, as he comes up in his morning splendor, over the ridges of Hymettus. But God is in the setting and the rising sun; he is enthroned on the blue arch of the sky; he looks down from yonder crescent moon that hangs over the Acropolis; his breath is the soft air which sweeps over those beautiful mountains and these spreading plains: but surely he dwelleth not in the mouldering temples, made by human hands, however cunning. St. Paul, having so powerfully declared this truth, passes on with admirable tact, and brief but

effective eloquence, to the brotherhood of men, and the future judgment of the world by the Saviour, and closes most impressively with the resurrection of the dead.

From his first allusion to the unknown God, he kept as close as possible to the range of Grecian thought. For Greeks had conceived, in their better moments, of the unity of God and his spiritual nature; one of their poets — quoted happily by St. Paul — had declared that men were the children of God; the doctrine of repentance had dawned upon the souls of Socrates and Plato, and a future judgment was distinctly believed and taught in their schools: but, when he spoke of the resurrection of the dead, he suddenly overleaped the boundaries of Grecian thought, and left his hearers in amazement, gaining, however, some proselytes, "among the which was Dionysius, the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them."

After an hour or two on the Areopagus, I walked across the deserted hollow to the prison of Socrates. Here I sat down on a rocky seat, and read the two dialogues, — the Criton and Phædon of Plato, — the scene of which is placed here. They contain, I have no doubt, the substance of the conversations of Socrates with his disciples, during the last two days of his life, and are remarkable for the truly Christian character of the moral and even the religious doctrines taught by that incomparable man. It must have been within a few feet of the place where I sat that these conversations were held. . . .

When, towards sunset, I walked away from that consecrated prison, the scenes and conversations, so vividly represented by Plato, seemed to have just taken place; and as I looked up to the Areopagus, on which the sun was still shining, I seemed to hear the voice of Paul, enforcing and perfecting, by divine authority, the doctrines as to duty and immortality, towards which Socrates had felt his way by the guidance of reason alone. The sunlight on the Areopagus, compared with the shades of Socrates's prison, seemed a type of revelation, contrasted even with the best and clearest deductions of the unassisted human mind.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in Haverhill, Mass., in December, 1807. He worked on his father's farm till his eighteenth year, when he attended the academy for two years. His mental discipline and his skill in writing came from his early connection with the newspaper press. He edited a political newspaper in Boston, afterwards a literary weekly at Hartford, Conn., and later an anti-slavery journal at Philadelphia. He was also corresponding editor, for many years, of the National Era, at Washington. His early religious education among the society of Friends had made him a strong opponent of slavery. One of his earliest prose works (1833) was a discussion of that question; and the volume of poems, that first gave him reputation, was entitled Voices of Freedom. His principal prose works are Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal (1836), a forcible sketch of Puritan intolerance, Old Portraits and Modern Sketches (1850), and Literary Recreations (1854). His poems were collected in an elegant volume in 1850. Other volumes appeared later: Songs of Labor in 1851, The Chapel of the Hermits in 1852, The Panorama in 1856, Home Ballads in 1860, In War Time in 1863, Snow Bound in 1865, The Tent on the Beach in 1867, Among the Hills in 1868, The Pennsylvania Pilgrim in 1872.

If there is one in our age whom all men will admit to have been born a poet, it is Whittier. He is less indebted to art, to scholastic culture, to the influences of literary companionship, and to other adventitious aids, than any of his brethren. To him "the universe swims in an ocean of similitudes," and the images he sees and embodies in verse appear to him unsought. The few and simple elements of the landscapes in his native Essex — bleak hills, broad marshes, and the sea — have been as fertile in suggestions to him as though he had all his life been loitering in Eden. Those who from prejudice had failed to see the genius that shone in his fiery lyrics, were, after a time, forced to admire the pensive beauty of The Last Walk in Autumn, the pathetic grace of Maud Muller, the intense realism of the winter idyl of Snow Bound, the vivid picture of Skipper Ireson's Ride, and the bright and tender memories of The Barefoot Boy.

But the sensibilities of our poet have not been touched by landscapes and ideal pictures alone: he is the poet of man as well as of nature. Though shy and reserved, he has not shut himself up in fastidious seclusion, but has borne in his own heart the sorrows of the poor and the wronged. He is a fiery apostle of human brotherhood, and has chanted anathemas against war, and every form of cruelty and superstition.

Had Whittier been over-solicitous about classical allusions and elegance of phrase, the charm of freshness might have vanished from his verse. His muse is a country maid, with a free step, exuberant health, and natural graces; and though she has no need to stand abashed before courtly dames, her favorite haunts are by the sea-shore or the lakes of the north; and when she comes among men, it is to show, to those whose vision has been cleared to see, that heroism is not merely legendary, and that an aureole of heavenly light still hovers over every scene where an act of duty, whether high or humble, is bravely done.

Whittier is eminently a national poet. His mind is in full sympathy with the progressive ideas of the new world. He echoes no strains from foreign singers, and has no thought of a foreign audience. What he has written is a product as natural and indigenous as our golden maize or our magnolia blooms.

It is surprising, too, in looking over his collected poems, to notice their high, uniform merit. We do not mean what is sometimes termed a "level excellence;" the uniformity is like that of a grand chain of mountains. The quantity of verse from a single mind that is really inspired, fairly wrought in artistic form, with thought and melody in perfect accord, is generally to be found in a small bulk. How many pages of the standard poets must be skipped by the most tolerant reader! But Whittier is as profuse with gems as lesser bards are with imitations. Even the space of an essay would give room for mentioning only the more striking passages.

In all collections of our literature made by Englishmen, the want of appreciation is painfully evident. But we cannot forbear saying here, that there are now living in this country at least five poets for whom the English have only two peers — Browning and Tennyson: and for those in all lands who read modern verse in English, and are sufficiently cultivated to know and enjoy poetry, the productions of American poets constitute a large portion of their entertainment.

Mr. Whittier lives in Amesbury, Mass. His health is delicate, and his visits to the city are very infrequent. His name is never mentioned but with respect and love.

PROEM.

I LOVE the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often Labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

EVENING BY THE LAKE-SIDE.

YON mountain's side is black with night,
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming crown
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles
And tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains seem,
Dim-looming through the pale, still light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
Hushed by that presence grand and grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide beyond yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake!

Farewell! around this smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health, and Life in bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may stray
In radiant summers yet to come;

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I;
Or, distant, fonder dream how eve
Or dawn is painting wave and sky;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay;
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purpled mountains lead the day;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering here,
Shall add, to life's abounding joy,
The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

Forever from the Hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall;
And, soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

O, watched by Silence and the Night,
And folded in the strong embrace
Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower
Of beauty still; and while above
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
Be thou the mirror of God's love.

[From The Last Walk in Autumn.]

I.

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched hands
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,
I see, beyond the valley lands,
The sea's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,

And, for the summer bloom and greenness gone,
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn atone.

II.

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar-plume of the golden-rod.
And on a ground of sombre fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild-rose.

III.

With mingled sound of horns and bells,
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,
Like a great arrow through the sky,
Two dusky lines converged in one,
Chasing the southward-flying sun;
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them stay.

IV.

I passed this way a year ago:
The wind blew south; the noon of day
Was warm as June's; and save that snow
Flecked the low mountains far away,
And that the vernal-seeming breeze
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,
I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind at play.

V.

Since then, the winter blasts have piled
The white pagodas of the snow
On these rough slopes, and, strong and wild,
Yon river, in its overflow
Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,
Crashed with its ices to the sea;
And over these gray fields, then green and gold,
The summer corn has waved, the thunder's organ rolled.

VI.

Rich gift of God! A year of time!
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our Northern clime
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,
What airs outblown from ferny dells,
And clover-bloom and sweetbrier smells,
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and flowers,
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its round been ours!

VII.

I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and go;
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow!
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale.

VIII.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails;
And he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to prayer!

IX.

The eye may well be glad, that looks
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.
The marble palaces of Ind
Rise round him in the snow and wind;
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Hafiz smiles,
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland aisles.

X.

And thus it is my fancy blends
The near at hand and far and rare;
And while the same horizon bends
Above the silver-sprinkled hair
Which flashed the light of morning skies
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,
Within its round of sea, and sky, and field,
Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos stands revealed.

XVII.

What greetings smile, what farewells wave,
What loved ones enter and depart!
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
The Heaven-lent treasures of the heart!
How conscious seems the frozen sod
And beechen slope whereon they trod!
The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry grass bends
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or absent friends.

XVIII.

Then ask not why to these bleak hills
I cling, as clings the tufted moss,
To bear the winter's lingering chills,
The mocking spring's perpetual loss.
I dream of lands where summer smiles,
And soft winds blow from spicy isles,
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be sweet,
Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my feet!

XIX.

At times I long for gentler skies,
And bathe in dreams of softer air,
But homesick tears would fill the eyes
That saw the Cross without the Bear.
The pine must whisper to the palm,
The north-wind break the tropic calm;
And with the dreamy languor of the Line,
The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to beauty join.

XX.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

XXI.

Home of my heart! to me more fair
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,
The painted, shingly town-house where
The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!
The simple roof where prayer is made,
Than Gothic groin and colonnade;
The living temple of the heart of man,
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired Milan!

XXIII.

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,
And perch along these wooded swells;
And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
Nor woman winged before her time,
But with the faults and follies of the race,
Old home-bred virtues held their not unhonored place.

XXV.

Then let the icy north-wind blow
The trumpets of the coming storm,
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
Yon slanting lines of rain transform.
Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,
As gayly as I did of old;
And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

XXVI.

And I will trust that He who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as He hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine;
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star!

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good of suffering born, —
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,
And ripen like her corn.

O, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies!

O, give to us her finer ear!
Above this stormy din,
We too would hear the bells of cheer
Ring peace and freedom in!

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace.
From my heart I give thee joy —
I was once a barefoot boy!

Prince thou art — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black-wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread, —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy.

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know the joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

[From Snow Bound.]

THE sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent,
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;

And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

. . . .

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back, —
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

. . . . .

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about.
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast

Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog, on his paws outspread,
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

. . . .

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks;
In moons, and tides, and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine,
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
Like Apollonius of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
Or Hermes, who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus said;
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,
As Surrey hills to mountains grew
In White of Selborne's loving view; —
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew,
From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
Went fishing down the river-brink.
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

. . . .

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
O, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago: —
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow,
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

. . .

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends — the few
Who yet remain — shall pause to view
These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

RICHARD HILDRETH.

Richard Hildreth was born in Deerfield, Mass., June 28, 1807. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1826, and, after reading law in Newburyport, removed to Boston, and commenced practice. In 1832 he became the editor of the Boston Atlas. Being in delicate health, he went to the South in 1834, and resided for a year and a half on a plantation. This experience suggested to him the idea of writing a novel founded on the vicissitudes in the life of a slave. Archy Moore, which appeared on his return, was therefore the first anti-slavery novel. It was republished in England, and favorably received. But Mr. Hildreth's mind was not suited to writing fiction, nor did he care for any rhetorical arts. The titles of his works show what were his favorite studies. He translated Bentham's Theory of Legislation from the French. He wrote a History of Banks, Despotism in America, which was a discussion of the subject of slavery, also a Theory of Morals, and a Theory of Politics. These last works were written while he was a resident in Demerara. His most important work is his History of the United States, in six volumes, published between 1849 and 1852, and bringing the narrative down to 1820. This is a work evincing great industry, independent judgment, and unswerving adherence to facts as he saw them. The style is singularly clear and pure, and the arrangement of details perspicuous. There is not a passage of "fine writing" or declamation in it; in which respect it contrasts favorably with Bancroft's History. It is as if he had said to his countrymen, "If you want to know what has really happened in the settlement of this country and in the foundation of the government, you can read these pages; but if you want eloquence and political disquisitions, look elsewhere." The impression left by Hildreth's History is not favorable to Jefferson and his followers; his hero (if sober history be allowed to have a hero!) is Hamilton. Whether the view of Bancroft or that of Hildreth be the true one, no critic can now with certainty affirm. Every history of this country so far has been based upon more or less partial statements, and upon such letters as have been permitted to see the light. Each historian has made such selections as will make effective pictures, and place the actors in what he considers their true relative positions. Undoubtedly many letters exist, which some future explorer, like Carlyle, may bring to light, and, by their aid, give a new color to characters and events. It is too soon for the success of such an undertaking as yet. This generation is not ready to accept as true the traits of any accurate portrait of the fathers, nor to believe that our governmental fabric had its rise among precisely such selfish intrigues, struggles, and aspersion of motives as are prevalent to-day.

Mr. Hildreth published a work, entitled Japan as it Was and Is, a compilation of value. He was connected at one time with the New York Tribune, and was an industrious writer for other periodicals.

His frame was slender, and his health was always delicate. He died at Florence in July, 1865.

[From the History of the United States.]

THE DEATH OF HAMILTON.

It was not at all in the spirit of a professed duellist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted this extraordinary challenge, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character bandied about in conversation and the newspapers for two or three years past. The practice of duelling he utterly condemned ; indeed, he had himself been a victim to it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some two years previously. As a private citizen, as a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments, as a husband loving and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family, as a debtor honorably disposed, whose creditors might suffer by his death, he had every motive for avoiding the meeting. So he stated in a paper which, under a premonition of his fate, he took care to leave behind him. It was in his character of a public man ; it was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, rising high above all personal and private considerations, — a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however in this instance uncalled for and mistaken, — that he accepted the fatal challenge. "The ability to be in future useful," — such was his own statement of his motives, — "whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular."

With that candor towards his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished, but of which so very seldom, indeed, did he ever experience any return, he disavowed in this paper — the last he ever wrote — any disposition to affix odium to Burr's conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling towards Burr any personal ill will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. These animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconstruction or misinformation ; yet his censures had not proceeded on light grounds nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution, which he left on record, and communicated also to his second, to withhold and

throw away his first fire, and perhaps even his second; thus giving Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect.

The grounds of Weehawken, on the Jersey shore, opposite New York, were at that time the usual field of these single combats, then, chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of political feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The bargemen, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon mutually agreed upon, remained, as usual, at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses. The parties having exchanged salutations, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces, loaded the pistols, made the other preliminary arrangements, and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal, Burr took deliberate aim, and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side, and as he fell, his pistol too was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him, apparently somewhat moved; but on the suggestion of his second, the surgeon and bargemen already approaching, he turned and hastened away, Van Ness coolly covering him from their sight by opening an umbrella. The surgeon found Hamilton half lying, half sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. "Doctor," he said, "this is a mortal wound;" and immediately fainted, as if overcome by the effort of speaking. As he was carried across the river the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the country, he was conveyed at once to the house of a friend, where he lingered twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-command to the last. . . .

In Hamilton's death the Federalists and the country experienced a loss second only to that of Washington. Hamilton possessed the same rare and lofty qualities, the same just balance of soul, with less indeed of Washington's severe simplicity and awe-inspiring presence, but with more of warmth, variety, ornament, and grace. If the Doric in architecture be taken as the symbol of Washington's character, Hamilton's belonged to the same grand style as developed in the Corinthian — if less impressive, more winning. If we add Jay for the Ionic, we have a trio not to be matched, in fact not to be approached, in our history, if, indeed, in any other. Of earth-born Titans, as terrible as great, now angels, and now toads and serpents, there are everywhere enough. Of the serene and benign sons of the celestial gods, how few at any time have walked the earth!

[From Japan as it Was and Is.]

JAPAN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE doctrine of the transmigration of souls, one of the most distinguishing tenets of the Buddhist faith, had not failed to confirm the Japanese in a distaste for animal food, which had originated, perhaps, from the small number of animals natives of that insular country — an abstinence, indeed, which even the ancient religion of Sinto had countenanced by denouncing as impure the act of killing any animal, or being sprinkled with the slightest drop of blood. Of domestic tame animals, the Japanese possessed from time immemorial the horse, the ox the buffalo, the dog, and the cat; but none of these were ever used as food. The Portuguese introduced the sheep and the goat; but the Japanese, not eating their flesh nor understanding the art of working up their wool or hair, took no pains to multiply them. The Chinese introduced the hog; but the eating of that animal was confined to them and to other foreigners. The deer, the hare, and the wild boar were eaten by some sects, and some wild birds by the poorer classes. The fox was hunted for its skin, the hair of which was employed for the pencils used in painting and writing. The animal itself, owing to its roguery, was believed to be the residence of particularly wicked souls — an idea confirmed by many strange stories in common circulation. The tortoise and the crane were regarded in some sort as sacred animals, never to be killed nor injured. Whales of a small species were taken, then as now, near the coast, and were used as food, as were many other kinds of fish, the produce of the sea and rivers. Shell-fish and certain sea-weeds were also eaten in large quantities.

The soil of Japan, being of volcanic origin, was in some places very fertile; but in many parts there were rugged and inaccessible mountains, the sides of which, not admitting the use of the plough, were built up in terraces cultivated by hand. Agriculture formed the chief occupation of the inhabitants, and they had carried it to considerable perfection, well understanding the use of composite manures. The chief crops were rice, which was the great article of food; barley, for the horses and cattle; wheat, used principally for vermicelli; and several kinds of peas and beans. They cultivated, also, a number of seeds, from which oils were expressed; likewise cotton, hemp, the white mulberry for the feeding of silk-worms (silk being the stuff most in use), and the paper mulberry for the manufacture of paper. To these may be added the camphor tree, which

grew, however, only in the south-western parts of Ximo, the *Rhus vernix*, which produces the celebrated Japanese varnish, and the tea-plant, spoken of by one of the early Portuguese missionaries as "a certain herb called Chia, of which they put as much as a walnut shell may contain into a dish of porcelain, and drink it with hot water." From rice they produced by fermentation an intoxicating drink, called *saki*, which served them in the place of wine, and which was consumed in large quantities. A yeast, or rather vinegar, produced from this liquor, was largely employed in the pickling of vegetables. Their most useful woods were the bamboo, the fir of several species, and the cedar.

They understood in perfection the arts of weaving silks and of moulding porcelain, and excelled in gilding, engraving, and especially in the use of lacker or varnish. They also were able to manufacture sword-blades of excellent temper.

As in other Eastern countries, the greater nobles exhibited an extreme magnificence; but trade and the arts were held in low esteem, and the mass of the people were excessively poor. Their buildings, though they had some few solid structures of stone, were principally light erections of wood, to avoid the effects of frequent earthquakes; but this and the varnish employed exposed them to conflagrations, which, in the towns, were frequent and destructive. These towns consisted, for the most part, of very cheap structures (like most of those throughout the East), so that cities were built and destroyed with equal ease and celerity.

Their commerce was limited almost entirely to the interchange of domestic products, a vast number of vessels, of rather feeble structure, being employed in navigating the coasts of the islands, which abounded with deep bays and excellent harbors.

Of the sciences, whether mathematical, mixed, or purely physical, they knew but little. They had, however, a considerable number of books treating of religion, medicine, and their history and traditions. The young were instructed in eloquence, poetry, and a rude sort of painting and music, and they had a great fondness for theatrical representations, in which they decidedly excelled. Their writing, in which they greatly studied brevity, was in columns, as with the Chinese, from the top to the bottom of the page, for which they gave this reason: that writing ought to be a true representation of men's thoughts, and that men naturally stood erect. These columns read from right to left. They employed, besides the Chinese ideographic

signs, a syllabic alphabet of their own, though in many works the Chinese characters were freely introduced.

Jurisprudence, as in most Eastern countries, was a very simple affair. The laws were very few. Heads of families exercised great power over their households. Most private disputes were settled by arbitration; but where this failed, and in all criminal cases, a decision was made on the spot by a magistrate, from whom there was seldom any appeal. The sentences were generally executed at once, and often with very great severity. Whether from their temperament or their belief in the doctrines of transmigration and annihilation, it was observed that the Japanese met death with more courage than was common in Europe. It was, indeed, a point of honor, in many cases, to inflict it on themselves, which they did in a horrid manner, by cutting open their bowels by two gashes in the shape of a cross. The criminal who thus anticipated execution secured thereby the public sympathy and applause, saving his property from confiscation, and his family from death; and, upon the death of superiors or masters, the same fate was often, as a mark of personal devotion and attachment, self-inflicted; and sometimes, also, in consequence of a disgrace or affront, to escape or revenge which no other means appeared. The missionaries especially noted in the Japanese a pride, a self-respect, a haughty magnanimity, a sense of personal honor, very uncommon in the East, but natural characteristics enough of a people who had never been conquered by invaders from abroad; while the great vicissitudes to which they were exposed — all vassals generally sharing the fate of their superiors — made them look upon the goods and evils of fortune in a very philosophical spirit.

EDMUND QUINCY.

Edmund Quincy was born in Boston, February 1, 1808, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1827. He studied law, but has never practised the profession, being, as he once jocosely styled himself, "a reformed lawyer." He has written a great number of letters and other articles for periodicals, characterized by a peculiar and often pungent wit. He published, in 1854, a novel entitled Wensley, a Story without a Moral. It has a racy New England flavor, and was much enjoyed by those familiar with the manners of fifty years ago. In 1867 he published a life of his father, Josiah Quincy, a work of great interest as a biography and as a contribution to our national history, and exhibiting clearly the literary culture, taste, and judgment of the author.

Mr. Quincy resides at Dedham, in one of those spacious old houses which few men in our century know how to build, and fewer still how to enjoy.

[From the Life of Josiah Quincy.]

A PICTURE OF THE TIME OF 1790.

BOSTON, though the second town in importance in the United States, contained but eighteen thousand inhabitants. It was full of "garden-houses," such as lingered in London as late as Milton's time, and in one of which he once lived. Many of its streets — and Pearl Street was one of them — resembled those of a flourishing country town rather than of the capital of a sovereign state. Cows were pastured, long since this century came in, where the thick houses of a dense population now crowd one another for room. Boys played ball in the streets without disturbance, or danger from the rush of traffic. The Common was then, and for a quarter of a century later, properly and technically "a common," upon which every inhabitant had the right of pasturing his cow. These "milky mothers," indeed, were very prominent members of society at that time, and for long afterwards, and had, or took, the freedom of the city with a perfect self-complacency, perambulating the streets at their own free will and pleasure. The same privileges and immunities were enjoyed by them in Boston that were extended then, and until within my own observation, in New York, to less pastoral and uncleaner beasts. Those were days of small things and slow communications. The American cities and communities were then individual and distinct in their characteristics, to a degree scarcely conceivable in these days of multiplied population and universal travel. A journey to New York, then a small city of thirty thousand souls, was a much rarer event in life then than a voyage to Europe now. It took nearly as long, and was attended with greater danger and discomfort. Two stage-coaches and twelve horses sufficed for the travel between the two chief commercial places on the continent in 1790, and the journey consumed a week. The visits of strangers were rare events, and always the occasions of general and eager hospitality. The Boston of that day was a pleasant place to live in. It was well recovered from the financial embarrassments which accompanied and followed the revolutionary war; and the revival of commerce, and the opening of fields to the enterprise of the merchants, closed against them in the days of colonial dependence, were the cause of a great and growing prosperity.

The intercourse of the cultivated society for which Boston was distinguished was conducted on simple and easy terms. The hours were early. Private parties were elegant, according to the style of

the time, but infrequent in comparison with friendly gatherings of a more informal and unceremonious kind. Public assemblies collected the principal inhabitants once a fortnight in Concert Hall, where the minuet and country-dance yet held their own against revolutionary innovations. . . .

I was curious to know how my father's recollections of the personal appearance of Washington agreed with the popular descriptions and pictorial representations of it with which we are all familiar. He was not an imaginative man, and never dressed his heroes in the colors of fancy. No man had a profounder reverence for Washington than he, but this did not affect his perceptions of physical phenomena, nor his recollections of them. My mother, on the contrary, was "of imagination all compact," and Washington was in her mind's eye, as she recalled him, more than a hero — a superior being, as far above the common race of mankind in majesty and grace of person and bearing as in moral grandeur. This was one of the few subjects on which my father and mother differed in opinion. He maintained that Stuart's portrait is a highly idealized one, presenting its great subject as the artist thought he ought to live in the minds of posterity, but not a strong resemblance of the actual man in the flesh. He always declared that the portrait by Savage, in the college dining-room in Harvard Hall, at Cambridge, was the best likeness he had ever seen of Washington, though its merits as a work of art are but small. With this opinion my mother could not away. Stuart's Washington could hardly come up to the gracious figure that dwelt in her memory. One day, when talking over those times in his old age, I asked my father to tell me what were his recollections of Washington's personal presence and bearing. "I will tell you," said he, "just how he struck me. He reminded me of the gentlemen who used to come to Boston in those days to attend the General Court from Hampden or Franklin County, in the western part of the state. A little stiff in his person, not a little formal in his manners, not particularly at ease in the presence of strangers, he had the air of a country gentleman not accustomed to mix much in society, perfectly polite, but not easy in his address and conversation, and not graceful in his gait and movements." . . .

One of his [Mr. Quincy's] favorite schemes was the substitution of hawthorn hedges for the old-fashioned rail fence of New England. They kept themselves in repair, he would say, and so saved the expense of renewing the fences of dead wood, which was a material item in the cost of farming. At one time his whole farm was fenced only

with this verdurous wall, and the system worked exceeding well as long as the cattle were kept in the stalls. But when, in 1823, he was obliged to give up the supervision of his paternal acres for that of the city of Boston, and the tenant to whom he let them insisted on pasturing his cows, the hedges were found not to be equal to the occasion. A hedge might be sufficient to restrain the wanderings of the civilized cattle of England, which had been accustomed to be led into fat pastures for generations; but it was otherwise with the hardy kine of New Hampshire and Vermont, whence the herds of the lowland country were chiefly recruited, which, brought up to browse in the woods and on the mountains, made little account of any obstacle that offered itself in the shape of green leaves and twigs. The thorns they seemed to regard as an appetitizing condiment, — a kind of *sauce piquante*, — thrown in to increase the pleasure of the meal. So, in the end, rail fences had to be provided to protect the hedges from the beasts. However, his experiment settled the hedge question as far as New England was concerned.

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

George Stillman Hillard was born in Machias, Me., September 22, 1808. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1828, after which he studied law, and settled in Boston, where he has ever since resided. He has paid a divided homage to law and literature, and has been distinguished at the bar as well as among writers. He has delivered several able discourses on public occasions, in which he has exhibited brilliant qualities of style, and the results of reading and culture. He visited Europe in 1847, and on his return delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute. His notes of travel, under the title of Six Months in Italy, relate mostly to ancient and mediæval art, and have what seems to be a permanent value. Unlike the journals of most tourists, this work attracts new readers with every year, and is as fresh to-day as when it appeared. He has published a selection from the works of Walter Savage Landor, and an edition of Spenser in five volumes. He has written many valuable articles for the Christian Examiner and the North American Review, and is the author of a widely-known series of school readers.

One of the extracts here given is from an address delivered in 1846, which is noticeable as one of the earliest attempts to show the influences of physical geography upon the history of mankind.

[From a Lecture on the Relations between Geography and History.]

THE peninsula of Greece is remarkable, among the countries of Europe, for those peculiarities which distinguish Europe itself from the other quarters of the globe — for the number of its natural divisions, and its extent of sea-coast compared with its surface. Though not so large as Portugal, its extent of sea-coast is greater than that of Italy, and twice as great as that of France. Peloponnesus is so

embayed and indented by the sea that it has been aptly likened to the human hand, stretched out, with the fingers apart. Thus the voice of the sea was ever sounding in the ears of the Greek, and from every mountain height its blue waters were seen sparkling in the clear distance. It essentially contributed to the formation of that bold, active, and enterprising spirit which characterized the people. The murmur of its waves is constantly heard in the literature of Greece, as in that of England. The poetry of Homer is full of ocean influences. Its author must have been familiar with the sea in all its moods, and from childhood "laid his hand upon its mane," like that strong swimmer of our own age, from whom these words are taken, but who, unlike the old Greek bard, drew from the ocean not the spirit of its central repose, but its bitterness, its turbulence, and its foam. The attachment of the Greeks to the sea is illustrated by an anecdote, which has come down to us, of a Greek islander, who, when he was carried to see the beautiful vale of Tempe, coldly remarked, "This is well; but where is the sea?"

Greece, too, was as much a land of the mountain as of the flood. It is a region of plains and hollows, lying in the laps of steep mountain ranges, which can in many places be traversed only by narrow passes, where the footing is difficult and dangerous. States lying near each other were completely isolated by mountain barriers. Hence it came that Greece was occupied by many distinct communities, differing in dialect and in civil and religious institutions, whose struggles and rivalries afforded a constant excitement to the minds of the inhabitants. This explains the fact why the history of Greece is so crowded with events, is so fruitful in political instruction, and is also one reason of the beauty and variety of its literature. Of the various dialects of Greece, no one degenerated into a vulgar or provincial *patois*, but each was a refined language, used to express the conceptions best suited to its peculiar character. . . .

Turning from Laconia to Attica, we perceive a marked difference in the physical characteristics of the two countries. Attica is a peninsula of small extent, with valleys opening upon the coast, which abound with commodious harbors, and inviting, by its position, the commerce of Asia. Its soil was light and poor, producing flowers and fragrant shrubs in abundance, and well adapted to the olive, but not of depth and body enough for the growth of wheat. Though laboriously and skilfully cultivated, its produce was never sufficient to supply the wants of the inhabitants. On the other hand, Attica had mines of silver and abundant quarries of marble.

Thus the Athenians were urged to a maritime life, alike by the wealth and the poverty of their country, and they early became bold and successful navigators. The passage from Greece to Asia is rendered easy by that group of beautiful islands, which extends, like a succession of natural stepping-stones, from one continent to the other. A glance at the map suggests the obvious explanation of those relations of protection and dependence which so long existed between Athens and these islands. We see how natural it was for that powerful maritime city to bind these ocean gems into a coronet for her brow of sovereignty. Athens, by its position, was exposed to assault, and was consequently more than once captured.

There were other elements common in various degrees to the whole of the Grecian peninsula, which aided in the wonderful development of the human mind which there took place. The air was remarkable for its clearness and purity, as is shown by the excellent preservation in which those monuments of art are still found which have been so fortunate as to escape the destroying hand of man. The climate was admirably suited to develop both body and mind. The winters were severe in some places, but generally there was warmth without heat, and coolness without cold. The cold of winter was tempered by the genial sea-breezes, and the heats of summer mitigated by the bracing winds from the mountains, many of whose peaks were covered with snow during the whole year. The soil, with very few exceptions, was of that kind which stimulates and rewards labor; not of tropical luxuriance, but richly repaying the husbandman's toil. Thus all the influences that were around the ancient Greek were adapted to quicken, animate, and inspire; to give muscular power and nervous sensibility; to create active minds in vigorous bodies; and there is the same analogy between the energetic and practical character of the Greek intellect and the forms and expressions of nature in Greece which we observe between the dreamy and speculative cast of the Oriental mind and the exhausting heats and monotonous plains of the East.

[From an Address before the Mercantile Library Association, 1850.]

THE DANGERS AND DUTIES OF THE MERCANTILE PROFESSION.

We are inclined to pursue too keenly, and to value too highly, what is called success in life, which means a good estate, a distinguished social position, power, influence, and consideration. All the elements that mould the growing mind tend to strengthen this

passion. Open the common biographies which are written for our children, and what do you find set down in them? This man, when he was a boy, was docile, diligent, and frugal; he studied hard; he was never idle, and never naughty; he made friends; he acquired knowledge; he laid up all the money that he earned. And what was the result? He became prosperous, and powerful, and rich; he held high offices and enjoyed great honors, and was esteemed and exalted. If you do likewise, you will be what he was, and gain what he gained.

This is but another form of appealing to the love of excelling, rather than the love of excellence — that inferior motive, which, though it may quicken the faculties, dims the beauty of the soul. I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not suceeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven has been said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity.

Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good — from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," but there are forms of greatness, or at least of excellence, which "die and make no sign;" there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.

In the mercantile profession, the acquisition of property is the obvious index of success. A successful merchant is a rich merchant. The two ideas can hardly be disjoined. Thus the universal passion for the prizes of life is apt, in your case, to take its lowest form — that of the love of money. I would hold up no fanatical or ascetic views of life for your admiration and applause. Wealth brings noble opportunities, and competence is a proper object of pursuit; but wealth, and even competence, may be bought at too high a price. Wealth itself has no moral attribute. It is not money, but the love of money, which is the root of all evil. It is the relation between wealth and the mind and the character of its possessor which is the essential thing. It is the passionate, absorbing, and concentrated pursuit of wealth, — the surrendering of the whole being to one despotic thought, — the starving of all the nobler powers, in order to glut one fierce and clamorous appetite — against which I warn you. This form of idolatry will not only check intellectual growth, but it is adverse to

all the delicacies and refinements of virtue. I know that there is a certain coarse morality which draws its nutriment from the soil of its dustiest heart.

I know that to steal, and commit forgery, and swindle, lead, in the long run, to poverty as well as to shame. But there is a border-land between unblushing knavery and virgin honesty, into which successful forays may be made under the cloud of night and secrecy. We say that honesty is the best policy, but no man was ever honest who acted from mere policy; and it is also not true that the best honesty is the best policy.

The most serviceable honesty, like the most current coin, is that in which the fine gold of virtue is mingled with the alloy of worldly thrift. The most successful man of business, other things being equal, is he whose habitual course of dealing is so far upright as to admit of occasional slight deviations, and thus give the color of integrity to acts in themselves doubtful. There is such a thing as a "losing honesty," which never deliberates, and never parleys, which is as pure as the snow "that's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er;" an honesty sometimes crowned with brilliant success, but more commonly dwelling with modest fortunes and a lowly estate.

EDWARDS A. PARK.

Edwards A. Park was born in Providence, R. I., December 29, 1808. He was graduated at Brown University in 1826, received his theological education at Andover, Mass., and was settled in 1831 as pastor of a church in Braintree. In 1835 he was appointed professor of moral and intellectual philosophy in Amherst College, and a year later resigned to accept a chair at Andover, where he has since resided.

Professor Park's published works have naturally grown out of his professional studies, and are mostly doctrinal in their character. He edited the Writings of the Rev. William Bradford Homer, with a Memoir, the Writings of Professor B. B. Edwards, with a Memoir. He wrote a work entitled the Preacher and Pastor, and, with collaborators, published a volume of Hymns, also a treatise on hymnology, entitled Hymns and Choirs. He has contributed to current theological literature, and has been one of the editors of the Bibliotheca Sacra from the beginning. His published discourses on various occasions have gained for him a commanding position in his denomination. His sermons are weighty with thought, simple in diction, direct in their motive and argument, and leave a deep impression upon the mind. He must be considered as one of the ablest of the clergy, and a leading representative of the modern school of New England theology.

[From Address before the American Education Society, May 30, 1865.]

AT the present time ministers need treasures of knowledge, not only in defending the truth, but also in making it attractive. It must be made attractive; for it must not remain true, as it is now true,

that the larger part of our countrymen habitually absent themselves from the house of God. The surest method of inducing men to frequent the sanctuary is that of exhibiting the facts and principles of the gospel according to the laws of the human mind. Our fathers exhibited the truth in a style adapted to their day. But the same style is not adapted to the present day. Every age has its own methods of thought. Our school-boys are learning sciences of which our ancestors never dreamed. The taste of the populace is refined and enriched by arts unknown to the universities of former times. The student must begin his work early, and tarry at it long, if he would learn the fitnesses of doctrine, as now proved and now illustrated, to move the mind of men, as it is now stored with ideas and made sensitive and delicate by culture. Unless the pastor adapt his methods of thought to the existing state of his hearers' sensibilities, he works against the laws which God has made. These laws God will honor. The neglect of them God will not honor. We have no more reason to expect that he will bless the ministry which sets at defiance the mental forces ordained of heaven, than that he will bless the mechanic who uses the lever and the screw in defiance of the principles on which the lever and the screw act. The preacher can do nothing without God, but so far forth as he is a co-worker with God, he has power, not indeed his own, but divine. He who made the forces of nature made them to be helpers of man, and if we comply with the methods in which these forces work, we are amazed at their results. We put up our wires on the top of poles over which the lightning travels, as our post-boy, to carry our mails for us. We weave our cotton and wool on grounds where we employ the law of gravitation, as a spinster, to turn our wheels for us. Those were shrewd men of Boston, who, if they had been trained theologians, would have been wise men; for they erected their grist-mills on a spot where the moving tides rolled the machinery around, and thus they made use of the moon, as a miller, to grind their corn. Still more, if a minister devoutly comply with the laws of mind, may he employ them as the winds to be his messengers, and as the lightning to be his servants. But if he utter the truth with affected tones, prim, finical gestures, or in any indolent, or inflated, or unfeeling method, and then complain that his hearers are inattentive because they are totally depraved, his complaint is ungraceful, for his elocution is totally corrupt. If he fill his sermons with truisms, vapid exhortations, incoherent thoughts, and then say that the pews are empty because those who ought to be in them are sinners by nature,

he makes a one-sided statement, for he is lazy by nature, and has not schooled himself in learning and obeying the laws of the human soul. If he will raise the spiritual building, he must study the fitnesses of the tenon to the mortise. . . .

The Puritan worship demands the art of extemporaneous yet accurate speech, expressing solid, well-ordered, yet fresh, out-gushing thought; an art which requires more discipline than any other from the human artist, and when fairly attained is the most amazing development of the divine skill on earth, developing at once the noblest faculties of the body and the soul of the speaker and the hearer. The Puritan worship demands an art of song, which will animate devotion, and will at the same time be devotion; an art which the pastor must understand, and must excite the children of his parish to cultivate. We would address the *ear* in the sanctuary, not by such music as flatters economical men with the notion that they can enjoy just as fine a display at the church as at the opera, and avoid paying for an opera ticket; not by such music as prompts the worshippers to inquire, "Was not that piece well executed?" "Was not that a skilful performance?" Not by such music as sends men home conversing about the *interludes* of the organ, rather than thinking about the sentiments which lay hidden between the interludes, but by such psalmody as will not obtrude itself for criticism; such as is the voice of the prayer of the congregation. We would address the *eye* in the sanctuary, not by massive pillars which stand between the preacher and his hearers, and hide them from each other; not by lofty walls which drown articulate speech in an unintelligible echo; but by such a style of architecture as gives a distinct, definite sound to the speaker's voice, and predisposes men to cherish the faith which "cometh by hearing;" such a style of architecture as will not make the sanctuary a cathedral on the one hand, nor a lyceum lecture-room on the other hand; but a sacred place, peculiar, set apart, still a place *fitted for man as man*, and therefore giving to the speaker and the hearer pure air, as a symbol and a means of pure instruction; admitting the light of heaven, which is a symbol of spiritual light, and enables the hearers to commune with their preacher, to carry on a dialogue with him, they seeing his eye, and he discerning whether they be awake or asleep, doubting or believing, resisting his message or trying to understand it; so may he speak to them the word in season. A dim religious light is in good taste for a mausoleum; a clear, evangelical light is in keeping with the worship of Him who is honored not by mysticism and hazy sen-

timentalism, but by clear thought and unstained principle. The perfection of art in the sanctuary is to make all its forms elastic, so that they will bend with the turning course of Providence, with the winding of right sentiment. Where there is parade in worship, there is no true art; where the fresh love of the soul is not expressed in free utterance, . . . there is no true art. Where the temple of truth is hidden under and behind the scaffolding of it, there art has only begun its work, and not been able to finish.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1829. He received his degree of M. D. in 1836, after some years of study, both at home and in medical schools abroad. He was chosen professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College in 1838, and was called to the same chair in Harvard College in 1847.

Dr. Holmes commenced writing poetry at an early age. Referring now to those first attempts, with the impressions of later triumphs in mind, we are almost surprised at the beauty of many lines, as under the splendor of a declining day we see beauties not revealed to us in the morning landscape. Terpsichore, Urania, and Poetry, a Metrical Essay — these are good names with which to conjure up forms of youthful grace. And those after-dinner poems — who can refrain from envying the college "dons" their enjoyment of that delicious dessert?

Upon the establishment of the Atlantic Monthly in 1857, Dr. Holmes commenced a series of papers entitled The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. This proved to be a literary event, and the appearance of each successive number raised the fame of the author still higher. The next year he followed the happy invention by a series on a similar plan, entitled The Professor at the Breakfast Table. Elsie Venner, a psychological novel, appeared in 1861, and The Guardian Angel in 1867. Another series of delightful essays, entitled The Poet at the Breakfast Table, was begun in the Atlantic, January, 1872.

He has also published a number of medical works, and addresses, and a very powerful essay upon the functions of the brain, entitled Mechanism in Thought and Morals.

There are authors whose qualities are ascertained by a not very difficult analysis. The intellect of Holmes, though manifesting many and strongly-marked attributes, eludes all tests, preserves its individuality, and remains unclassified among original elements. When we think of the familiar confidences of the Autocrat, we might liken him to Montaigne. But while the parallel is being considered, we come upon passages so full of tingling hits or of rollicking fun, that we are sure we are mistaken, and that he resembles no one so much as Sydney Smith. But presently he sounds the depths of our consciousness, explores the concealed channels of feeling, flashes the light of genius upon our half-acknowledged thoughts, and we see that this is what neither the great Gascon nor the hearty and jovial Englishman could have attempted. We are equally puzzled when we would consider his verse. The alternations of tender sentiment, humor, and mirthful satire might remind us of Hood. His lyrics have the high spirit of the best pieces of Campbell. The charming simplicity and delicate feeling of other poems recall the songs of Béranger. Then we see that he is like them all, or rather like neither. Some of his stanzas have a compactness, finish, and lustre that we may fairly call Horatian; no one since Pope has condensed so much power into lines of such elastic movement.

Though he has written prose and verse with equal success, and would have been famous in either field, still all his works are pervaded by the same original and characteristic traits. It is difficult to consider his poetry by itself when there is constantly breaking into our inner chamber of judgment a troop of recollections from the Autocrat: Wit, with glittering eye and assailing forefinger; Irony, with mouth awry, one side of the face severe, and the scornful tongue in the cheek of the other; Puns, like Siamese twins in harlequin suits, turning somersaults; grave figures in dominoes, with the port of Lord Bacon, or the mocking smile of Voltaire; and white-robed Sentiment, her tender bosom heaving, her dewy tears scarce brushed away, and she mortally afraid of being made ridiculous by some prank of the merry company.

And if in the same silent session we were to take up the most brilliant of his prose works, we should hardly turn half a dozen leaves without coming upon some lyric of the sea or the street, some delicate strain of remembered love, or sterling lesson of duty, or scholastic legend with a sting in its tail; and we should declare that Holmes was simply and purely a poet.

In the Table Talk the miracle is, that one mind could so long, from its own resources, as from a quarry, furnish those monoliths of wisdom, those sculptured forms of beauty, and blazing gems of illustration. A clever writer might comment forever upon daily events or current literature, as Sainte-Beuve did in his *Causeries du Lundi;* but to turn inward his look, to interest an indifferent public solely in his own bright, strange, deep, and wayward thoughts and fancies, to suggest subtile resemblances and remote associations between the outer and inner world, to invest intellectual processes with such a charm as to make each reader fancy himself (for the time) another Plato, and then to close each conversation with a hymn of fitting beauty, — to be able so to illuminate our "thought's interior sphere" is a task not for a *genie*, but a genius.

Holmes has undoubtedly suffered in the estimation of the unthinking as the author of comic verses. As he himself says, they

> "suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon the shoot,
> As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at the root."

But if he had never perpetrated a joke he would have been one of the most original of essayists; and when the world forgets the sallies that have set tables in a roar, and even the lyrics that have set a nation's heart on fire, still his picture of the ship of pearl will preserve his name forever.

[From the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.]

BOATING.

For the past nine years I have rowed about, during a good part of the summer, on fresh or salt water. My present fleet on the river Charles consists of three row-boats. 1. A small, flat-bottomed skiff, of the shape of a flat-iron, kept mainly to lend to boys; 2. A fancy "dory," for two pairs of sculls, in which I sometimes go out with my young folks; 3. My own particular water-sulky, a "skeleton" or "shell" race-boat, twenty-two feet long, with huge outriggers, which boat I pull with ten-foot sculls — alone, of course, as it holds but one, and tips him out if he doesn't mind what he is about. In this I glide around the Back Bay, down the stream, up the Charles to Cambridge and Watertown, up the Mystic, round the wharves, in the wake of steamboats, which leave a swell after them delightful to rock upon; I linger under the bridges — those "caterpillar bridges,"

as my brother professor so happily called them; rub against the black sides of old wood-schooners; cool down under the overhanging stern of some tall Indiaman; stretch across to the Navy Yard, where the sentinel warns me off from the Ohio — just as if I should hurt her by lying in her shadow; then strike out into the harbor, where the water gets clear and the air smells of the ocean — till all at once I remember that if a west wind blows up of a sudden, I shall drift along past the islands, out of sight of the dear old State House, — plate, tumbler, knife and fork all waiting at home, but no chair drawn up at the table; all the dear people waiting, waiting, waiting, while the boat is sliding, sliding, sliding into the great desert, where there is no tree and no fountain. As I don't want my wreck to be washed up on one of the beaches in company with devil's-aprons, bladder-weeds, dead horse-shoes, and bleached crab-shells, I turn about and flap my long, narrow wings for home. When the tide is running out swiftly, I have a splendid fight to get through the bridges, but always make it a rule to beat — though I have been jammed up into pretty tight places at times, and was caught once between a vessel swinging round and the pier, until our bones (the boat's, that is) cracked as if we had been in the jaws of Behemoth. Then back to my moorings at the foot of the Common, off with the rowing-dress, dash under the green, translucent wave, return to the garb of civilization, walk through my garden, take a look at my elms on the Common, and, reaching my habitat, in consideration of my advanced period of life, indulge in the Elysian abandonment of a huge recumbent chair.

When I have established a pair of well-pronounced feathering-calluses on my thumbs, when I am in training so that I can do my fifteen miles at a stretch without coming to grief in any way, when I can perform my mile in eight minutes or a little less, then I feel as if I had old Time's head in chancery, and could give it to him at my leisure.

THE MELLOWING PROCESS OF TIME.

YOU don't know what I mean by the *green state?* Well, then, I will tell you. Certain things are good for nothing until they have been kept a long while; and some are good for nothing until they have been kept and *used.* Of the first, wine is the illustrious and immortal example. Of those which must be kept and used I will name three — meerschaum pipes, violins, and poems. The meer-

schaum is but a poor affair until it has burned a thousand offerings to the cloud-compelling deities. It comes to us without complexion or flavor — born of the sea-foam, like Aphrodite, but colorless as *pallida Mors* herself. The fire is lighted in its central shrine, and gradually the juices which the broad leaves of the Great Vegetable had sucked up from an acre, and curdled into a drachm, are diffused through its thirsting pores. First a discoloration, then a stain, and at last a rich, glowing, umber tint spreading over the whole surface. Nature true to her old brown autumnal hue, you see — as true in the fire of the meerschaum as in the sunshine of October! And then the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! He who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awakening the old joys that hang around it as the smell of flowers clings to the dresses of the daughters of the house of Farina!

[Don't think I use a meerschaum myself, for *I do not*, though I have owned a calumet since my childhood, which from a naked Pict (of the Mohawk species) my grandsire won, together with a tomahawk and beaded knife-sheath, paying for the lot with a bullet-mark on his right cheek. On the maternal side I inherit the loveliest silver-mounted tobacco-stopper you ever saw. It is a little box-wood Triton, carved with charming liveliness and truth; I have often compared it to a figure in Raphael's Triumph of Galatea. It came to me in an ancient shagreen case; how old it is I do not know, but it must have been made since Sir Walter Raleigh's time. If you are curious, you shall see it any day. Neither will I pretend that I am so unused to the more perishable smoking contrivance that a few whiffs would make me feel as if I lay in a ground-swell on the Bay of Biscay. I am not unacquainted with that fusiform, spiral-wound bundle of chopped stems and miscellaneous incombustibles, the *cigar*, so called, of the shops — which to "draw" asks the suction-power of a nursling infant Hercules, and to relish, the leathery palate of an old Silenus. I do not advise you, young man, even if my illustration strike your fancy, to consecrate the flower of your life to painting the bowl of a pipe, for, let me assure you, the stain of a reverie-breeding narcotic may strike deeper than you think for. I have seen the green leaf of early promise grow brown before its time under such Nicotian regimen, and thought the umbered meerschaum was dearly bought at the cost of a brain enfeebled and a will enslaved.]

Violins, too — the sweet old Amati! the divine Stradivarius!

Played on by ancient *Maestros* until the bow-hand lost its power, and the flying fingers stiffened. Bequeathed to the passionate young enthusiast, who made it whisper his hidden love, and cry his inarticulate longings, and scream his untold agonies, and wail his monotonous despair. Passed from his dying hand to the cold *virtuoso*, who let it slumber in its case for a generation, till, when his hoard was broken up, it came forth once more and rode the stormy symphonies of royal orchestras, beneath the rushing bow of their lord and leader. Into lonely prisons with improvident artists; into convents from which arose, day and night, the holy hymns with which its tones were blended; and back again to orgies in which it learned to howl and laugh as if a legion of devils were shut up in it; then again to the gentle *dilettante*, who calmed it down with easy melodies until it answered him softly as in the days of the old *maestros*. And so given into our hands, its pores all full of music; stained, like the meerschaum, through and through, with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies which have kindled and faded on its strings.

Now I tell you a poem must be kept *and used*, like a meerschaum or a violin. A poem is just as porous as the meerschaum, — the more porous it is, the better. I mean to say that a genuine poem is capable of absorbing an indefinite amount of the essence of our own humanity, — its tenderness, its heroism, its regrets, its aspirations, — so as to be gradually stained through with a divine secondary color derived from ourselves. So, you see, it must take time to bring the sentiment of a poem into harmony with our nature by staining ourselves through every thought and image our being can penetrate.

Then, again, as to the mere music of a new poem; why, who can expect anything more from that than from the music of a violin fresh from the maker's hands? Now you know very well that there are no less than fifty-eight different pieces in a violin. These pieces are strangers to each other, and it takes a century, more or less, to make them thoroughly acquainted. At last they learn to vibrate in harmony, and the instrument becomes an organic whole, as it were a great seed capsule, which had grown from a garden-bed in Cremona, or elsewhere. Besides, the wood is juicy and full of sap for fifty years or so, but at the end of fifty or a hundred more gets tolerably dry and comparatively resonant.

Don't you see that all this is just as true of a poem? Counting each word as a piece, there are more pieces in an average copy of verses than in a violin. The poet has forced all these words together,

and fastened them, and they don't understand it at first. But let the poem be repeated aloud, and murmured over in the mind's muffled whisper often enough, and at length the parts become knit together in such absolute solidarity that you could not change a syllable without the whole world's crying out against you for meddling with the harmonious fabric.

WHO ARE DISTURBED BY REFORMS.

DID you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges? and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick, or your foot, or your fingers under its edge, and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, "It's done brown enough by this time"? What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous, or horny-shelled — turtle-bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed like Lepine watches (Nature never loses a crack or a crevice, mind you, or a joint in a tavern bedstead, but she always has one of her flat-pattern live timekeepers to slide into it); black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage-coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, young larvæ, perhaps more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity! But no sooner is the stone turned, and the wholesome light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them which enjoy the luxury of legs — and some of them have a good many — rush round wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats, from the region poisoned by sunshine. *Next year* you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhyth-

mic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being.

The young fellow whom they call John saw fit to say, in his very familiar way, — at which I do not choose to take offence, but which I sometimes think it necessary to repress, — that I was coming it rather strong on the butterflies.

"No," I replied; "there is meaning in each of those images — the butterfly as well as the others. The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes which are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity. Then shall beauty — Divinity taking outlines and color — light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the beatified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings had not the stone been lifted.

—

I HAVE lived by the sea-shore and by the mountains. No, I am not going to say which is best. The one where your place is is the best for you. But this difference there is: you can domesticate mountains, but the sea is *feræ naturæ*. You may have a hut, or know the owner of one, on the mountain-side; you see a light half way up its ascent in the evening, and you know there is a home, and you might share it. You have noted certain trees, perhaps; you know the particular zone where the hemlocks look so black in October, when the maples and beeches have faded. All its reliefs and intaglios have electrotyped themselves in the medallions that hang round the walls of your memory's chamber. The sea remembers nothing. It is feline. It licks your feet; its huge flanks purr very pleasantly for you; but it will crack your bones and eat you, for all that, and wipe the crimsoned foam from its jaws as if nothing had happened. The mountains give their lost children berries and water; the sea mocks their thirst, and lets them die. The mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquillity; the sea has a fascinating, treacherous intelligence. The mountains lie about like huge

ruminants, their broad backs awful to look upon, but safe to handle. The sea smooths its silver scales until you cannot see their joints; but their shining is that of a snake's belly, after all. In deeper suggestiveness I find as great a difference. The mountains dwarf mankind, and foreshorten the procession of its long generations. The sea drowns out humanity and time; it has no sympathy with either, for it belongs to eternity, and of that it sings its monotonous song forever and ever.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings, —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

MY AUNT.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her, though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father — grandpapa, forgive
This erring lip its smiles —
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;

They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins ; —
O, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track).
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,

And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said, —
Poor old lady she is dead
Long ago, —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

AFTER A LECTURE ON KEATS.

"Purpureos spargam flores."

THE wreath that star-crowned Shelley gave
Is lying on thy Roman grave,
Yet on its turf young April sets
Her store of slender violets;
Though all the gods their garlands shower,
I too may bring one purple flower.
— Alas! what blossom shall I bring
That opens in my northern spring?
The garden beds have all run wild,
So trim when I was yet a child;
Flat plantains and unseemly stalks
Have crept across the gravel walks;
The vines are dead, long, long ago,
The almond buds no longer blow.
No more upon its mound I see
The azure, plume-bound fleur-de-lis;
Where once the tulips used to show,
In straggling tufts the pansies grow;
The grass has quenched my white-rayed gem,
The flowering "Star of Bethlehem,"
Though its long blade of glossy green
And pallid stripe may still be seen.
Nature, who treads her nobles down,
And gives their birthright to the clown,
Has sown her base-born weedy things
Above the garden's queens and kings.
— Yet one sweet flower of ancient race
Springs in the old familiar place.
When snows were melting down the vale,
And Earth unlaced her icy mail,
And March his stormy trumpet blew,
And tender green came peeping through,
I loved the earliest one to seek
That broke the soil with emerald beak,
And watch the trembling bells so blue
Spread on the column as it grew.
Meek child of earth! thou wilt not shame
The sweet, dead poet's holy name;

The God of Music gave thee birth,
Called from the crimson-spotted earth,
Where, sobbing his young life away,
His own fair Hyacinthus lay.
— The hyacinth my garden gave
Shall lie upon that Roman grave.

—

UNION AND LIBERTY.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the nation's cry, —
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
Pride of our children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star.
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unsceptred! what foe can assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us — who shall divide us?
Keep us, O, keep us, the Many in One!

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the nation's cry —
Union and Liberty ! One evermore !

OLD IRONSIDES.

[Written when it was proposed to break up the old frigate Constitution.]

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky ;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar ;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !

THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS LOVE.

DEAREST, a look is but a ray
Reflected in a certain way;
A word, whatever tone it wear,
Is but a trembling wave of air;
A touch, obedience to a clause
In Nature's pure material laws.

The very flowers that bend and meet,
In sweetening others, grow more sweet;
The clouds by day, the stars by night,
Inweave their floating locks of light;
The rainbow, Heaven's own forehead's braid,
Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found!
How wide the world that girds them round!
Like mountain streams we meet and part,
Each living in the other's heart,
Our course unknown, our hope to be
Yet mingled in the distant sea.

But Ocean coils and heaves in vain,
Bound in the subtile moonbeam's chain;
And love and hope do but obey
Some cold, capricious planet's ray,
Which lights and leads the tide it charms
To Death's dark caves and icy arms.

Alas! one narrow line is drawn,
That links our sunset with our dawn;
In mist and shade life's morning rose,
And clouds are round it at its close;
But ah! no twilight beam ascends
To whisper where that evening ends.

O, in the hour when I shall feel
Those shadows round my senses steal,
When gentle eyes are weeping o'er
The clay that feels their tears no more,
Then let thy spirit with me be,
Or some sweet angel, likest thee!

EVENING. — BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with; — but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
O, no; it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;
They had an ancient goose, — it was an heir-loom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me — O, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,

Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the dín of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom ; I can feel
With all around me ; I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle, — and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
Where Nature stows away her loveliness. —
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

Robert Charles Winthrop, a lineal descendant of the first governor of Massachusetts, was born in Boston, May 12, 1809. He was educated at the Latin School and at Harvard College, receiving his degree in 1828. He studied law in the office of Daniel Webster ; but soon after his admission to the bar, he commenced a public career. He was a member of the state legislature for six years, during three of which he was speaker. He was elected to Congress in 1840, and remained in that service, excepting a short interval, for ten years. He was chosen speaker in 1847, and in 1849 he was the Whig candidate for re-election to the same position. The Free-soil members held the balance of power between the Whigs and Democrats. Mr. Winthrop refused to give any pledges as to the manner in which he would constitute the committees of the house if he should be elected. The Anti-slavery men thereupon refused to support him, and after sixty-three ballots the Democratic candidate, Mr. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, was elected. In 1850 he was appointed by the governor United States senator, as successor to Webster, who had been made secretary of state. In 1851 he was the candidate of the Whigs for the United States senatorship, but was defeated by Charles Sumner, through a coalition of the Democratic and Free-soil parties. He was a candidate for governor the following autumn, and received a large plurality of votes ; but as a majority of all the votes was then required, there was no choice by the people, and the election devolved upon the state legislature. The result was, that Mr. Boutwell, who was the Democratic candidate, was elected. The rule requiring a majority of all the votes was in these three successive instances a disastrous one for the prospects of Mr. Winthrop and his party. Since that time he has taken no active part in political affairs, but has devoted his leisure mainly to literary pursuits. He is president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, which is engaged in the useful work of printing books and manuscripts relating to our annals. He is one of the trustees, under the will of George Peabody, of the fund for promoting popular education in the Southern States. He has delivered a number of orations and discourses upon historical, patriotic, and religious subjects. He has published the Life and Letters of John Winthrop, in two volumes ; also a Memoir of Nathan Appleton, and discourses commemorative of Prescott, Quincy, Everett, Peabody, and others.

A volume of his Addresses and Speeches was published in 1852, and another in 1867.

Mr. Winthrop is a man of decided opinions, and of high character. All his public performances are marked by an independence of tone, thoroughness of conviction, and a clear and forcible style. It should be remembered that it is not the style of an essayist, but rather that of an orator, to whom brevity is not so desirable as amplitude of expression. He is an admiring student of our literature, and uses poetical illustrations with admirable taste and effect.

[From an Address before the Young Men's Christian Associations of Boston and Richmond.]

ANTIOCH.

THE ancient metropolis of Syria has secured for itself a manifold celebrity on the pages of history. It has been celebrated as the splendid residence of the Syrian kings, and afterwards as the luxurious capital of the Asiatic provinces of the Roman empire. It has been celebrated for its men of letters, and its cultivation of learning. It has been celebrated for the magnificence of the edifices within its walls, and for the romantic beauty of its suburban groves and fountains. The circling sun shone nowhere upon more majestic productions of human art, than when it gilded, with its rising or its setting beams, the sumptuous symbols of its own deluded worshippers, in the gorgeous temple of Daphne and the gigantic statue of Apollo, which were the pride and boast of that far-famed capital; while it was from one of the humble hermitages which were embosomed in its exquisite environs, that the sainted Chrysostom poured forth some of those poetical and passionate raptures on the beauties and sublimities of nature, which would alone have won for him the title of "the golden-mouthed." At one time, we are told, it ranked *third* on the list of the great cities of the world, — next only after Rome and Alexandria, and hardly inferior to the latter of the two, at least, in size and splendor. It acquired a severer and sadder renown in more recent, though still remote history, as having been doomed to undergo vicissitudes and catastrophes of the most disastrous and deplorable character, — now sacked and pillaged by the Persians, now captured by the Saracens, and now besieged by the Crusaders; a prey, at one moment, to the ravages of fire, — at another, to the devastations of an earthquake, which is said to have destroyed no less than two hundred and fifty thousand human lives in a single hour. Its name has thus become associated with so many historical lights and shadows, — with so much of alternate grandeur and gloom, — that there is, perhaps, but little likelihood of its ever being wholly lost sight of by any student of antiquity. Yet it is not too much to say, that one little fact, for which the Bible is the sole and all-sufficient authority, will fix that name in the

memory, and rivet it in the affectionate regard, of mankind, when all else associated with it is forgotten. Yes, when its palaces and its temples, its fountains and its groves, its works of art and its men of learning, when Persian, and Saracen, and Crusader, who successively spoiled it, and the flames and the earthquake which devoured and desolated it, shall have utterly faded from all human recollection or record, the little fact — the great fact, let me rather say — will still be remembered, and remembered with an interest and a vividness which no time can ever efface or diminish, — that "the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch;" that there the name of Christ — given at the outset, perhaps, as a nickname and a by-word, but gladly and fearlessly accepted and adopted, in the face of mockery, in the face of martyrdom, by delicate youth and maiden tenderness, as well as by mature or veteran manhood — first became the distinctive designation of the faithful followers of the Messiah.

THE POWER OF EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

For one, my friends, I can never think of the bitterness and rancor which are so often allowed to enter into religious differences and religious controversies, without remembering how much our religious opinions, our religious creeds, our religious connections, have been determined — pre-determined, providentially determined — for us all, by the mere influence of early and seemingly accidental associations. The place of our birth, the circumstances of our condition, the surroundings of our childhood, the fascination of some beloved and faithful pastor, the paternal precept and example, the mother's knee, the family pew, have, after all, done more to decide for each one of us the peculiarities of our religious faith and of our religious forms, than all the catechisms of assemblies, the decrees of councils, or the canons of convocations. We delight to worship God where our fathers and mothers worshipped him, to kneel at the same altar at which they knelt, to unite in the same prayers, or, it may be, to utter the same responses, in which their voices were once heard, and which they first taught us to lisp or to listen to as children. The memories of fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, with whom we have "taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company," cluster sweetly around us as we sit in the old seats and sing the old psalms and hymns. We almost shrink from trying to get to heaven by any other road than that which they travelled, lest we should miss them at our journey's

end. And is he not a very unwise person, who, without some deep and overpowering conviction, would rudely break the spell and dissolve the charm of such associations, either for himself or others? How miserable is it, then, to allow the differences which have an origin so natural, so worthy, so hallowed, so providential, to become the subject of mutual suspicions, reproaches, and denunciations!

It is well for us all to remember, that, in the language of my Lord Bacon, "they be two things — unity and uniformity." And how admirably does he suggest in his essay on Unity in Religion, "A man that is of judgment and understanding shall sometimes hear ignorant men differ, and know well within himself, that those which so differ mean one thing, and yet they themselves would never agree; and if it come so to pass in that distance of judgment which is between man and man, shall we not think that God above, that knows the heart, doth not discern that frail men, in some of their contradictions, intend the same thing, and accepteth of both?" . .

Who does not rejoice, as Sunday after Sunday comes round, to see the multitudes that keep holy day thronging our streets and sidewalks, and exchanging the smiles of recognition, or the greetings of friendship, or the formalities of ceremony, as they make way for each other in passing along to their various places of religious worship? To human eyes, indeed, they seem to be moving in widely different directions, and so it may prove to have been with some of them. But so have I seen on a summer sea, in yonder bay, alike in calm and in storm, vessels of every sort, and beneath every sign, sailing in widely different and diverging courses, crossing and recrossing each other's tracks, and seemingly propelled by the most opposite and contrarious forces. Yet the same wind of heaven, blowing where it listeth, was the common source of their motive power, giving impulse and direction to the progress of them all alike, and bringing them all to be moored at last in one common haven of rest!

[From a speech in Congress in 1844.]

PEACE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

If it be a fit subject for reproach to entertain the most anxious and ardent desire for the peace of this country, its peace with England, its peace with all the world, I submit myself willingly to the fullest measure of that reproach. War between the United States and Great Britain for Oregon! Sir, there is something in this idea too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. The two greatest

nations on the globe, with more territorial possessions than they know what to do with already, and bound together by so many ties of kindred, and language, and commercial interest, going to war for a piece of barren earth! Why, it would put back the cause of civilization a whole century, and would be enough not merely to call down the rebuke of men, but the curse of God. I do not yield to the honorable gentleman in a just concern for the national honor. I am ready to maintain that honor, whenever it is really at stake, against Great Britain, as readily as against any other nation. Indeed, if war is to come upon us, I am quite willing that it should be war with a first-rate power — with a foeman worthy of our steel.

"O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare."

If the young Queen of England were the veritable Victoria whom the ancient poets have sometimes described as descending from the right hand of Jupiter to crown the banner of predestined Triumph, I would still not shrink from the attempt to vindicate the rights of my country on every proper occasion. To her forces, however, as well as to ours, may come the "*cita mors*," as well as the "*victoria læta*." We have nothing to fear from a protracted war with any nation, though our want of preparation might give us the worst of it in the first encounter. We are all, and always, ready for war, when there is no other alternative for maintaining our country's honor. We are all, and always, ready for any war into which a Christian man, in a civilized land, and in this age of the world, can have the face to enter. But I thank God that there are very few such cases. War and honor are fast getting to have less and less to do with each other. The highest honor of any country is to preserve peace, even under provocations which might justify war. The deepest disgrace to any country is to plunge into war under circumstances which leave the honorable alternative of peace. I heartily hope and trust, sir, that in deference to the sense of the civilized world, in deference to that spirit of Christianity which is now spreading its benign and healing influences over both hemispheres with such signal rapidity, we shall explore the whole field of diplomacy, and exhaust every art of negotiation, before we give loose to that passion for conflict which the honorable gentleman from Pennsylvania seems to regard as so grand and glorious an element of the American character.

MARGARET FULLER.

Sarah Margaret Fuller, by marriage Marchioness Ossoli, was born in Cambridge, May 23, 1810. She was educated by her father, who injudiciously gave her tasks that developed her mental faculties at the expense of a sound bodily organization. She was a prodigy of learning, and early devoured languages and literatures. She spent a few years in teaching, and in 1840 was principal editor of The Dial, a periodical devoted to transcendental philosophy. In 1844 she became connected with the New York Tribune, and wrote for it reviews and miscellaneous articles, which in 1846 were collected and published under the title of Papers on Art and Literature. She went to Europe in 1846, and after extensive travels reached Rome in the spring of 1847. In December of that year she was married to the Marquis Ossoli. She remained in Rome during the revolution of 1848, and through the siege by the French the year after. In May, 1850, she embarked with her husband and infant son at Leghorn, in the ship Elizabeth, for New York, and when near port perished with them in the wreck of the vessel on Fire Island.

Three of her intimate friends, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Henry Channing, and James Freeman Clarke, wrote an account of her life, each contributing a separate view. From this work, as well as from the concurrent testimony of other intellectual and cultivated people, it is evident that Margaret Fuller (as we prefer to call her) was a woman of rare genius. She delighted in abstruse philosophical themes, and in criticism of literature and art. Clubs of her admirers met statedly to hear her discourse upon her favorite topics. At the same time the habit of monologue rendered her manners painfully disagreeable to all but this esoteric circle, and gave to her opinions an oracular tone, that seemed to admit of neither denial nor question. In her published works there are passages of great power and beauty. Her descriptions of scenery — that of Niagara, for instance — are given with a few bold strokes, that suggest much more than at first meets the eye. She paints, in fact, our inward emotion in presence of the scene, and so gives us the ideal of nature. Her critical articles often show insight, and the power of clear statement; but either she was warped by personal dislikes or she took pleasure in demolishing popular idols. In her view there were but half a dozen people with brains in America. In her way of writing, the editorial *we* had a royal sound, that would have been offensive if it had not been so often absurd. German philosophy had but recently come in fashion; its phrases infected all its votaries, and furnished their platitudes with a wondrous garb for disguise. It was some time before it was discovered that philosophic diction did not always clothe philosophic thought.

Perhaps Margaret Fuller had passed through her *destructive* stage, and was ready to build. Perhaps, if she had lived, she would have justified the opinions of her admirers by the creation of some artistic work. If this were so, the calamity of the shipwreck is the more to be lamented. As in the case of great orators, actors, and singers, who, after charming a generation, die and leave only a tradition of their powers, this extraordinary woman will be a mere name in our literary history.

Something of her influence survives. The advocates for the elevation of woman hold her in high regard as a pioneer in their cause. In this, as in everything else in which she took part, she put her own intense personality forward, and did much to win for her sex the right of discussion and the privilege of being heard.

Besides the Papers on Art and Literature, before mentioned, she wrote Woman in the Nineteenth Century, also letters from Europe, which were published under the title of At Home and Abroad (1856). This last work included Summer on the Lakes, which was originally published in 1843, also notices of her life and character, by Bayard Taylor and Horace Greeley, and commemorative poems, by Walter Savage Landor and others. She translated Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe (1839), and The Letters of Günderode and Bettine (1841).

SCOTT AND BURNS.

On the coach with us was a gentleman coming from London to make his yearly visit to the neighborhood of Burns, in which he was born. "I can now," said he, "go but once a year; when a boy, I never let a week pass without visiting the house of Burns." He afterwards observed, as every step woke us to fresh recollections of Walter Scott, that Scott, with all his vast range of talent, knowledge, and activity, was a poet of the past only, and in his inmost heart wedded to the habits of a feudal aristocracy, while Burns is the poet of the present and the future, the man of the people, and throughout a genuine man. This is true enough; but for my part I cannot endure a comparison which by a breath of coolness depreciates either. Both were wanted; each acted the important part assigned to him by destiny with a wonderful thoroughness and completeness. Scott breathed the breath just fleeting from the forms of ancient Scottish heroism and poesy into new — he made for us the bridge by which we have gone into the old Ossianic hall, and caught the meaning just as it was about to pass from us forever. Burns is full of the noble, genuine democracy which seeks not to destroy royalty, but to make all men kings, as he himself was, in nature and in action. They belong to the same world; they are pillars of the same church, though they uphold its starry roof from opposite sides. Burns was much the rarer man, precisely because he had most of common nature on a grand scale: his humor, his passion, his sweetness, are all his own; they need no picturesque or romantic accessories to give them due relief; looked at by all lights they are the same. Since Adam, there has been none that approached nearer fitness to stand up before God and angels in the naked majesty of manhood than Robert Burns.

CARLYLE.

I approached him with more reverence after a little experience of England and Scotland had taught me to appreciate the strength and height of that wall of shams and conventions which he more than any man, or thousand men, — indeed, he almost alone, — has begun to throw down. Wherever there was fresh thought, generous hope, the thought of Carlyle has begun the work. He has torn off the veils from hideous facts; he has burnt away foolish illusions; he has awakened thousands to know what it is to be a man — that we

must live, and not merely pretend to others that we live. He has touched the rocks and they have given forth musical answer; little more was wanting to begin to construct the city.

But that little was wanting, and the work of construction is left to those that come after him; nay, all attempts of the kind he is the readiest to deride, fearing new shams worse than old, unable to trust the general action of a thought, and finding no heroic man, no natural king, to represent it and challenge his confidence.

Accustomed to the infinite wit and exuberant richness of his writings, his talk is still an amazement and a splendor scarcely to be faced with steady eyes. He does not converse — only harangues. It is the usual misfortune of such marked men (happily not one invariable or inevitable) that they cannot allow other minds room to breathe and show themselves in their atmosphere, and thus miss the refreshment and instruction which the greatest never cease to need from the experience of the humblest. Carlyle allows no one a chance, but bears down all opposition; not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority, raising his voice and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound. This is not in the least from unwillingness to allow freedom to others; on the contrary, no man would more enjoy a manly resistance to his thought; but it is the impulse of a mind accustomed to follow out its own impulse as the hawk its prey, and which knows not how to stop in the chase. Carlyle, indeed, is arrogant and overbearing, but in his arrogance there is no littleness or self-love: it is the heroic arrogance of some old Scandinavian conqueror — it is his nature and the untamable impulse that has given him power to crush the dragons. You do not love him, perhaps, nor revere, and perhaps, also, he would only laugh at you if you did; but you like him heartily, and like to see him the powerful smith, — the Siegfried, — melting all the old iron in his furnace till it glows to a sunset red, and burns you if you senselessly go too near. He seemed to me quite isolated, lonely as the desert; yet never was man more fitted to prize a man, could he find one to match his mood. He finds such, but only in the past. He sings rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroical, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up near the beginning some singular epithet, which serves as a *refrain* when his song is full, or with which, as with a knitting-needle, he catches up the stitches if he has chanced now and then to let fall a row. For the higher kinds of poetry he has no sense, and

his talk on that subject is delightfully and gorgeously absurd; he sometimes stops a minute to laugh at it himself, then begins anew with fresh vigor; for all the spirits he is driving before him seem to him as *Fata Morganas*, ugly masks, in fact, if he can but make them turn about; but he laughs that they seem to others such dainty Ariels. He puts out his chin sometimes till it looks like the beak of a bird, and his eyes flash bright instinctive meanings, like Jove's bird; yet he is not calm and grand enough for the eagle: he is more like the falcon, and yet not of gentle blood enough for that either. He is not exactly like anything but himself, and therefore you cannot see him without the most hearty refreshment and good-will, for he is original, rich, and strong enough to afford a thousand faults; one expects some wild land in a rich kingdom. His talk, like his books, is full of pictures, his critical strokes masterly; allow for his point of view, and his survey is admirable. He is a large subject; I cannot speak more or wiselier of him now, nor needs it; his works are true, to blame and praise him — the Siegfried of England, great and powerful, if not quite invulnerable, and of a might rather to destroy evil than legislate for good. At all events, he seems to be what Destiny intended, and represents fully a certain side; so we make no remonstrance as to his being and proceeding for himself, though we sometimes must for us.

THEODORE PARKER.

Theodore Parker was born in Lexington, Mass., August 24, 1810. He received only a common school education until in his seventeenth year he procured the necessary books and fitted himself to enter college. He worked on his father's farm while pursuing his studies, and in 1830 entered the freshman class at Harvard. Though he remained but a year, it is said he went over the studies of three years. He then taught school until, in 1834, he entered the Cambridge divinity school. During this period and through his whole life he devoted his time to learning, in almost every department, especially in that of languages. He was familiar with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Danish, and Swedish, and perhaps with many more. He was able to read fluently in over twenty languages and dialects. Metaphysics, history, politics, literature, and whatever was nearest, furnished the aliment without which he could not exist. In 1837 he was settled as pastor of a Unitarian church in West Roxbury. Before long his views took a form not in accordance with the teachings of his clerical brethren. This change was announced in a sermon preached at the ordination of the Rev. C. C. Shackford, in South Boston, in 1841, of which the significant title was The Transient and Permanent in Christianity. He went to Europe in 1843, and spent a year. In 1845 he began to preach for the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, an independent gathering of his followers, and thenceforth had no connection with the Unitarian body. He attracted large audiences, first in the Melodeon and afterwards in the Music Hall. He regarded the Bible as a religious history, but denied its plenary inspiration, if not its divine origin. He developed his idea of

God from the operations of reason, and with great earnestness taught the doctrine of an immortal life. He was an advocate of temperance, of social reform, and of universal liberty. The anti-slavery movement was then new and unpopular. He was naturally attacked both by religious teachers and by party leaders, and his retorts were constant and bitter. In fact, he could never forget his opponents, and in the midst of the most pathetic or the most noble passages in his sermons, the epithets of "kidnapper," and "pharisee" were sure to occur. He was the constant friend of fugitive slaves, and at one time was indicted for counselling resistance to the authorities when a slave named Anthony Burns was delivered back to his master. In private life he was amiable, tender, and helpful. A large part of his income was applied to charitable purposes. He visited all classes of people, exploring the midnight haunts of vice and the dwellings of the poor and outcast.

His writings are generally strong and rugged in style. He addresses the reason, and makes few appeals to the feelings. But his love of nature was intense, and nearly every discourse has some tribute to the beauty of the seasons, and some illustration of spiritual truth drawn from the visible world. He excelled also in pathetic description, and gave to the ideas of home, parents, children, age, and death, a tender and impressive charm. His chief deficiency as a writer was in taste, the want of which often mars his general literary excellence.

His life of constant activity exhausted his vital forces, and in January, 1859, he relinquished his charge, and sailed to Santa Cruz, and thence to Europe. He spent some time in Switzerland and Italy, and died at Florence, May 10, 1860.

His works, published by Horace B. Fuller, Boston, are, a Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion; Sermons of Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology; Ten Sermons of Religon; Additional Speeches, Addresses, and Occasional Sermons; Critical and Miscellaneous Writings; Historic Americans — Franklin, Washington, Adams, and Jefferson; The Trial of Theodore Parker; Prayers; Selections from the World of Mind and Matter; Translation of De Wette's Introduction to the Old Testament, &c. His life has been written by the Rev. John Weiss. His large and valuable collection of books — over thirteen thousand volumes — was given by him to the Boston Public Library.

[From a Sermon of Immortality.]

All men desire to be immortal. This desire is instinctive, natural, universal. In God's world such a desire implies the satisfaction thereof equally natural and universal. It cannot be that God has given man the universal desire of immortality, this belief in it, and yet made it all a mockery. Man loves truth; tells it; rests only in it; — how much more God, who is the trueness of truth! Bodily senses imply their objects; — the eye, light; the ear, sound; the touch, the taste, the smell, things relative thereto. Spiritural senses likewise foretell their object — are silent prophecies of endless life. The love of justice, beauty, truth, of man and God, points to realities unseen as yet. We are ever hungering after noblest things, and what we feed on makes us hunger more. The senses are satisfied, but the soul never. . . .

Shall we remember the deeds of the former life — this man that he picked rags out of the mud in the streets, and another that he ruled nations? Who can tell? nay, who need care to ask? Such a remembrance seems not needed for retribution's sake. The oak

remembers not each leaf it ever bore, though each helped to form the oak, its branch and bole. How much has gone from our bodies? We know not how it came or went! How much of our past life is gone from our memory, yet its result lives in our character! The saddler remembers not every stitch he took while a 'prentice, yet each stitch helped form the saddler. . . .

I would not slight this wondrous world. I love its day and night. Its flowers and its fruits are dear to me. I would not wilfully lose sight of a departing cloud. Every year opens new beauty in a star, or in a purple gentian fringed with loveliness. The laws, too, of matter seem more wonderful the more I study them, in the whirling eddies of the dust, in the curious shells of former life buried by thousands in a grain of chalk, or in the shining diagrams of light above my head. Even the ugly becomes beautiful when truly seen. I see the jewel in the bunchy toad. The more I live, the more I love this lovely world; feel more its Author in each little thing — in all that's great. But yet I feel my immortality the more. In childhood the consciousness of immortal life buds forth feeble, though full of promise. In the man it unfolds its fragrant petals, his most celestial flower, to mature its seed throughout eternity. The prospect of that everlasting life, the perfect justice yet to come, the infinite progress before us, cheer and comfort the heart. Sad and disappointed, full of self-reproach, we shall not be so forever. The light of heaven breaks upon the night of trial, sorrow, sin; the sombre clouds which overhang the east, grown purple now, tell us the dawn of heaven is coming in. Our faces, gleamed on by that, smile in the new-born glow; we are beguiled of our sadness before we are aware.

[From a Sermon of Old Age.]

THERE is a period when the apple tree blossoms with its fellows of the wood and field. How fair a time it is! All nature is woosome and winning; the material world celebrates its vegetable loves; and the flower-bells, touched by the winds of Spring, usher in the universal marriage of Nature. Beast, bird, insect, reptile, fish, plant, lichen, with their prophetic colors spread, all float forward on the tide of new life. Then comes the Summer. Many a blossom falls fruitless to the ground, littering the earth with beauty, never to be used. Thick leaves hide the process of creation, which first blushed

public in the flowers, and now unseen goes on. For so life's most deep and fruitful hours are hid in mystery. Apples are growing on every tree; all summer long, they grow, and in early Autumn. At length the fruit is fully formed; the leaves begin to fall, letting the sun approach more near. The apple hangs there yet; not to grow, only to ripen. Weeks long it clings to the tree; it gains nothing in size and weight. Externally, there is increase of beauty. Having finished the form from within, Nature brings out the added grace of color. It is not a tricksy fashion painted on, but an expression which of itself comes out — a fragrance and a loveliness of the apple's innermost. Within, at the same time, the component elements are changing. The apple grows mild and pleasant. It softens, sweetens — in one word, it mellows. Some night, the vital forces of the tree get drowsy, and the Autumn, with gentle breath, just shakes the bough; the expectant fruit lets go its hold, full grown, full ripe, full colored too, and with plump and happy sound the apple falls into the Autumn's lap; and the Spring's marriage promise is complete. . . .

The farmer tills his ground for the annual harvest, but his good tillage fertilizes the soil; and without his thinking of it, his farm grows richer and his estate larger. And just so it is with the true, good man: as the years go by him, his estate of religion greatens, and becomes more and more. The little flowers of humanity — a warm spring day calls them out, where there is no deepness of earth; but to raise the great oak trees of human righteousness, you want a deep, rich soil, and threescore, fourscore, fivescore summers and winters, for the tree to grow in, broadly buttressed below, broad-branched above, to wrestle with the winds, and take the sunshine of God's heaven on its top. And that is the value of long life — it is an opportunity to grow great and ripen through. It is out of Time and Nature that man makes life; long time is needed, as well as noble nature, for a great life. . . .

Grandfather is old. His back also is bent. In the street he sees crowds of men looking dreadfully young, and walking fearfully swift. He wonders where all the old folks are. Once, when a boy, he could not find people young enough for him, and sidled up to any young stranger he met on Sundays, wondering why God made the world so old. Now he goes to commencement to see his grandsons take their degree, and is astonished at the youth of the audience. "This is new," he says; "it did not use to be so fifty years before." At

meeting, the minister seems surprisingly young, the audience young; and he looks round and is astonished that there are so few venerable heads. The audience seems not decorous; they come in late, and hurry off early, clapping the doors to after them with irreverent bang. But grandfather is decorous, well-mannered, early in his seat; jostled, he jostles not again; elbowed, he returns it not; crowded, he thinks no evil. He is gentlemanly to the rude, obliging to the insolent and vulgar — for grandfather is a gentleman, not puffed up with mere money, but edified with well-grown manliness. Time has dignified his good manners.

Now it is night. Grandfather sits by his old-fashioned fire. The family are all abed. He draws his old-fashioned chair nearer to the hearth. On the stand which his mother gave him are the candlesticks, also of old time. The candles are three quarters burnt down; the fire on the hearth also is low. He has been thoughtful all day, talking half to himself, chanting a bit of verse, humming a snatch of an old tune. He kissed more tenderly than common his youngest granddaughter, — the family pet, — before she went to bed. He takes out of his bosom a little locket — nobody ever sees it. Therein are two little twists of hair, common hair — it might be yours or mine. But as grandfather looks at them, the outer twist of hair becomes a whole head of most ambrosial curls. He remembers the stolen interviews, the meetings by moonlight, and how sweet the evening star looked, and how he laid his hand on another's shoulder. "You are my evening star," quoth he. He remembers

> "The fountain heads and pathless groves,
> Places that pale Passion loves."

He thinks of his bridal hour. . . .

The last stick on his andirons snaps asunder, and falls outward. Two faintly smoking brands stand there. Grandfather lays them together, and they flame up; the two smokes are one united flame. "Even so let it be in heaven," says grandfather.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Edgar Poe was born in Baltimore in January, 1811. He was the son of a lawyer, who had abandoned his profession, married an actress, and gone upon the stage. Upon the death of his parents, Edgar, who was a bright and beautiful boy, was adopted and carefully educated by Mr. John Allan, of Richmond. He was sent to school at Stoke Newington, near London, for some years, and afterwards entered the University of Virginia. He was the foremost scholar of his class, and might have finished his course with honor, but he was expelled for his profligate habits. From this time he had "adventures" enough, mostly disgraceful, and often criminal, to furnish the incidents for an eighteenth century novel. Having contracted debts which his patron refused to pay, he went abroad to join the patriot Greeks; but after a year he appeared at St. Petersburg, in a state of destitution, and was sent home by the interposition of the American minister. Mr. Allan received him with forgiveness, and procured his appointment as a cadet at West Point. In ten months he was expelled. On returning home he found that Mr. Allan had married a young and handsome woman for a second wife. For some grave reason not made public, Poe was turned out of the house, and the relationship was at an end. Mr. Allan died not long after, and made no mention of him in his will.

Poe published a small volume of Poems in Baltimore, but shortly after he was driven by poverty to enlist as a common soldier in the army. He deserted, as might have been expected. He next obtained a prize offered for a story, and found friends through whose aid he became editor of the Literary Messenger in Richmond. He wrote with great industry for a while, but soon fell into bad habits, quarrelled with the proprietor, and was dismissed. While in Richmond he had married his cousin; and with her he went to New York, and became a contributor to literary periodicals. He edited Burton's Magazine, and then Graham's Magazine, in Philadelphia. After the usual quarrel he went to New York, and was employed by Willis upon the Mirror. In the mean time his Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym, the Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque, and his remarkable story, The Gold Bug, had been published. His poem The Raven appeared in the American Review, and gave him an immense reputation. At this time he enjoyed a season of comparative quiet. He became connected with the Broadway Journal, which he edited for a year or more. He published a series of criticisms in the Lady's Book, styled The Literati, now forming the third volume of his works. It is seldom in any country that such a savage, wielding such weapons, puts on the war-paint and attempts such havoc in the peaceful fields of letters. Not that there was not a great deal of power and some grains of truth in his strictures; but his utter want of moral principle, his prejudices, wilfulness, and brutality, combined to render them the most worthless, as they were the most ill-mannered, articles ever printed. He praised the vapid productions of obscure authors, and condemned every poet of repute. Time, which is the sure test of excellence, has made his passionate invectives and commendations alike ludicrous.

After the death of his wife he had formed an engagement with a lady in Richmond, and the wedding day was fixed. On his way to New York, he fell in with some of his old companions in dissipation at Baltimore; he soon became drunk, wandered into the streets, and the same night perished miserably from exposure (October 7, 1849).

The character of Poe was thoroughly depraved. There was no baseness of which he was not capable, hardly any enormity that he did not commit. And he appears to have been entirely wanting in moral sense. The exhibitions he made of himself are in perfect keeping with the characteristics of his poetry and of his tales. His intellect was sharp, electric, powerful, and it had been carefully trained. Of the cultivation which books and study give he had no small measure. His sense of melody, his perception of the proprieties of style and of just proportion in structure, were marvellous. With the smallest particle of honesty he would have made an admirable critic; the want of it made his praise and his censure as

uncertain as the wind, and as little regarded. The reader will search his works in vain for the least exhibition of real feeling. The Raven, as all admit, is a wonderful poem; but it has not a line that might not have been written by a fallen and unrepentant angel. His tales are masterpieces of construction, but when their secret is revealed their interest is at an end; for they have no elements of human sympathy; they leave no impression of good; they are miracles of clock-work, not immoral, but *un*-moral.

There is sometimes a period in the growth of men when the intellect is deified, and goodness little esteemed — when dazzling characters, like Byron, are admired. But if youth would be taught what mere intellect may be without the moral element, let them consider the works, the character, and career of Poe. The poet must express his inmost qualities in his verse; and the noblest poetry in all its varied but harmonious elements is the visible soul of the noblest man.

The complete works of Poe were published in four vols., 12mo., by J. S. Redfield, New York, 1849. A handsome edition of his poems, with illustrations by the first English artists, and a smaller edition in "blue and gold," have been published by the same house.

[From a tale entitled The Fall of the House of Usher.]

THE WRECK OF A NOBLE MIND.

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head
In the monarch Thought's dominion —
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This — all this — was in the olden
Time, long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tunéd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace-door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn! — for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh — but smile no more.

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor:
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!" —
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore; —
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or staid he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore —
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore ! "
Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door, —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door, —
With such name as " Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered ; not a feather then he fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered, " Other friends have flown before —
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, " Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
" Doubtless," said I, " what it uttered is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore —
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of ' Never — nevermore ! ' "

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door ;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking " Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil! —
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —
On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE.

George Washington Greene was born in East Greenwich, R. I., April 8, 1811. He entered Brown University, but left in his junior year on account of ill health, and went to Europe, where he remained, excepting a few visits to this country, until 1847. From 1837 to 1845 he was United States consul at Rome. He wrote for the North American Review a series of essays upon Italian history, which have been collected under the title of Historical Studies. On his return to the United States, he became professor of modern languages at Brown University. In 1852 he removed to New York, where he edited the works of Addison (1854), and continued writing for periodicals. He wrote, for Sparks's American Biography, the life of his grandfather, General Nathanael Greene, and he has since (1867–71) published an enlarged edition of his Life and Letters, three vols., 8vo. A second series of his essays has been published, entitled An Historical View of the American Revolution.

The works of Mr. Greene command the respect of scholars from the faithful study they exhibit, as well as for the moderation of tone and the clear and easy style in which they are written.

[From the Historical View of the American Revolution.]

BARON STEUBEN.

STEUBEN was the son of a captain of engineers; born in a garrison, and with no prospect of fortune or preferment but such as he could open for himself with his sword. His earliest associations were with armies and camps. When a mere child he had followed his father to the Crimea and Cronstadt, and played among the fortifications that the old soldier was constructing with much professional skill and absolute professional indifference as to whom they defended, or who might lose his life in winning them. Then came two or three years of study in a Jesuit college, where he laid good foundations in mathematics and history, and acquired some tincture of polite literature. French, under Frederic, was as important a language for a German who wished to push his fortunes as German itself; and Steuben studied them both with equal care. But the sound of the drum broke rudely in upon these softening pursuits, and before he was fully turned of fourteen, and while Washington was learning arithmetic, and filling his copy-book with legal and mercantile forms, at Mr. Williams's school, near Bridge's Creek, his future inspector-general was already serving as a volunteer in the campaign of 1744, at the siege of Prague. The upward path in the Prussian army was a hard path to climb, and many there were who left arms, and legs, and life itself by the way. Young Steuben entered it with the enthusiasm of a high-spirited youth reared in the midst of warlike exercises and traditions of military glory. When the seven years' war broke out, he had already reached the rank of first lieutenant. Meanwhile his leisure hours had been well employed; building up

surely upon the foundations he had laid during his short college life, and making himself master of engineering and the most difficult of the scientific parts of his profession. Never before, in modern times, had its practical lessons and all its highest principles been applied as they were applied by Frederic during that bloody war; and they who, like Steuben, fought through it all, might well claim that they had studied in war's greatest school. Steuben had one advantage beyond most of his comrades, and an advantage which was at the same time the highest distinction. Frederic, who, in the distribution of his military favors, never took birth, or fortune, or anything but merit, into consideration, had chosen among his younger officers a select number to study under his own eye, teaching and examining them himself. Steuben was one of them. . . .

To supply these deficiencies [in the American army], to introduce uniform systems of manœuvre, inspection, and returns; to infuse a spirit of order and harmony into all the departments of the army; to inspire officers with self-reliance and an intuitive perception of whatever the moment might require, and men with confidence in their officers, and prompt and intelligent obedience to their orders, was the task of Steuben — a task which can only be appreciated by those who take the pains to study, in detail, the difficulties with which he had to contend. . . .

He first drafted a hundred and twenty men from the line, as a guard for the commander-in-chief. This was his school. Twice every day he drilled them himself, teaching them to march, to wheel, to bear arms, and even to execute some elementary manœuvres. Hitherto, the American officers had left the care of drilling the soldiers to their sergeants, as a thing below the dignity of an officer. The sight of a man of Steuben's rank and experience, with his glittering star on his breast, marching and wheeling with common soldiers, taking their muskets into his own hands, and showing them how to handle them, produced a great revulsion in their ideas, and presently colonels and lieutenant colonels entered cheerfully into the good work, some, perhaps, with the feeling that, like Gil Blas's uncle, they would thus learn full as much as they taught. In a fortnight this school moved and looked like soldiers, and before Monmouth came, the leaven from this little nucleus had penetrated the whole army. . . .

Never before had an American army been trained like this army of Valley Forge. "Never," said Hamilton, when at Monmouth he saw a division in full retreat halt at Steuben's command, and

form as coolly under a close and heavy fire as they would have formed on parade, — "never did I know or conceive the value of military discipline before." . . .

A regular and vigorous inspection brought, at stated times, the whole army under the supervision of officers eager to show their zeal in the performance of a difficult duty. Till then, as I have already said, there had been an annual loss of more than five thousand muskets, and the war office, in making out its estimates for the year, had regularly made allowance for that number. In the returns under Steuben's inspectorship, only three muskets were missing in one year, and those three were accounted for. . . .

And what was his reward? An eight years' struggle with poverty and its bitter humiliations; to be publicly insulted as living upon national bounty, when a tardy justice had compelled Congress to acknowledge his claims and buy them off with an annuity of twenty-five hundred dollars; a grave so little respected that a public road was run over it, laying its sacred contents bare to the rains of heaven, and to the eye and even the hand of vulgar curiosity, till individual reverence, performing the part of national gratitude, removed the desecrated bones to a surer resting-place; and a name in American history overshadowed and almost forgotten, till a countryman of his own, making himself, as Steuben had done, an American in heart and feeling, without sacrificing the instincts of his nativity, gathered together, with German industry and German zeal, the scattered records of his services, and portrayed, in faithful and enduring colors, his achievements in war, his virtues in peace, his rare endowments of mind, and the still nobler qualities of his heart.

ALFRED BILLINGS STREET.

Alfred Billings Street was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., December 18, 1811. At fourteen years of age he removed, with his father, to Monticello, in Sullivan County, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1839 he removed to Albany, where he has since resided, and has filled the place of state librarian.

His first volume of poems, entitled The Burning of Schenectady, was published in 1842. In 1844 a second collection appeared, entitled Drawings and Tintings. Frontenac, his longest poem, appeared in 1849. He published a history of certain New York courts, entitled The Council of Revision, in 1860, and in the same year an account of the Saranac and Raquette Lakes, of Northern New York, under the title of Woods and Waters.

Mr. Street has the tastes of a landscape painter of the realistic school. As we read we walk with him through the forests and by the banks of rivers. His pages give us a minute and faithful record of every picturesque view, a notice of every variety of tree and flower,

and of every native of the woods. His perception of the beautiful is not of general effects, but of details, and we have carefully painted studies rather than comprehensive pictures. The points that fill the eye or strike the ear with pleasure are all enumerated, but we miss the imaginative power that blends the separate observations into a symmetrical whole. This is the faculty which he lacks, and it is the crowning faculty of the poet. There is no doubt that he has wrought with conscientious fidelity, and that his studies are true and beautiful. But his range of thought, as well as of observation, is not the broadest, and he must be classed among the painstaking students of nature, and not among the masters of its secret power, the interpreters of its divine lessons.

[From The Willewemoc in Summer.]

BLUE sky, pearl cloud, and golden beam
Beguile my steps this summer day,
Beside the lone and lovely stream,
And 'mid its sylvan scenes to stray.
The moss, too delicate and soft
To bear the tripping bird aloft,
Slopes its green velvet to the sedge,
Tufting the mirrored water's edge,
Where the slow eddies wrinkling creep
'Mid swaying grass in stillness deep:
The sweet wind scarce has breath to turn
The edges of the leaves, or stir
The fragile wreath of gossamer
Embroidered on yon clump of fern.
The stream incessant greets my ear
In hollow dashings, — full round tones, —
Purling 'mid alder branches here,
There gurgling o'er the tinkling stones;
The rumble of the waterfall
Majestic sounding over all.

Before me spreads the sheltered pool,
Pictured with tree-shapes black and cool:
Here the roofed water seems to be
A solid mass of ebony;
There the lit surface glances bright
In dazzling gleams of spangled light:
Now the quick darting waterfly
Ploughs its light furrow, skimming by,
While circling o'er in mazy rings,
The chirping swallow dips his wings;
Relieved against yon sunny glare
The gnat-swarms, dust-like, speck the air;

From yon deep cove where lily-gems
Are floating by their silken stems,
Out glides the dipping duck to seek
The narrow windings of the creek,
The glitterings of his purple back
Disclosing far his sinuous track ;
Now sliding down yon grassy brink
I see the otter plunge and sink ;
Yon bubbling streak betrays his rise,
And through the furrowing sheet he plies.

The aspen shakes, the hemlock hums —
Damp with the shower the west wind comes ;
Rustling in heaps the quivering grass,
It darkening dots the streamlet's glass,
And rises with the herald-breeze
The cloud's dark umber o'er the trees ;
A veil of gauze-like mist it flings,
Dimples the stream with transient rings,
And soon beneath this tent-like tree
The swift, bright, glancing streaks I see,
And hear around in murmuring strain
The gentle music of the rain.
Then bursts the sunshine warm and gay,
The misty curtain melts away,
The clouds in fragments break, and through
Trembles in spots the smiling blue ;
A fresh, damp sweetness fills the scene,
From dripping leaf and moistened earth,
The odor of the wintergreen
Floats on the airs that now have birth ;
Plashes and air-bells all about
Proclaim the gambols of the trout,
And calling bush and answering tree
Echo with woodland melody.
Now the piled west in pomp displays
The radiant forms that sunset weaves,
And slanting lines of golden haze
Are streaming through the sparkling leaves.

NOAH PORTER.

Noah Porter was born in Farmington, Conn., in 1811, and was graduated at Yale College in 1831. He studied theology at the Yale School, while tutor in the college, and was ordained pastor of the Congregational church at New Milford, Conn., in 1836. In 1843 he removed to Springfield, Mass., where he remained until 1847, when he was appointed professor of moral philosophy and metaphysics in Yale College. He held this place until 1871, when, on the retirement of Dr. Woolsey, he was chosen president. His principal work is a text-book upon mental philosophy, entitled The Human Intellect, considered by many to be on the whole the ablest presentation of its great subject in a popular form. He published in 1870 a volume on Books and Reading — a very candid, discriminating, and catholic treatise. His other works are, The Educational Systems of the Puritans and the Jesuits (1851), The American Colleges and the American Public (1870), Elements of Intellectual Science (1871), The Sciences of Nature *versus* the Science of Man: a Plea for the Science of Man (1871). He has been a contributor to the New Englander and other periodicals, and has published occasional discourses and addresses. He was also editor-in-chief of the last revised edition of Webster's Dictionary, in which the etymologies were wrought over, and the definitions recast.

[From Books and Reading.]

WE should be contented to read that which is suitable to our present development of thought and feeling, or, in plainer language, to our age and progress. Everything is appropriate and beautiful in its season. Eat strawberries in May or June, and wait for peaches and grapes till the autumn. Let not the miss just entering upon her teens expect to appreciate the poetry or philosophy which her brother of twenty-two is but just beginning to comprehend and enjoy. Above all, do not meddle with philosophy of any sort, whether it comes in the form of history, of fiction, or grave discussion, until you can grapple with its problems and follow its subtile abstractions.

Let your reading in every department follow somewhat the order of nature and of psychical growth, and the growth will be all the more rapid and easy. The transitions from that which is adapted to earlier and later youth, and to dawning and developed manhood, will be easily and gracefully accomplished, and both intellect and feeling will find, in the abundant variety of literary productions, suitable and satisfying nutriment for their newly-developed wants and tastes. Important aid in the selection of the right books, according to this rule, may be derived from advisers who know us well. But the rule furnishes in itself the means for its own enforcement, if we considerately apply it. As a general truth, facts should come before philosophy; narrative before reflection; objective description before subjective meditation; poetry that is graphic, outward, and picturesque before that which is meditative, learned, and introverted; and

history, that paints and describes, before that which generalizes and interprets. . . .

The style of a writer should often determine whether we read or neglect him. But what is style, and how shall we judge whether it is good or bad? That depends upon our taste, i. e., whether it is healthy or vitiated, whether it is uncultured or rightly trained. Savages and semi-barbarians are fond of stimulating and strongly contrasted colors, of violent and spasmodic gesticulations, of shrieking and dissonant sounds, of noisy and discordant music. So in literature there are semi-barbarians, who delight in the glaring and the grotesque, the extravagant and the spasmodic, the vulgar and sensational in diction and imagery. In the judgment of such, those books, journals, and newspapers only are *up to the times*, and produced by *live men*, which are distinguished by characteristics that belong to the barbaric age. That writer is trenchant and brilliant who is ill-mannered, coarse, personal, and vituperative. That orator is magnificently eloquent who ranges through the Classical Dictionary for historic parallels to common men and common occasions, and always rides on the topmost wave of his tumid diction. Flippancy and audacity are taken for genius and power, and a perpetual straining after tawdry ornaments and effective diction, such as remind one of war paint and tattooing, is deemed the certain indication of intellectual power. People of more refined habits and a more perfectly developed civilization require a somewhat different style in the writers whom they delight to read — as strength without roughness, elegance without affectation, ease without weakness, copiousness without verbosity, and courtesy without loss of dignity. We judge of style somewhat as we do of manners. Whatever in expression facilitates the easy apprehension and the pleasant reception of the thoughts and sentiments; whatever fits both like a glove, and seems to have been their natural growth; whatever in form is the unstudied product of an earnest and refined nature, — is, in general, good in style. On the other hand, whatever is awkward, indirect, involved, and difficult to follow; whatever is factitious and affected; whatever is overloaded with obtrusive and gaudy decorations; above all, whatever is swelling, declamatory, and overstrained in its illustration is bad in diction, — is bad in style. We may read an author whose style is defective or bad for the worth of his matter; but a bad style ought never to please or attract us, and, other things being equal, we cannot but prefer the well-written to the badly-written book.

Style, indeed, is not to be judged of as a thing of the supremest

consequence, but as chiefly valuable as it renders easy and agreeable the communication of thought and feeling. "The more sash, the less light," was a pithy saying in respect of diction, often uttered by a writer who illustrated the rule by his own example. It is slightly too pointed to be altogether true. A window may serve other ends than to let in the white light of winter or the dazzling glance of summer; and style may be allowed to color and warm intellectual clearness with the hues that express emotion, and to set off these hues by varying contrasts of beauty and shading; but when style is characterized by mere pomp and glitter, by artificial nicety or studied effect, it deserves the contempt of every person of sense, as truly when seen in a book as when displayed by a man. But as in conversing with men we are naturally pleased with an easy flow of language from the lips, so is it with language when it is written. There is a natural grace, and order, and beauty which lend a charm that cannot be described. There is a power in expression by which a word as used by one man will produce a stronger impression than a page composed by another. By one writer thought is thrust forth as dry as a withered branch; by another, through apt illustration, it is made fresh and blooming, like an orange bough just broken from the tree, in which bud, blossom, and fruit mingle their fragrance and beauty. From one man truth falls as if wrung from unwilling lips; from another it leaps into form and action with a resistless energy, warm and living, startling and overpowering.

It is of vital importance to our success and pleasure in reading, that the books which we read should be well written. It is also a prime necessity that our ideal of what good writing is should be just and elevated. Next to bad morals in writing should be ranked bad manners in diction, or an infelicitous style. Awkwardness may be excused, and even accepted as an excellence, when it betokens sincerity and directness of aim; but vulgarity, affectation, vituperation, and bullyism, as well as "great swelling words of vanity," and lofty airs of pompous declamation, whether of the Asiatic and Oriental or the American and Occidental type; whether heard in the harangue from the hustings, in the sermon from the pulpit, or in the speech to the universe in the legislature; whether written in the newspaper or the essay, — are more nearly akin to moral defects than is usually believed or noticed. Indeed, they rarely fail to indicate them. Vague declamation is a kind of conscious falsehood. Empty rhetoric is a certain sign, as well as an efficient promoter, of insincerity and hollowness, of sham and pretence in the character.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips was born in Boston, Mass., November 29, 1811. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1831, and at the Cambridge Law School in 1833. He made his first appearance as an orator in December, 1837, at a public meeting held in Faneuil Hall, to take some notice of the murder of the Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Ill. (Mr. Lovejoy had established an anti-slavery paper in Alton, and the office had been recently mobbed, and he killed while defending his property). The conservative portion of the audience, under the lead of the attorney general, endeavored to frustrate the purpose of those who called the meeting. Mr. Phillips was young and comparatively unknown, but he was roused by the occasion, and, in a brilliant strain of invective, he attacked the position of those who attempted to palliate the crime that had been committed against a free press. His impassioned eloquence captivated the audience; the opposition was silenced, and the original resolutions presented were adopted.

Mr. Phillips continued to labor in behalf of the anti-slavery cause, although he and his party abstained from voting and from political action, because they would not swear to support the constitution of the United States so long as it protected slavery. Now that the institution is abolished, he finds abundant fields for his labors as a reformer. He is one of the leading advocates of woman suffrage. He is vehement in support of the laws that make it a penal offence to sell intoxicating drinks. He is a friend of the Labor Reformers in their desire to lighten the burdens and increase the comforts and the mental cultivation of the poor.

As an orator Mr. Phillips has few rivals, and scarcely a superior, in this generation. His voice is musical, his manner at once earnest and graceful, and his command of a fluent and idiomatic speech little less than marvellous. He is a great master of all the arts of attack. Preachers, politicians, and men in high places generally, who differ with him in opinion, are the subjects of his keen ridicule and his withering sarcasm. Like the old prophets he has always a "burden." He is a natural leader of men when on the platform; he knows how to reach their hearts, if not through their reason and their moral sense, then by their pride, their local prejudices, and their affections.

But those who have listened to his perfect utterances, whether in fervid denunciation, indignant protest, or pathetic appeal, seldom have the opportunity to examine in cool blood the true character of the rhetoric that fascinated them. While they watched the magnificent stream of eloquence, it seemed like the course of a river of molten lava. Let them to-day walk over the cooled and hardened surface, and they will find how rough and full of scoriæ its track is. Mr. Phillips's speeches have been collected in a handsome volume, with a portrait. Apart from its relations to the topics it deals with, and viewed simply as a specimen of composition, there is hardly any modern book so disappointing. The apt illustration, the witty anecdote, the emphatic statement, the traces of strong feeling, are to be seen in every discourse. But there are also slang phrases and vituperative epithets, which might be tolerated in an off-hand speech, but which when seen on the printed page debase the style and weaken its force. From the extract here printed it would seem that this is a deliberate choice, and that the orator has no regard for literature, except so far as it serves practical ends.

Mr. Phillips has long been a popular lecturer, and never fails to interest his audiences. Matter and manner are in perfect accord, and his stately presence and melodious tones leave an impression that is never forgotten.

PROSPECTIVE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN UPON LITERATURE.

I SAID justice had never been done to woman for her influence upon literature and society. Society is the natural outgrowth of the New Testament, and yet nothing deserving of the name ever existed in Europe until, two centuries ago, in France, woman called it into being. Society, — the only field where the sexes have ever met on terms of equality, the arena where character is formed and studied, the cradle and the realm of public opinion, the crucible of ideas, the world's university, at once a school and a theatre, the spur and the crown of ambition, the tribunal which unmasks pretension and stamps real merit, the power that gives government leave to be, and outruns the lazy church in fixing the moral sense of the age, — who shall fitly describe the lofty place of this element in the history of the last two centuries? Who shall deny that, more than anything else, it deserves the name of the most controlling element in the history of the two centuries just finished? And yet this is the realm of woman, the throne which, like a first conqueror, she founded and then filled.

So with literature. The literature of three centuries ago is not decent to be read: we expurgate it. Within a hundred years woman has become a reader, and for that reason, as much or more than anything else, literature has sprung to a higher level. No need now to expurgate all you read. Woman, too, is now an author; and I undertake to say that the literature of the next century will be richer than the classic epochs, for that cause. Truth is one forever, absolute, but opinion is truth filtered through the moods, the blood, the disposition, of the spectator. Man has looked at creation, and given us his impressions, in Greek literature and English, one-sided, half-way, all awry. Woman now takes the stand to give us her views of God's works and her own creation; and exactly in proportion as woman, though equal, is eternally different from man, just in that proportion will the literature of the next century be doubly rich, because we shall have both sides. You might as well plant yourself in the desert, under the changeless gray and blue, and assert that you have seen all the wonders of God's pencil, as maintain that a male literature — Latin, Greek, or Asiatic — can be anything but a half part, poor and one-sided; as well develop only muscle, shutting out sunshine and color, and starving the flesh from your angular limbs, and then advise men to scorn Titian's flesh and the Apollo, since you have exhausted manly beauty, as think to stir all the depths of music with only half the chords. The diapason of human thought

was never struck till Christian culture summoned woman into the republic of letters ; and experience as well as nature tells us, "what God hath joined, let not man put asunder."

I welcome woman, therefore, to the platform of the world's teachers, and I look upon the world, in a very important sense, as one great school. As Humboldt said, ten years ago, "Governments, religion, property, books, are nothing but the scaffolding to build a man. Earth holds up to her master no fruit but the finished man." Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man. To change Bryant a little, —

> "The hills,
> Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,
> The venerable woods, rivers that move
> In majesty, and the complaining brooks
> That make the meadows green, and poured round all
> Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
> Are but the solemn decorations all
> Of the great *school* of man."

It is in this light, and for this value, that I appreciate the lyceum. We have four sources of education in this country — talk, literature, government, religion. The lyceum makes one and the most important element of each. It is a church without a creed, and with a constant rotation of clergymen. It teaches closer ethics than the pulpit. Let lyceum committees debate whether they shall invite Theodore Parker, or theological papers scold because Beecher stands on your platform, and out of such debate the people will pick a lesson of toleration better, more real, and more impressive than Locke's Treatise, or a dozen sermons, would give them. Responsibility teaches as nothing else can. That is God's great motor power. When your horse cannot move his load, throw a sack of grain on his back, and he draws easily on. He draws by weight, not by muscle. Give the masses nothing to do, and they will topple down thrones and cut throats ; give them the government, as here, and they will make pulpits useless and colleges an impertinence. It is the best part of literature, too, for it is the only part that is vital. I value letters. I thank God that I was taught for many years — enough to see inside the sham.

The upper tier of letters is mere amateur — does not understand its own business. William H. Prescott would have washed his hand twice had Walker, the filibuster, grasped it unwittingly ; but he sits down in his study and writes the history of filibusters, respectable

only because they died three hundred years ago! He did not know that he was the mere annalist of the Walkers and Jefferson Davises of that age.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

SOME men look upon this temperance cause as whining bigotry, narrow asceticism, or a vulgar sentimentality, fit for little minds, weak women, and weaker men. On the contrary, I regard it as second only to one or two others of the primary reforms of this age, and for this reason: Every race has its peculiar temptation; every clime has its specific sin. The tropics and tropical races are tempted to one form of sensuality; the colder and temperate regions, and our Saxon blood, find their peculiar temptation in the stimulus of drink and food. In old times our heaven was a drunken revel. We relieve ourselves from the over-weariness of constant and exhausting toil by intoxication. Science has brought a cheap means of drunkenness within the reach of every individual. National prosperity and free institutions have put into the hands of almost every workman the means of being drunk for a week on the labor of two or three hours. With that blood and that temptation, we have adopted democratic institutions, where the law has no sanctions but the purpose and virtue of the masses. The statute-book rests not on bayonets, as in Europe, but on the hearts of the people. A drunken people can never be the basis of a free government. It is the corner-stone neither of virtue, prosperity, nor progress. To us, therefore, the title-deeds of whose estates and the safety of whose lives depend upon the tranquillity of the streets, upon the virtue of the masses, the presence of any vice which brutalizes the average mass of mankind, and tends to make it more readily the tool of intriguing and corrupt leaders, is necessarily a stab at the very life of the nation. Against such a vice is marshalled the Temperance Reformation. That my sketch is no fancy picture every one of you knows. Every one of you can glance back over your own path, and count many and many a one among those who started from the goal at your side, with equal energy and perhaps greater promise, who has found a drunkard's grave long before this. The brightness of the bar, the ornament of the pulpit, the hope, and blessing, and stay of many a family — you know, every one of you who has reached middle life, how often on your path you set up the warning, "Fallen before the temptations of the streets!" Hardly one house in this

city, whether it be full and warm with all the luxury of wealth, or whether it find hard, cold maintenance by the most earnest economy; no matter which — hardly a house that does not count among sons or nephews some victim of this vice. The skeleton of this warning sits at every board. The whole world is kindred in this suffering. The country mother launches her boy with trembling upon the temptations of city life; the father trusts his daughter anxiously to the young man she has chosen, knowing what a wreck intoxication may make of the house-tree they set up. Alas! how often are their worst forebodings more than fulfilled! I have known a case — probably many of you recall some almost equal to it — where one worthy woman could count father, brother, husband, and son-in-law all drunkards — no man among her near kindred, except her son, who was not a victim of this vice. Like all other appetites, this finds resolution weak when set against the constant presence of temptation.

CHARLES SUMNER.

Charles Sumner was born in Boston, January 6, 1811. He was educated in the Boston Latin School, and at Harvard College, where he received his degree in 1830. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1834. Although he was successful in practice, he gave his attention more to the theory of law, and soon became known as an able writer on legal subjects. He was for three years reporter of the Circuit Court, and was at different times lecturer at the Cambridge Law School. In 1845, on the 4th of July, he delivered an oration before the municipal authorities of Boston, on the True Grandeur of Nations, in which he denounced the impending war with Mexico, and advocated the settlement of national controversies by arbitration. Mr. Sumner was originally a Whig, but he was led by the course of events to join the Free-soil party. In 1851 the Democratic and Free-soil parties having formed a coalition to carry the state election, he was, after a long and animated contest, chosen United States senator to succeed Daniel Webster. He opposed the fugitive slave bill in a speech in which he announced the doctrine that "freedom is national, slavery sectional." In 1856, after the delivery of his speech entitled The Crime against Kansas, in which were some passages that were highly offensive to slaveholders, he was assaulted, while at his desk in the Senate chamber, with a heavy cane, by Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, and was so severely injured that he was unable to perform any mental labor for some years. On resuming his seat, in the autumn of 1859, he delivered a speech that was afterwards printed under the title of The Barbarism of Slavery. During the rebellion which followed the election of Abraham Lincoln, he advocated the emancipation of the slaves as the most effective mode of ending the contest. For many years he has been a leading member of the Senate. In 1861 he was made chairman of the committee on foreign relations, which position he held until 1870, when he was displaced on account of not agreeing with his political associates in the support of President Grant.

Mr. Sumner's orations and speeches, taken in their order, might almost form a history of the anti-slavery movement in its connection with national politics. He has always insisted that the recent amendments are but the legitimate development of the original doctrines of the Constitution.

Mr. Sumner is distinguished for his learning, especially in history and public law. In his efforts on great occasions his citations of authorities are absolutely bewildering. His mind is comprehensive and logical, his methods direct and forcible, his spirit vehement and indomitable. As he moves on he leaves no point untouched, no matter how trite or familiar it may be. There are no gaps in his sentences, and no ellipses in his thought. He leaves nothing for the imagination. Proposition is riveted to proposition until the whole statement is like a piece of plate armor. But this scrupulous gathering up of details, and the copiousness of illustration by historical parallels, though effective with audiences and useful for popular instruction, often render portions of his speeches, when printed, tedious to cultivated readers, who are oppressed by the amplifications, the repetitions, and the profusion of learned quotations with which the argument is loaded. The field he has passed over is sure to be thoroughly swept. The audiences who listen, whether friendly or otherwise, are always profoundly impressed with his power and sincerity. The antagonist who follows him has always a task demanding his best efforts.

His style has unconsciously acquired a certain professional or state-paper tone. We see by the formal and stately manner that it is the statesman and the author of didactic treatises that is writing. The elevation of his thought is a moral elevation. As we read we seem to be on high ground, and breathe pure mountain air. There is no compromise with wrong, no paltering with worldly policy. Political discussions conducted in such a spirit rise to the dignity of pure ethics, and are as inspiring as they are impressive. Much of the effect of Mr. Sumner's speeches is due to this pervading moral element. He is not greatly imaginative, and his ample utterances, unlike the copious and glowing diction of Burke, appear to be the results of painstaking industry.

Mr. Sumner has an enviable distinction in what we must consider a corrupt age; he is so noted for inflexible honesty that no one ever ventures to suggest that he has an interested motive for his conduct. In person he is very tall, and wears a look of dignity and conscious power. He speaks with great energy, but has not a very melodious voice nor graceful manner. There are few in this generation that will leave behind a more exalted reputation for the qualities that constitute a great and good man.

His works, in several volumes, 8vo., with portrait, are published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

[From an Oration on the True Grandeur of Nations.]

AND now, if it be asked why, in considering the true grandeur of nations, I dwell thus singly and exclusively on war, it is because war is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with true greatness. Thus far, man has worshipped in military glory a phantom idol, compared with which the colossal images of ancient Babylon or modern Hindostan are but toys; and we, in this favored land of freedom, in this blessed day of light, are among the idolaters. The Heaven-descended injunction, *Know thyself*, still speaks to an unheeding world from the far-off letters of gold at Delphi: *Know thyself; know that the moral is the noblest part of man*, transcending far that which is the seat of passion, strife, and war — nobler than the intellect itself. And the human heart, in its untutored, spontaneous homage to the virtues of peace, declares the same truth — admonishing the military idolater that it is not the bloody combats, even of the bravest chiefs, even of gods themselves, as they echo from the resounding lines of the great poet of war, which receive the warmest

admiration, but those two scenes where are painted the gentle, unwarlike affections of our nature, the Parting of Hector from Andromache, and the Supplication of Priam. In the definitive election of these peaceful pictures, the soul of man, inspired by a better wisdom than that of books, and drawn unconsciously by the heavenly attraction of what is truly great, acknowledges, in touching instances, the vanity of military glory. The beatitudes of Christ, which shrink from saying, "Blessed are the war-makers," inculcate the same lesson. Reason affirms and repeats what the heart has prompted and Christianity proclaimed. Suppose war decided by *force*, where is the glory? Suppose it decided by *chance*, where is the glory? Surely, in other ways true greatness lies. Nor is it difficult to tell where.

True greatness consists in imitating, as nearly as possible for finite man, the perfections of an infinite Creator — above all, in cultivating those highest perfections, Justice and Love: justice, which, like that of St. Louis, does not swerve to the right hand or to the left; love, which, like that of William Penn, regards all mankind as of kin. "God is angry," says Plato, "when any one censures a man like himself, *or praises a man of an opposite character;* and the godlike man is the good man." Again, in another of those lovely dialogues, precious with immortal truth, "Nothing resembles God more than that man among us who has attained to the highest degree of justice." The true greatness of nations is in those qualities which constitute the true greatness of the individual. It is not in extent of territory, or vastness of population, or accumulation of wealth; not in fortifications, or armies, or navies; not in the sulphurous blaze of battle; not in Golgothas, though covered by monuments that kiss the clouds — for all these are creatures and representatives of those qualities in our nature which are unlike anything in God's nature. Nor is it in triumphs of the intellect alone — in literature, learning, science, or art. The polished Greeks, our masters in the delights of art, and the commanding Romans, overawing the earth with their power, were little more than splendid savages. And the age of Louis XIV., of France, spanning so long a period of ordinary worldly magnificence, thronged by marshals bending under military laurels, enlivened by the unsurpassed comedy of Molière, dignified by the tragic genius of Corneille, illumined by the splendors of Bossuet, is degraded by immoralities that cannot be mentioned without a blush, by a heartlessness in comparison with which the ice of Nova Zembla is warm, and by a succession of deeds of in-

justice not to be washed out by the tears of all the recording angels of heaven.

The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may enlarge the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it; but in their nature they are but accessaries. *The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man.* The surest tokens of this grandeur in a nation are that Christian beneficence which diffuses the greatest happiness among all, and that passionless, godlike justice which controls the relations of the nation to other nations, and to all the people committed to its charge. . . .

Far be from us, fellow-citizens, on this festival, the pride of national victory, and the illusion of national freedom, in which we are too prone to indulge! None of you make rude boast of individual prosperity or prowess. And here I end as I began. Our country cannot do what an individual cannot do. Therefore it must not vaunt or be puffed up. Rather bend to unperformed duties. Independence is not all. We have but half done, when we have made ourselves free. The scornful taunt wrung from bitter experience of the great revolution in France must not be levelled at us: "They wish to be *free*, but know not how to be *just*." Nor is priceless freedom an end in itself, but rather the means of justice and beneficence, where alone is enduring concord, with that attendant happiness which is the final end and aim of nations, as of every human heart. It is not enough to be free. There must be peace which cannot fail, and other nations must share the great possession. To this end must we labor, bearing ever in mind two special objects, complements of each other: first, the arbitrament of war must end; and secondly, disarmament must begin. With this ending and this beginning the great gates of the future will be opened, and the guardian virtues will assert a new empire. Alas! until this is done, national honor and national glory will yet longer flaunt in blood, and there can be no true grandeur of nations.

To this great work let me summon you. That future, which filled the lofty vision of sages and bards in Greece and Rome, which was foretold by prophets and heralded by evangelists, when man, in happy isles, or in a new paradise, shall confess the loveliness of peace, may you secure, if not for yourselves, at least for your children! *Believe* that you can do it, and you *can* do it. The true golden age is before, not behind. If man has once been driven

from paradise, while an angel with a flaming sword forbade his return, there is another paradise, even on earth, which he may make for himself, by the cultivation of knowledge, religion, and the kindly virtues of life — where the confusion of tongues shall be dissolved in the union of hearts, and joyous nature, borrowing prolific charms from prevailing harmony, shall spread her lap with unimagined bounty, and there shall be perpetual jocund spring, and sweet strains borne on "the odoriferous wing of gentle gales," through valleys of delight more pleasant than the vale of Tempe, richer than the garden of the Hesperides, with no dragon to guard its golden fruit.

Is it said that the age does not demand this work? The robber conqueror of the past, from fiery sepulchre, demands it; the precious blood of millions unjustly shed in war, crying from the ground, demands it; the heart of the good man demands it; the conscience, even of the soldier, whispers, "Peace." There are considerations springing from our situation and condition which fervently invite us to take the lead. Here should join the patriotic ardor of the land, the ambition of the statesman, the effort of the scholar, the pervasive influence of the press, the mild persuasion of the sanctuary, the early teaching of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumph, more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the *last reason of kings*. Let it be no reason of our republic. Let us renounce and throw off forever the yoke of a tyranny most oppressive of all in the world's annals. As those standing on the mountain-top first discern the coming beams of morning, so may we, from the vantage-ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era! Lift high the gates, and let the King of Glory in, — the King of true Glory, — of Peace! I catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty, —

"And let the whole earth be filled with his glory."

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war. No hostile foot ever pressed this kindly soil, and citizens of all countries met here, in common worship, beneath the ægis of inviolable peace. So let us dedicate our beloved country; and may the blessed consecration be felt in all its parts, everywhere throughout its ample domains! The Temple of Honor shall be enclosed by the Temple of Concord, that it may never more

be entered through any portal of war; the horn of abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within its happy courts, purged of Violence and Wrong, Justice, returned to the earth from long exile in the skies, with equal scales for nations as for men, shall rear her serene and majestic front; and by her side, greatest of all, Charity, sublime in meekness, hoping all and enduring all, shall divinely temper every righteous decree, and with words of infinite cheer inspire to those deeds that cannot vanish away. And the future chief of the republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.

While seeking these fruitful glories for ourselves, let us strive for their extension to other lands. Let the bugles sound the *Truce of God* to the whole world forever. Not to one people, but to every people, let the glad tidings go. The selfish boast of the Spartan women, that they never saw the smoke of an enemy's camp, must become the universal chorus of mankind, while the iron belt of War, now encompassing the globe, is exchanged for the golden *cestus* of Peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage bestowed by massacring soldiers upon the spot occupied by the sepulchre of the Lord. Vain man! why confine regard to a few feet of sacred mould? The whole earth is the sepulchre of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Confessing this truth, let us now, on this Sabbath of the Nation, lay a new and living stone in the grand Temple of Universal Peace, whose dome shall be lofty as the firmament of heaven, broad and comprehensive as earth itself.

JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER.

John William Draper was born in Liverpool, England, May 5, 1811, and was educated at London University. He came to the United States in 1833, and pursued his studies in chemistry and medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He was professor at Hampden and Sidney College from 1836 to 1839, and afterwards at the University of New York — first in the academical and then in the medical department. Dr. Draper is a man of great learning, and has written many able scientific works. Among them are treatises on the Organization of Plants (1844), Chemistry (1846), Natural Philosophy (1847), Human Physiology (1856.) But he has not confined his studies to the sciences. He has aspired to co-ordinate the results of all modern learning into a broad philosophical view of the progress of mankind. This is the theme of his principal work, the History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. It may be likened, in a measure, to Buckle's History of Civilization, and to

the recent works of Lecky; but the author has made an original plan, and has developed his own ideas in the view of the world's history. His style is sententious and dignified; his works will be read for their ideas, and will command respect from all thoughtful men. He has written a History of the American Civil War, three vols., 8vo.; also Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America, in one vol., 8vo., Harper & Brothers, New York.

[From History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.]

NATIONS AS WELL AS MEN MORTAL.

Too commonly do we believe that the affairs of men are determined by a spontaneous action or free will; we keep that overpowering influence which really controls them in the background. In individual life we also accept a like deception, living in the belief that everything we do is determined by the volition of ourselves or of those around us; nor is it until the close of our days that we discern how great is the illusion, and that we have been swimming, playing, and struggling in a stream which, in spite of all our voluntary motions, has silently and resistlessly borne us to a predetermined shore. . . .

Nations, like individuals, die. Their birth presents an ethnical element; their death, which is the most solemn event that we can contemplate, may arise from interior or from external causes. Empires are only sand-hills in the hour-glass of Time; they crumble spontaneously away by the process of their own growth.

A nation, like a man, hides from itself the contemplation of its final day. It occupies itself with expedients for prolonging its present state. It frames laws and constitutions under the delusion that they will last, forgetting that the condition of life is change. Very able modern statesmen consider it to be the grand object of their art to keep things as they are, or rather as they were. But the human race is not at rest; and bands with which, for a moment, it may be restrained, break all the more violently the longer they hold. No man can stop the march of destiny.

Time, to the nation as to the individual, is nothing absolute; its duration depends on the rate of thought and feeling. For the same reason that to the child the year is actually longer than to the adult, the life of a nation may be said to be no longer than the life of a person, considering the manner in which its affairs are moving. There is a variable velocity of existence, though the lapses of time may be equable.

The origin, existence, and death of nations depend thus on physical influence, which are themselves the result of immutable laws. Nations are only transitional forms of humanity. They must un-

dergo obliteration as do the transitional forms offered by the animal series. There is no more an immortality for them than there is an immobility for an embryo in any one of the manifold forms passed through in its progress of development.

The life of a nation thus flows in a regular sequence, determined by invariable law; and hence, in estimating different nations, we must not be deceived by the casual aspect they present. The philosophical comparison is made by considering their entire manner of career or cycle of progress, and not their momentary or transitory state. Though they may encounter disaster, their absolute course can never be retrograde; it is always onward, even if tending to dissolution. It is as with the individual, who is equally advancing in infancy, in maturity, in old age. Pascal was more than justified in his assertion, that "the entire succession of men, through the whole course of ages, must be regarded as one man, always living and incessantly learning."

THE LIMITS OF FREE WILL.

He who is immersed in the turmoil of a crowded city sees nothing but the acts of men, and, if he formed his opinion from his experience alone, must conclude that the course of events altogether depends on the uncertainties of human volition. But he who ascends to a sufficient elevation loses sight of the passing conflicts, and no longer hears the contentions. He discovers that the importance of individual action is diminishing, as the panorama beneath him is extending. And if he could attain to the truly philosophical, the general point of view, disengaging himself from all terrestrial influences and entanglements, rising high enough to see the whole globe at a glance, his acutest vision would fail to discover the slightest indication of man, his free-will, or his works. In her resistless, onward sweep, in the clock-like precision of her daily and nightly revolution, in the well-known pictured forms of her continents and seas, now no longer dark and doubtful, but shedding forth a planetary light, well might he ask what had become of all the aspirations and anxieties, the pleasures and agony, of life. As the voluntary vanished from his sight, and the irresistible remained, and each moment became more and more distinct, well might he incline to disbelieve his own experience, and to question whether the seat of so much undying glory could be the place of so much human uncertainty; whether beneath the vastness, energy, and immutable course of a

moving world, there lay concealed the feebleness and imbecility of man. Yet it is none the less true that these contradictory conditions co-exist — Free-will and Fate, Uncertainty and Destiny, and all are watched by the sleepless eye of Providence. It is only the point of view that has changed; but on that how much has depended! A little nearer we gather the successive ascertainments of human inquiry, a little farther off we realize the panoramic vision of the Deity. Well has a Hindu philosopher remarked, that he who stands by the bank of a flowing stream sees, in their order, the various parts as they successively glide by, but he who is placed on an exalted station views, at a glance, the whole as a motionless, silvery thread among the fields. To the one there is the accumulating experience and knowledge of man in time, to the other there is the instantaneous and unsuccessive knowledge of God.

HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER STOWE.

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe, daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher, a distinguished clergyman, was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 15, 1812. She removed to Cincinnati with her father in 1833, where she was married, in 1836, to the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, afterwards professor at Bowdoin College and at Andover Theological School.

She wrote several stories and sketches for the Cincinnati Gazette and other periodicals, which were afterwards collected in a volume entitled The Mayflower. In 1851 she began the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin, in weekly chapters, in a newspaper published in Washington, called the National Era. On its completion it appeared, in two volumes, 12mo., in Boston. Its success was without a parallel in the literature of any age. Near half a million copies were sold in this country, and a considerably larger number in England. It was translated into every language of Europe, and into Arabic and Armenian. It was dramatized and acted in nearly every theatre in the world. The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin appeared in 1853. The same year she visited Europe, and was received with gratifying attention. On her return she published Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands, two volumes, 12mo. Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp, was published in 1856. This work produced but a slight impression, probably because the charm of novelty in the subject was wanting. The character of Dred himself is more grand and picturesque than Uncle Tom. The Minister's Wooing appeared first in the Atlantic Monthly as a serial, and was published in book form in 1859. We think this the most delightful of her stories. The scene is laid in Newport, in the last century, and the characters (excepting Aaron Burr, whom the author, very properly, does not know much about) are among her finest creations. Agnes of Sorrento and The Pearl of Orr's Island were published in 1862: House and Home Papers in 1864; The Chimney Corner, a series in the Atlantic, in 1865; Little Foxes in 1865; Queer Little People in 1867; Oldtown Folks in 1869; Pink and White Tyranny in 1871; and My Wife and I in 1872. She also printed the True Story of Lady Byron's Life, which was probably not true, and, in any case, should not have been told.

It will be seen that Mrs. Stowe has been a very prolific writer, and, although her fame will rest upon her first great book, all of her novels have some admirable qualities, and sev-

eral of them have enough merit in themselves to have given her a place among our first authors of fiction. She is a novelist of rare and original genius. She is indebted to no special culture and to no careful practice for her effects. In attention to the niceties of the language she is surpassed by many writers of an inferior rank. Her descriptions of persons and of scenes are like the etchings of the old painters; the method is full of details, and the process could not be imparted, but at due distance the effect is magical, the cartoon priceless and imperishable.

Probably our great national struggle, then impending (although we did not know it), intensified the public interest in Uncle Tom's Cabin and its momentous lessons; but it is a great story still. The characters are powerfully drawn, and the plot is constructed with skill. The figures of the prim Miss Ophelia, the indescribable Aunt Dinah, and of the great souled Uncle Tom are masterpieces in fiction. The future historian of the United States, in mentioning the causes that led to the overthrow of slavery, must give much of the credit to the author of the drama in which the results of the system were exhibited to the world.

Professor Stowe resigned his chair at Andover some years since, and now, with his wife and daughters, resides during a part of the year in Florida.

[From Uncle Tom's Cabin.]

UNCLE TOM READS HIS TESTAMENT.

Is it strange, then, that some tears fall on the pages of his Bible as he lays it on the cotton-bale, and, with patient finger threading his slow way from word to word, traces out its promises? Having learned late in life, Tom was but a slow reader, and passed on laboriously from verse to verse. Fortunate for him was it that the book he was intent on was one which slow reading cannot injure — nay, one whose words, like ingots of gold, seem often to need to be weighed separately, that the mind may take in their priceless value. Let us follow him a moment, as, pointing to each word, and pronouncing each half aloud, he reads, —

"Let — not — your — heart — be — troubled. In — my — Father's — house — are — many — mansions. I — go — to — prepare — a — place — for — you."

Cicero, when he buried his darling and only daughter, had a heart as full of honest grief as poor Tom's, — perhaps no fuller, for both were only men; but Cicero could pause over no such sublime words of hope, and look to no such future reunion; and if he had seen them, ten to one he would not have believed, — he must fill his head first with a thousand questions of authenticity of manuscript, and correctness of translation. But, to poor Tom, there it lay, just what he needed, so evidently true and divine that the possibility of a question never entered his simple head. It must be true, for, if not true, how could he live?

As for Tom's Bible, though it had no annotations and helps in

margin from learned commentators, still it had been embellished with certain way-marks and guide-boards of Tom's own invention, and which helped him more than the most learned expositions could have done. It had been his custom to get the Bible read to him by his master's children, in particular by young Master George; and as they read, he would designate, by bold, strong marks and dashes, with pen and ink, the passages which more particularly gratified his ear or affected his heart. His Bible was thus marked through, from one end to the other, with a variety of styles and designations; so he could in a moment seize upon his favorite passages, without the labor of spelling out what lay between them; and while it lay there before him, every passage breathing of some old home scene, and recalling some past enjoyment, his Bible seemed to him all of this life that remained, as well as the promise of a future one.

—

LITTLE EVA.

HER form was the perfection of childish beauty, without its usual chubbiness and squareness of outline. There was about it an undulating and aerial grace such as one might dream of for some mythic and allegorical being. Her face was remarkable, less for its perfect beauty of feature than for a singular and dreamy earnestness of expression, which made the ideal start when they looked at her, and by which the dullest and most literal were impressed, without exactly knowing why. The shape of her head and the turn of her neck and bust were peculiarly noble, and the long, golden-brown hair that floated like a cloud around it, the deep, spiritual gravity of her violet blue eyes, shaded by heavy fringes of golden brown, — all marked her out from other children, and made every one turn and look after her, as she glided hither and thither on the boat. Nevertheless, the little one was not what you would have called either a grave child or a sad one. On the contrary, an airy and innocent playfulness seemed to flicker like the shadow of summer leaves over her childish face, and around her buoyant figure. She was always in motion, always with half a smile on her rosy mouth, flying hither and thither, with an undulating and cloud-like tread, singing to herself as she moved as in a happy dream. Her father and female guardian were incessantly busy in pursuit of her — but, when caught, she melted from them again like a summer cloud; and as no word of chiding or reproof ever fell on her ear for whatever she chose to

do, she pursued her own way all over the boat. Always dressed in white, she seemed to move like a shadow through all sorts of places, without contracting spot or stain; and there was not a corner or nook, above or below, where those fairy footsteps had not glided, and that visionary golden head, with its deep blue eyes, fleeted along.

The fireman, as he looked up from his sweaty toil, sometimes found those eyes looking wonderingly into the raging depths of the furnace, and fearfully and pityingly at him, as if she thought him in some dreadful danger. Anon the steersman at the wheel paused and smiled, as the picture-like head gleamed through the window of the round house, and in a moment was gone again. A thousand times a day rough voices blessed her, and smiles of unwonted softness stole over hard faces as she passed; and when she tripped fearlessly over dangerous places, rough, sooty hands were stretched involuntarily out to save her, and smooth her path.

Tom, who had the soft, impressible nature of his kindly race, ever yearning towards the simple and child-like, watched the little creature with daily increasing interest. To him she seemed something almost divine; and whenever her golden head and deep blue eyes peered out upon him from behind some dusky cotton-bale, or looked down upon him over some ridge of packages, he half believed he saw one of the angels stepped out of the New Testament.

AUNT DINAH'S DEFENSIVE TACTICS.

LIKE a certain class of modern philosophers, Dinah perfectly scorned logic and reason in every shape, and always took refuge in intuitive certainty; and here she was perfectly impregnable. No possible amount of talent, or authority, or explanation, could ever make her believe that any other way was better than her own, or that the course she had pursued in the smallest matter could be in the least modified. This had been a conceded point with her old mistress, Marie's mother; and "Miss Marie," as Dinah always called her young mistress even after her marriage, found it easier to submit than contend; and so Dinah had ruled supreme. This was the easier, in that she was perfect mistress of that diplomatic art which unites the utmost subservience of manner with the utmost inflexibility as to measure.

Dinah was mistress of the whole art and mystery of excuse-mak-

ing, in all its branches. Indeed, it was an axiom with her that the cook can do no wrong, and a cook in a southern kitchen finds abundance of heads and shoulders on which to lay off every sin and frailty, so as to maintain her own immaculateness entire. If any part of the dinner was a failure, there were fifty indisputably good reasons for it, and it was the fault, undeniably, of fifty other people, whom Dinah berated with unsparing zeal.

But it was very seldom that there was any failure in Dinah's last results. Though her mode of doing everything was peculiarly meandering and circuitous, and without any sort of calculation as to time and place, — though her kitchen generally looked as if it had been arranged by a hurricane blowing through it, and she had about as many places for each cooking utensil as there were days in the year, — yet, if one could have patience to wait her own good time, up would come her dinner in perfect order, and in a style of preparation with which an epicure could find no fault.

It was now the season of incipient preparation for dinner. Dinah, who required large intervals of reflection and repose, and was studious of ease in all her arrangements, was seated on the kitchen floor, smoking a short, stumpy pipe, to which she was much addicted, and which she always kindled up, as a sort of censer, whenever she felt the need of an inspiration in her arrangements. It was Dinah's mode of invoking the domestic Muses.

Seated around her were various members of that rising race with which a southern household abounds, engaged in shelling peas, peeling potatoes, picking pin-feathers out of fowls, and other preparatory arrangements, — Dinah every once in a while interrupting her meditations to give a poke, or a rap on the head, to some of the young operators, with the pudding-stick that lay by her side. In fact Dinah ruled over the woolly heads of the younger members with a rod of iron, and seemed to consider them born for no earthly purpose but to "save her steps," as she phrased it. It was the spirit of the system under which she had grown up, and she carried it out to its full extent.

Miss Ophelia, after passing on her reformatory tour through all the other parts of the establishment, now entered the kitchen. Dinah had heard, from various sources, what was going on, and resolved to stand on defensive and conservative ground — mentally determined to oppose and ignore every new measure, without any actual and observable contest.

The kitchen was a large brick-floored apartment, with a great old-

fashioned fireplace stretching along one side of it — an arrangement which St. Clare had vainly tried to persuade Dinah to exchange for the convenience of a modern cook-stove. Not she. No Puseyite, or conservative of any school, was ever more inflexibly attached to time-honored inconveniences than Dinah.

When St. Clare had first returned from the north, impressed with the system and order of his uncle's kitchen arrangements, he had largely provided his own with an array of cupboards, drawers, and various apparatus, to induce systematic regulation, under the sanguine illusion that it would be of any possible assistance to Dinah in her arrangements. He might as well have provided them for a squirrel or a magpie. The more drawers and closets there were, the more hiding-holes could Dinah make for the accommodation of old rags, hair-combs, old shoes, ribbons, cast-off artificial flowers, and other articles of *vertu*, wherein her soul delighted.

When Miss Ophelia entered the kitchen, Dinah did not rise, but smoked on in sublime tranquillity, regarding her movements obliquely out of the corner of her eye, but apparently intent only on the operations around her.

Miss Ophelia commenced opening a set of drawers.

"What is this drawer for, Dinah?" she said.

"It's handy for most anything, missis," said Dinah. So it appeared to be. From the variety it contained, Miss Ophelia pulled out first a fine damask table-cloth stained with blood, having evidently been used to envelop some raw meat.

"What's this, Dinah? You don't wrap up meat in your mistress's best table-cloths?"

"O, Lor', missis, no; the towels was all a missin' — so I just did it. I laid out to wash that ar' — that's why I put it thar."

"Shif'less!" said Miss Ophelia to herself, proceeding to tumble over the drawer, where she found a nutmeg-grater and two or three nutmegs, a Methodist hymn-book, a couple of soiled Madras handkerchiefs, some yarn and knitting-work, a paper of tobacco and a pipe, a few crackers, one or two gilded china saucers with some pomade in them, one or two thin old shoes, a piece of flannel carefully pinned up, enclosing some small white onions, several damask table-napkins, some coarse crash towels, some twine and darning-needles, and several broken papers, from which sundry sweet herbs were sifting into the drawer.

"Where do you keep your nutmegs, Dinah?" said Miss Ophelia, with the air of one who "prayed for patience."

"Most anywhar, missis; there's some in that cracked tea-cup up there, and there's some over in that ar cupboard."

"Here are some in the grater," said Miss Ophelia, holding them up.

"Laws, yes; I put 'em there this morning — I likes to keep my things handy," said Dinah. "You Jake! what are you stopping for? You'll cotch it! Be still, thar!" she added, with a dive of her stick at the criminal.

"What's this?" said Miss Ophelia, holding up the saucer of pomade.

"Laws, it's my har-grease; I put it thar to have it handy."

"Do you use your mistress's best saucers for that?"

"Law! it was 'cause I was driv, and in such a hurry. I was gwine to change it this very day."

"Here are two damask table-napkins."

"Them table-napkins I put thar to get 'em washed out some day."

"Don't you have some place here on purpose for things to be washed?"

"Well, Mas'r St. Clare got dat ar chest, he said, for dat; but I likes to mix up biscuit and hev my things on it some days, and then it ain't handy a liftin' up the lid."

"Why don't you mix your biscuits on the pastry-table, there?"

"Law, missis, it gets sot so full of dishes, and one thing and another, der an't no room, no ways —"

"But you should wash your dishes, and clear them away."

"Wash my dishes!" said Dinah, in a high key, as her wrath began to rise over her habitual respect of manner. "What does ladies know 'bout work, I want to know? When'd mas'r ever get his dinner, if I was to spend all my time a washin' and a puttin' up dishes? Miss Marie never telled me so, no how."

"Well, here are these onions."

"Laws, yes!" said Dinah; "thar *is* whar I put em, now. I couldn't 'member. Them's particular onions I was a savin' for dis yer very stew. I'd forgot they was in dat ar old flannel."

Miss Ophelia lifted out the sifting papers of sweet herbs. "I wish missis wouldn't touch dem ar. I likes to keep my things where I knows whar to go to 'em," said Dinah, rather decidedly.

"But you don't want these holes in the papers."

"Them's handy for siftin' on't out," said Dinah.

"But you see it spills all over the drawer."

"Laws, yes! if missis will go a tumblin' things all up so, it will. Missis has spilt lots dat, anway," said Dinah, coming uneasily to the drawers. "If missis only will go up stairs till my clarin' up time comes, I'll have eberything right; but I can't do nothin' when ladies is round a henderin'. You, Sam, don't you gib de baby dat ar sugar-bowl! I'll crack ye over, if ye don't mind!"

"I'm going through the kitchen, and going to put everything in order, *once*, Dinah, and then I'll expect you to *keep* it so."

"Lor, now, Miss 'Phelia, dat ar an't no way for ladies to do. I never did see ladies doin' no sich; my old missis nor Miss Marie never did, and I don't see no kinder need on't;" and Dinah stalked indignantly about, while Miss Ophelia piled and sorted dishes, emptied dozens of scattering bowls of sugar into one receptacle, sorted napkins, table-cloths, and towels for washing — washing, wiping, and arranging with her own hands, and with a speed and alacrity which perfectly amazed Dinah.

"Lor', now! if dat ar de way dem northern ladies do, dey an't ladies no how," she said to some of her satellites, when at a safe hearing distance. "I has things as straight as anybody, when my clarin'-up time comes; but I don't want ladies round a henderin' and gettin' my things all where I can't find 'em."

To do Dinah justice, she had, at irregular periods, paroxysms of reformation and arrangement, which she called "clarin'-up times," when she would begin with great zeal, and turn every drawer and closet wrong side outward on to the floor or tables, and make the ordinary confusion seven-fold more confounded. Then she would light her pipe, and leisurely go over her arrangements, looking things over, and discoursing upon them; making all the young fry scour most vigorously on the tin things, and keeping up for several hours a most energetic state of confusion, which she would explain to the satisfaction of all inquirers, by the remark that she was a "clarin'-up." "She couldn't hev things a gwine on so as they had been, and she was gwine to make these yer young ones keep better order;" for Dinah herself, somehow, indulged the illusion that she herself was the soul of order, and it was only the *young uns*, and the everybody else in the house, that were the cause of anything that fell short of perfection in this respect. When all the tins were scoured, and the tables scrubbed snowy white, and everything that could offend tucked out of sight in holes and corners, Dinah would dress herself up in a smart dress, clean apron, and high, brilliant Madras turban, and tell all marauding "young uns" to keep out of

the kitchen, for she was gwine to have things kept nice. Indeed, these periodic seasons were often an inconvenience to the whole household, for Dinah would contract such an immoderate attachment to her scoured tin, as to insist upon it that it shouldn't be used again for any possible purpose — at least till the ardor of the "clarin'-up" period abated.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

Christopher Pearse Cranch was born in Alexandria, Va., March 8, 1813, and was graduated at Columbia College, Washington, in 1832. He studied divinity at the Cambridge Theological School, but soon relinquished the clerical profession, and became a landscape painter. He was one of the contributors to the Dial (conducted by Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, and Mr. Emerson), and published in it some of his most striking verses. A small volume of his poems was published in 1844. In 1847 he visited Europe, and resided abroad, mostly in Paris, for over ten years. He wrote and illustrated two juvenile books of a fanciful character, entitled The Last of the Huggermuggers (1856), and Kobboltozo (1857). He has lately made a poetical translation of Virgil, to be published by Messrs. Osgood & Co., in uniform style with Bryant's Homer, Longfellow's Dante, and Taylor's Faust.

Mr. Cranch's poetry is for poets. It is instinct with genuine feeling, and wrought into terse and weighty lines. He has a rare sense of music, and his sonnets upon several musical instruments are full of quaint and characteristic beauty.

Since his return from Europe Mr. Cranch has lived at Staten Island, N. Y.

TO THE MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA.

MAJESTIC flower! How purely beautiful
Thou art, as rising from thy bower of green,
Those dark and glossy leaves so thick and full,
Thou standest like a high-born forest queen
Among thy maidens clustering round so fair;—
I love to watch thy sculptured form unfolding,
And look into thy depths, to image there
A fairy cavern; and while thus beholding,
And while thy breeze floats o'er thee, matchless flower,
I breathe the perfume, delicate and strong,
That comes like incense from thy petal-bower;
My fancy roams those southern woods along,
Beneath that glorious tree, where deep among
The unsunned leaves thy large white flower-cups hung!

SLEEP.

LIKE the dark mirror of some mountain lake
To woods and clouds, to stars and twilight flowers,
Art thou, O Sleep, to these our waking hours.
From all that passes in us when awake,
Some strange reflection thou dost ever take;
From all events and acts thy deeps have caught
The dim inverted images of thought
And feeling. But as winds will sometimes break
The stillness of the water, every gleam
Of beauty or of order is deranged,
And all the fairy picture wildly changed,
So the calm image of some happiest dream
Turns dark and dim, and with proportion lost,
Waves, endless, shapeless, wild, even when loved the most.

MORNING.

THE earth was wandering in a troubled sleep,
And as it wandered, dreaming tearful dreams,
Then came the sun adown his orient steep,
Making sweet morning with its golden beams;
A parent, bending o'er his child, he seems,
Kissing its eyes, lips, cheeks, with warm embrace;
So kisseth he the mountains, woods, and streams,
And all the dew-like tears from off its face.
O, joy! That father's smile is like no other —
The child is folded in a parent's arms,
And looks up to the sky, its blue-eyed mother,
And laughs, with light upon its waking charms.
Ah, happy earth, what tender care hast thou!
There is no midnight cloud or dream upon thee now.

NIGHT.

THE star-wrought mantle of the dewy Night
Is folded now all round and round thee, Earth;
Safely to rest! this moon thy chamber-light,
These winds thy waving curtains, and the birth

Of white-winged mountain mists thy dreams shall be —
  Silently rising as thy slumbers fall.
The Night is now too clear for thee to see
  The storm-clouds gather at the tempest's call,
And fright thee with their dream-scowl as thou sleepest.
  Rest thee, O mother Earth! The heavens above
Shine on thy sleep, will cheer thee if thou weepest,
  And sing thee their old morning song of love;
They watch o'er thee, as thou, when daylight comes,
Dost watch, from all thy hills, over thy children's homes.

GNOSIS.*

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
  Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
  What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
  Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
  To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known,
  Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone,
  Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
  Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
  All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
  But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
  But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
  Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
  What the dim-eyed world hath taught;

* Knowing.

Only when our souls are fed
By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led,
Which they never drew from earth,

We like parted drops of rain
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Henry Ward Beecher was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813, and was graduated at Amherst College in 1834. He studied theology under the instruction of his father, at Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, and was settled as a preacher first at Lawrenceburg, Ind., and afterwards at Indianapolis. In 1847 he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and became pastor of the Plymouth Church. With the exception of a novel, entitled Norwood (1866), his works are the fruit of his regular labors as a preacher, and as a contributor to religious periodicals. He wrote for the New York Independent a series of articles which has been published in two volumes, under the title of Star Papers. Notes from Plymouth Pulpit is a regular report of his sermons. Life Thoughts is a collection of passages from his extemporaneous discourses, taken down in short hand by one of his admirers. He is the author of Lectures to Young Men, Eyes and Ears (1862), Freedom and War (1863), and two volumes of sermons.

Mr. Beecher is a natural orator, and whether he is on the public platform, at the desk of the lecturer, or in his own pulpit, he exercises an absolute sway over the feelings of his audience. His sense of humor is acute, so that even the periods of his sermons are sometimes rounded with smiles. His illustrations, like those of all great teachers, from Plato to Emerson, are drawn from homely subjects, but they flash on the understanding, and touch the heart with irresistible force. His enthusiasm is magnetic; the speaker and the hearer are moved by a simultaneous impulse — the one to say his noblest things, and the other to follow with a lively apprehension. It is while on the wing, as it were, that Mr. Beecher has given the proof of his imaginative power. Then it is that his figures come clothed in perfect grace, and his language has a natural felicity. The extracts that follow seem to us to warrant this estimate. We doubt if so many apophthegms, so many exquisite poetic images, as are contained in Life Thoughts, can be gathered from any volume of sermons, without going back to Jeremy Taylor. At the same time we doubt whether Mr. Beecher could sit down to write those same glowing sentences with much hope of success. The ideas are his, but are born only when the subject and the time call them into life. His sermons are thoughtful, instructive, and full of ingenious illustrations; their method shows careful study, but their brilliant passages are as unpremeditated as lightning strokes.

In fiction he did not gain great reputation, nor is he greatly successful as an essayist; the mastery of a finished and graceful style is not to be carried by assault, like a redoubt. And his pressing duties have left him small time for what he would probably term the arts of the literary pharisee. But it is impossible for such a man to be dull, or otherwise than interesting; and while his wonderful fervor as a speaker remains, it would be too much to ask that he should carry the same fire into his closet.

[From Life Thoughts.]

THE TWENTY–THIRD PSALM.

DAVID has left no sweeter psalm than the short twenty-third. It is but a moment's opening of his soul; but, as when one, walking the winter street, sees the door opened for some one to enter, and the red light streams a moment forth, and the forms of gay children are running to greet the comer, and genial music sounds, though the door shuts and leaves night black, yet it cannot shut back again all that the eye, the ear, the heart, and the imagination have seen — so in this psalm, though it is but a moment's opening of the soul, are emitted truths of peace and consolation that will never be absent from the world.

The twenty-third psalm is the nightingale of the psalms. It is small, of a homely feather, singing shyly out of obscurity; but, O, it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy, greater than the heart can conceive. Blessed be the day on which that psalm was born.

What would you say of a pilgrim commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which, when heard, caused him to forget what sorrow he had? And so the singing angel goes on his way through all lands, singing in the language of all nations, driving away trouble by the pulses of the air which his tongue moves with divine power. Behold just such a one! This pilgrim God has sent to speak in every language on the globe. It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world. It has remanded to their dungeon more felon thoughts, more black doubts, more thieving sorrows, than there are sands on the sea-shore. It has comforted the noble host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the heart of the sick, of captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness. Dying soldiers have died easier as it was read to them; ghastly hospitals have been illumined; it has visited the prisoner and broken his chains, and, like Peter's angel, led him forth in imagination, and sung him back to his home again. It has made the dying Christian slave freer than his master, and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind mourning, not so much that he was gone as because they were left behind and could not go too. Nor is its work done. It will go singing to your children and my children, and to their children, through all the generations of time; nor will it fold

its wings till the last pilgrim is safe, and time ended, and then it shall fly back to the bosom of God, whence it issued, and sound on, mingled with all those sounds of celestial joy which make heaven musical forever.

NOT ENOUGH TO BE SINCERE.

It is often said, it is no matter what a man believes if he is only sincere. This is true of all minor truths, and false of all truths whose nature it is to fashion a man's life. It will make no difference in a man's harvest whether he think turnips have more saccharine matter than potatoes — whether corn is better than wheat. But let the man sincerely believe that seed planted without ploughing is as good as with, that January is as favorable for seed-sowing as April, and that cockle-seed will produce as good a harvest as wheat, and will it make no difference? A child might as well think he could reverse that ponderous marine engine which, night and day, in calm and storm, ploughs its way across the deep, by sincerely taking hold of the paddle-wheel, as a man might think he could reverse the action of the elements of God's moral government through a misguided sincerity. They will roll over such a one, and whelm him in endless ruin.

THEOLOGICAL STRIFE FATAL TO PIETY.

How sad is that field from which battle has just departed! By as much as the valley was exquisite in its loveliness, is it now sublimely sad in its desolation. Such to me is the Bible, when a fighting theologian has gone through it.

How wretched a spectacle is a garden into which cloven-footed beasts have entered! That which yesterday was fragrant, and shone all over with crowded beauty, is to-day uprooted, despoiled, trampled, and utterly devoured, and all over the ground you shall find but the rejected cuds of flowers, and leaves, and forms that have been champed for their juices, and then rejected. Such to me is the Bible, when the pragmatic prophecy-monger and the swinish utilitarian have toothed its fruits and craunched its blossoms.

O garden of the Lord! whose seeds dropped down from heaven, and to whom angels bear watering dews night by night! O flowers and plants of righteousness! O sweet and holy fruits! we walk among you, and gaze with loving eyes, and rest under your odorous shadows; nor will we, with sacrilegious hand, tear you, that we may

search the secret of your roots, nor spoil you, that we may know how such wondrous grace and goodness are involved within you!

HOMELY ILLUSTRATIONS OF DIVINE TRUTH.

WHAT wonderful provision God has made for us, spreading out the Bible into types of nature!

What if every part of your house should begin to repeat the truths which have been committed to its symbolism? The lowest stone would say, in silence of night, "Other foundation can no man lay." The corner-stone would catch the word, "Christ is the corner-stone." The door would add, "I am the door." The taper burning by your bedside would stream up in a moment to tell you, "Christ is the light of the world." If you gaze upon your children, they reflect from their sweetly-sleeping faces the words of Christ, "Except ye become like little children." If, waking, you look towards your parents' couch, from that sacred place God calls himself your father and your mother. Disturbed by the crying of your children, who are affrighted in a dream, you will rise to soothe them, and hear God saying, "So will I wipe away all tears from your eyes in heaven." Returning to your bed, you look from the window. Every star hails you, but, chiefest, "the bright and morning Star." By and by, flaming from the east, the flood of morning bathes your dwelling, and calls you forth to the cares of the day, and then you remember that God is the sun, and that heaven is bright with his presence. Drawn by hunger, you approach the table. The loaf whispers as you break it, "Broken for you," and the wheat of the loaf sighs, "Bruised and ground for you." The water that quenches your thirst says, "I am the water of life." If you wash your hands, you can but remember the teachings of spiritual purity. If you wash your feet, that hath been done sacredly by Christ, as a memorial. The very roof of your dwelling hath its utterance, and bids you look for the day when God's house shall receive its top-stone.

Go forth to your labor, and what thing can you see that hath not its message? The ground is full of sympathy. The flowers have been printed with teachings. The trees, that only seem to shake their leaves in sport, are framing divine sentences. The birds tell of heaven with their love-warblings in the green twilight. The sparrow is preacher of truth. The hen that clucks and broods her chickens, unconscious that to the end of the world she is part and

parcel of a revelation of God to man, the sheep that bleat from the pastures, the hungry wolves that blink in the forest, the serpent that glides noiselessly in the grass, the raven that flies heavily across the field, the lily over which his shadow passes, the plough, the sickle, the vane, the barn, the flail, the threshing-floor, all of them are consecrated priests, unrobed teachers, revelators that see no vision themselves, but that bring to us thoughts of truth, contentment, hope, and love. All are ministers of God. The whole earth doth praise him, and show forth his glory!

RELIGION A HARMONY OF THE FACULTIES.

SOME men think that religion is a mere ecstatic experience, like a tune rarely played upon some faculty; living only while it is being performed, and then dying in silence. And, indeed, many men carry their religion as a church carries its bell — high up in a belfry, to ring out on sacred days, to strike for funerals, or to chime for weddings. All the rest of the time it hangs high above reach — voiceless, silent, dead. But religion is not the specialty of any one feeling, but the mood and harmony of the whole of them. It is the whole soul marching heavenward to the music of joy and love, with well-ranked faculties, every one of them beating tune and keeping time.

The religious life is thoughtful, but thought is not alone its nature. It is full of affection, but it has more than mere feeling; it abounds in grand moral impulses. Effervescent experiences are not its characteristic. It is the soul of a man made wondrously rich, moving to the touch of divine influence in every way to which so facile and elaborate a creature as man can move. There is no end to its combinations. It shapes itself beyond all enumeration of shapes. It thinks in vast and fathomless streams. It wills with all attitudes of authority and decision. It feels with all moods and variations of social affection. It rises, by the wings of faith, into the invisible, and fashions for itself a life there, glowing with every imaginable ecstasy. And neither one of these is religion more than another. It is the whole soul's life that is religion. When the sun rose on Memnon, it was fabled to have uttered melodious noises; but what were the rude twangings of that huge, grotesque statue, compared with the soul's response when God rises upon it, and every part, like a vibrating chord, sounds forth, to his touch, its joy and worship?

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

John Sullivan Dwight was born in Boston, May 13, 1813, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1832. He studied at the Cambridge Theological School, completing his course in 1836, and preached for about six years. He was settled in Northampton in 1840. He translated, about that time, the Select Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller, which were published as a volume in Ripley's Specimens of Foreign Literature. He contributed reviews of Tennyson, Spenser, and other authors, to the Christian Examiner. He wrote a course of lectures upon Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and their successors, which were delivered in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. He was a contributor to the Dial, and afterwards to the Harbinger. He joined the Brook Farm association in 1842, and remained there, teaching literature and music, and working on the farm, until the institution was broken up.

The younger generation may need to be informed that about thirty years ago a number of the most intellectual people of Boston and vicinity, among them George Ripley, George W. Curtis, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, purchased a farm in West Roxbury, and lived in a community, doing the necessary labor with their own hands, and endeavoring to show the world a better mode of life by combining their efforts both in practical affairs and in their mental and moral culture. It was a sincere and noble effort, though unsuccessful. Their pure and blameless lives, and their aspirations for the good of the race, are not to be thought of in connection with the later hideous developments of socialism in Paris, and the shameless doctrines of social reformers recently propounded in New York. Some views of the interior workings of the experiment may be seen in Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance.

Mr. Dwight in 1852 established the Musical Journal that bears his name, and of which he is still the editor. The volumes of this periodical contain an invaluable collection of the literature of music and art. Mr. Dwight is one of the officers and a leading spirit in the Harvard Musical Association of Boston, and it is to this association that the city is indebted for the annual series of symphony concerts, for the beautiful Music Hall, with its magnificent organ and its exquisite statue of Beethoven.

Mr. Dwight holds a high place among writers. He has the rare art of expressing the best ideas, especially in musical criticism, by fortunate adjectives and epithets. He is an upholder of the severe classical school, and often runs counter to popular tastes, but no one doubts the sincerity of his convictions, or that the end he aims at is the elevation of the art and the maintenance of a pure standard of beauty amid all the capricious changes of musical fashion.

[From the Christian Examiner, May, 1840.]

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

THE realm of Faerie is a purely moral world, unconditioned by time and space, but making them subserve. . . .

It is a world in which Love, and Beauty, and the Rule of Right shine always as the grand interests, and into which only enough of wrong is introduced to occupy the Will, to furnish monsters for the knights of glory to contend with, and serve as foils to victorious virtue. Here the ardent young mind has its hopes, and enjoys perpetual novelty, the mild excitement of surprise grown common. Here it loses itself in a world which dates not from history, but from

the heart. Now, this is truly poetry, in the sense of one of the happiest definitions which we have seen. "Poetry," says Shelley, "is the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." Pleasure, without mixture of misgiving or alarm; beauty, love, clear conscience, and fresh, perennial youth, — these are the atmosphere of the poem; at times, a somewhat drowsy atmosphere, as so much summer must be — but an atmosphere which it is life and occupation to breathe. The time to read its lulling, mellifluous stanzas is in summer, when the world is green and warm, and the air is full of sounds and smells which harmonize with your imaginary sensations while you read; when nature, as it were, adopts all that the poet paints and sings, and contradicts no word of it; or else, when rainy days or snow-storms drive back the thoughts into their own inward summer, where there is youth still, and hope and love, without fear. But for the full surrender of one's self to such poetry few feel generous leisure enough in our economical age. Everything must subserve a purpose, must promise some calculable result. Poetry, while she keeps to her own pure province of revealing to us a higher life, is neglected, and only called in as a convenient helper, to impress the maxims and further the enterprises, political, social, and personal, of this life. Pegasus must wear the harness. No wonder, then, that Spenser, that even Shakespeare, are little read. We have no leisure to live, and through the calm medium of the universal mind, enjoy all forms of life in turn; we all have special ends to pursue, which we will not quit, and for which we exclude nature, poetry, love, God even. Let Milton and Shakespeare have the stars and the mountains, and Nature's music, and all the tragedy and comedy of the world to themselves, and let Lear, and Hamlet, and Sir Guyon, and fair Florimel accomplish their destinies in a world not ours. Alas! the world of poetry is our world, if we but knew ourselves, and out of it the heart has no home. . . .

But the quality possessed in the highest degree by Spenser, the light which never leaves his works, is beauty. This it is, mainly, that gives him his high place among poets, and not sublimity, or intensity, or profoundness of thought. His muse haunts all the exquisite retreats of nature, and bathes in every innocent delight. He is a very bee, or humming-bird, among flowers; through whole eternities of summer days it is one feast of beauty with him; his appetite is never cloyed. He is beautiful, even while dull. His world is always fresh and young. His is that gracefulness of constant,

cheerful activity and accomplishment, which characterizes the music of Haydn, and which better fitted him to sing "The Creation," than the world's aspiration for its "Messiah," which required the sublimer genius of a Handel, or the depths of love and sorrow, the boundless yearnings of a spirit like Beethoven. Indeed, The Faerie Queene reminds us more of Haydn's music than of any poetry of words with which we are familiar. It has the same constant grace and cheerfulness, the same tenderness, and purity, and conscientiousness, and about the same moderate degree of depth. The melody of the poem surpasses everything. He is the master of versification. Those flowing, majestical "Spenserian stanzas" remain as unrivalled as the Grecian statues. They have an architectural solidity and self-sustaining proportion. To compose such may well be called "to build the lofty rhyme." The choice setting of every word, the antithetic clauses, the endless alliterations, would seem studied and artificial in the extreme, but for the perfect success in every instance, the agreeable effect produced, and the freshness with which every stanza so elaborated is left. It seems as if this rhythm were the habitual law of his mind, and governed even its spontaneous workings. In some instances this complicated beauty of form is carried so far as to seem like a language in itself, another art, as distinct from music as from poetry. It is a sort of verbal architecture, a rhyming of thoughts as well as of syllables. . . .

Imagination, in the highest sense of the word, is not his. We mean, not the power of inventing images, of conceiving of things which never were, but that power which perceives the unity of things, which regards all things as images, manifestations of the one all-pervading life; that consciousness of Being, to which all phenomena are of infinite interest. He gives us parts of Nature, paints each object truly, remembers faithfully many a tune which she has sung to him; but there is not the key-note of all nature and of all being ringing through his soul. Where this is felt, it matters not what theme the poet touches, — the same depth of life is implied in all he says, the same spirit moulds and colors all his expressions, and rounds the smallest trifle into an arc of the full orb of nature. The smallest and most careless acts of genius, like the smallest leaf or berry, show how all nature entered into their composition. They seem done not in a corner, but out under the open sky, in the midst of many witnesses, and with the sympathy of many, of all the viewless spirits of the cloud, the stars, the waters, and the woods. But a picture-poet, like Spenser, copies or invents this or that, which is

beautiful in itself, but conveys no consciousness of a whole, in which it has its being. If his topics chance to be commonplace, then he is. A Shakespeare, a Goethe, a Wordsworth, are never dull; for the thoughts and images, however common, are always steeped in the music of the man, which is also the music of Nature.

Universality such as Shakespeare's was by no means an attribute of Spenser's mind. He never goes out of his own individual consciousness, and lives in another. He never identifies himself with his characters. They are seen from without by him, and not unfolded from within. So that we are never so lost in his story as not to feel who the author is, and that he is standing by, pointing out the objects of his picture to us. Consequently, his characters all lack individuality. They are too much alike. We do not see what they are, but only what they do. Their actions seem invented first, and they are brought in to perform them. They do not seem to live; we should not recognize them in another age and another dress. They are cold, as figures on a phantasmagoria.

SYLVESTER JUDD.

Sylvester Judd was born in Westhampton, Mass., July 23, 1813. He was graduated at Yale College in 1836, and, having become a Unitarian in belief, he studied theology at the Cambridge School. He was ordained as pastor of a church in Augusta, Me., in 1840, and remained there until his death, which occurred January 20, 1853.

Mr. Judd was a strong advocate of peace and of temperance, and an opponent of slavery and of capital punishment. His religious doctrines were inwoven with his life, and his works are but the various modes of expression of his cherished principles. His first published work is entitled Margaret, a Tale of the Real and the Ideal, of Blight and Bloom. In this singular and powerful fiction the reader is introduced to a New England town as it was at the beginning of this century. The simple manners, the rustic festivals, the mode of worship, and the prevailing intemperance of the period, are drawn with absolute fidelity. The author's earnest purpose is somewhat too evident for a well-rounded work of art, and the movement of the story is not at all what novel-readers expect; but no one, in our judgment, has painted the aspects of nature in New England with such exquisite touches, or has so clearly revealed the inner life of the people at a time of a great impending transition. The author had a boundless wealth of materials, but his sense of form was deficient; the scenes have not been wrought into symmetrical order, and there is a want of proportion in the various parts. These are fatal obstacles to the general popularity of the book. Still, the genius of the author shines throughout the sad story. Its vivid woodland scenes, and its strong, homely characters, contrasting with the spiritual beauty of its heroine, could hardly have been done for us even by Hawthorne's pencil. Margaret appeared in 1845. A new edition was published in 1851, and in 1856 it was illustrated by Darley, in a series of drawings that have done honor to American art. Philo, an Evangeliad, a religious poem, appeared in 1850, and Richard Edney, a romance, in the same year. A posthumous work,

entitled The Church, in a Series of Discourses, was published in 1854. His life, written by Mrs. Arethusa Hall, was also published the same year. Mr. Judd was a single-hearted, sincere, and fervent minister, and his life was without any striking events. But his work will preserve his memory; in every generation there will be those who will recognize and do honor to his genius.

[From Margaret, a Tale of the Real and the Ideal, of Blight and Bloom.]

INTRODUCTORY.

WE behold a child of eight or ten months. It has brown, curly hair, dark eyes, fair-conditioned features, a health-glowing cheek, and well-shaped limbs. Who is it? Whose is it? What is it? Where is it? It is in the centre of fantastic light, and only a dimly revealed form appears. It may be Queen Victoria's, or Sally Twig's. It is God's own child, as all children are. The blood of Adam and Eve, through how many soever channels diverging, runs in its veins, and the spirit of the Eternal, that blows everywhere, has animated its soul. It opens its eyes upon us, stretches out its hands to us, as all children do. Can you love it? It may be the heir of a throne, — does it interest you? or of a milking-stool, — do not despise it. It is a miracle of the All-working; it is endowed by the All-gifted. Smile upon it, it will smile you back again; prick it, it will cry. Where does it belong? in what zone or climate? on what hill? to what plain? It may have been born on the Thames or the Amazon, the Hoan Ho or the Mississippi.

The vision deepens. Green grass appears beneath the child. It may, after all, be Queen Victoria's in Windsor Park, or Sally Twig's on Little Ricker Island. The sun now shines upon it, a blue sky breaks over it, and the wind rustles its hair. Sun, sky, and wind are common to Arctic and Antarctic regions, and belong to every meridian. A black-cap is seen to fly over it, and this bird is said, by naturalists, to be found in both hemispheres. A dog, or the whelp of a dog, a young pup, crouches near it, makes a caracole backwards, frisks away, and returns again. The child is pleased, throws out its arms, and laughs right merrily.

As we now look at the child, we can hardly tell to which of the five races it belongs — whether it be a Caucasian, Mongolian, American, Ethiopian, or Malay. Each child on this terraqueous ball, whether its nose be aquiline, its eyes black and small, its cheek-bones prominent, its lips large, or its head narrow; whether its hue be white, olive, or jet, is of God's creating, and is delighted with the bright summer light, a bed of grass, the wind, birds, and puppies; and smiles in the eyes of all beholders. It is God's child still, and

its mother's. It is curiously and wonderfully made ; the inspiration of the Almighty hath given it understanding. It will look after God, its Maker, by how many soever names he may be called ; it will aspire to the Infinite, whether that Infinite be expressed in Bengalee or Arabic, English or Chinese ; it will seek to know truth ; it will long to be loved ; it will sin and be miserable, if it has none to care for it ; it will die. . . .

MARGARET AT THE POND.

When Margaret had finished the several chores, she went to the Pond. She was barefooted and barearmed. She wore a brown linen gown or tunic, open in front, a crimson skirt, a blue checked apron, and, for head-covering, a green rush hat. By a narrow foot-path, winding through shrubbery and brambles, and defiling along the foot of a steep hill that rose near the house, she came to the margin of the water. Chilion, her brother, who was at work with a piece of glass, smoothing a snow-white, bass-wood paddle, for a little bark canoe he had made her, saw Margaret approach with evident pleasure, yet received her in the quietest possible manner, as she leaped and laughed towards him. He asked her if she remembered the names of the flowers ; and, while he was finishing the paddle, she went along the shore to gather them. The Pond covered several hundreds of acres ; its greatest diameter measured about a mile and a half ; its outline was irregular — here divided by sharp rocks, there retreating into shaded coves ; and on its face appeared three or four small islands, bearing trees and low bushes. Its banks, if not really steep, had a bluff and precipitous aspect from the tall forest that girdled it about. The region was evidently primitive, and the child, as she went along, trod on round, smooth pebbles of white and rose quartz, dark hornblende, green-stone, and an occasional fragment of trap, the results of the diluvial ocean, if anybody can tell when or what that was. In piles, among the stones, lay quivering and ever-accumulating masses of fleece-like and fox-colored foam ; there were also the empty shells of various kinds of mollusks. She climbed over the white-peeled trunks of hemlocks that had fallen into the water, or drifted to the shore ; she trod through beds of fine silver-gray sand, and in the shallow edge of the Pond she walked on a hard, even bottom of the same, which the action of the waves had beaten into a smooth, shining floor. She discovered flowers which her brother told her were hoarhound, skull-caps, and Indian tobacco ;

she picked small green apples, that disease had formed on the leaves of the willows, and beautiful velvety crimson berries from the black alder.

MARGARET'S DREAM.

Night came on, and Margaret went to bed. The wind puffed, hissed, whistled, shrieked, thundered, sighed, howled, by turns. The house jarred and creaked, her bed rocked under her, loose boards on the roof clappered and rattled, snow pelted the window-shutter. In such a din and tussle of the elements lay the child. She had no sister to nestle with her, and snug her up; no gentle mother to fold the sheets about her neck, and tuck in the bed; no watchful father to come with a light, and see that all was safe.

In the fearfulness of that night, she sung or said to herself some words of the Master's, which he, however, must have given her for a different purpose, — for of needs must a stark child's nature in such a crisis appeal to something above and superior to itself, — and she has taken a floating impression that the higher agencies, whatever they might be, existed in Latin.

> "O sanctissima, O purissima,
> Dulcis Virgo Maria,
> Mater amata, intemerata!
> Ora, ora, pro nobis!"

As she slept amid the passion of the storm, softly did the snow from the roof distil upon her feet, and sweetly did dreams from heaven descend into her soul. In her dream she was walking in a large, high, self-illuminated hall, with flowers, statues, and columns on either side. Above, it seemed to vanish into a sort of opaline-colored invisibility. The statues, of clear white marble, large as life, and the flowers in marble vases, alternated with each other between the columns, whose ornamented capitals merged in the shadows above. There was no distinct, articulate voice, but a low murmuring of the air, or sort of musical pulsation, that filled the place. The statues seemed to be, for the most part, marble embodiments of pictures she had seen in the Master's books. There were the Venus de Medicis; Diana, with her golden bow; Ceres, with poppies and ears of corn; Humanity, "with sweet and lovely countenance;" Temperance, pouring water from a pitcher; Diligence, with a sickle and sheaf; Peace, and her crown of olives; Truth, with "her looks serene, pleasant, courteous, cheerful, and yet mod-

est." The flowers were such as she had sometimes seen about houses in the village, but of rare size and beauty — cactuses, dahlias, carnations, large pink hydrangeas, white japonicas, calla lilies, and others. Their shadows waved on the white walls, and it seemed to her as if the music she heard issued from their cups.

Sauntering along she came to a marble arch or doorway, handsomely sculptured, and supported on caryatides. This opened to a large rotunda, where she saw nine beautiful female figures swimming in a circle in the air. These strewed on her, as she passed, leaves and flowers of amaranth, angelica, myrtle, white jasmin, white poppy, and eglantine ; and spun round and round silently as swallows. By a similar arch, she went into another rotunda, where was a marble monument or sarcophagus, from which two marble children with wings were represented as rising, and above them fluttered two iris-colored butterflies. Through another doorway she entered a larger space, opening to the heavens. In this she saw a woman, the same woman she had before seen in her dreams, with long black hair, and a pale, beautiful face, who stood silently pointing to a figure far off on the rose-colored clouds. This figure was Christ, whom she recognized. Near him, on the round top of a purple cloud, having the blue distant sky for a background, was the milk-white Cross, twined with evergreens ; about it, hand in hand, she saw moving, as in a distance, four beautiful female figures, clothed in white robes. These she remembered as the ones she saw in her dream at the Stile, and she now knew them to be Faith, Hope, Love, and their sister, who was yet of their own creation, Beauty. Then in her dream she returned, and at the door where she entered this mysterious place, she found a large green bull-frog, with great goggle eyes, having a pond-lily saddled to his back. Seating herself in the cup, she held on by the golden pistils as the pommel of a saddle, and the frog leaped with her clear into the next morning, in her own little dark chamber. When she awoke the wind and noise without had ceased. A perfect cone of pure white snow lay piled up over her feet, and she attributed her dream partly to that. She opened the window-shutter ; it was even then snowing in large, quiet, moist flakes, which showed that the storm was nearly at an end ; and in the east, near the sun-rising, she saw the clouds bundling up, ready to go away.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman was born in Boston, April 20, 1813. He was educated in the public schools, and went abroad in his twentieth year. Travel and observation, with private reading and study, supplied the place of university training. He removed from Boston to New York in 1845, where he resided until his death, which occurred December 17, 1871. Mr. Tuckerman was an indefatigable and voluminous writer; very few authors have put so much on paper or in print. He published a volume of poems, which show a cultivated taste and considerable poetic feeling. He has also written several memoirs and biographies; but his chief employment was that of essayist, literary and art critic, and narrator of the lighter incidents of travel. His appreciative feeling, good taste, and long practice gave him the skill, and his pleasant habit of observation and retentive memory furnished the materials. He never probed a subject deeply, never developed principles, except very obvious ones, was never strongly graphic in description, nor keen in analysis; but the stream of his prose ran smoothly on until the salient points of his theme were pleasantly touched upon, and its associations were gracefully hinted at; and the reader, without fatigue, closed the book with the thought that he had spent an hour with more or less profit in the company of an amiable, well-informed, and well-bred man of the world.

The reader will infer that such an author does not belong to the class of original creators of literature. But these critical writers have their well-established place and their duties in the kingdom of letters. The list of Mr. Tuckerman's works will show the amount and kind of service he performed: The Italian Sketch Book (1835); Isabel, or Sicily, a Pilgrimage (1839); Rambles and Reviews (1841); Thoughts on the Poets (1846); Characteristics of Literature (1849–1851); Sketch of American Literature, Mental Portraits or Studies of Character, Life of Commodore Silas Talbot (1850); The Optimist (1850); Poems (1851); A Month in England (1853); A Memorial of Horatio Greenough (1853); Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer (1853); Biographical Essays (1857); Essay on Washington (1859); A Sheaf of Verse (1864): America and her Commentators, with a Critical Sketch of Travel in the United States (1864); The Criterion (1866); Book of the Artists (1867); Maga Papers about Paris (1867); Artist-Life, or Sketches of American Painters; Life of J. P. Kennedy (1871.)

[From Historical Studies.]

DANIEL BOONE.

It was a fond boast with him that the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River were his wife and daughter, and that his axe cleft the first tree whose timbers laid the foundation of a permanent settlement in the state. He had the genuine ambition of a pioneer, and the native taste for life in the woods embodied in the foresters of Scott and the Leather-stocking of Cooper. He possessed that restless impulse, — the instinct of adventure, — the poetry of action. It has been justly said that "he was seldom taken by surprise, never shrank from danger, nor cowered beneath exposure and fatigue." So accurate were his woodland observations and memory, that he recognized an ash tree which he had notched twenty years before, to identify a locality, and proved the accuracy of his designation by stripping off the new bark, and exposing the marks of his axe beneath. His aim was so certain, that he could

with ease bark a squirrel; that is, bring down the animal, when on the top of the loftiest tree, by knocking off the bark immediately beneath, killing him by the concussion. . . .

We have followed his musing steps through the wide, umbrageous solitudes he loved, and marked the contentment he experienced in a log hut, and by a camp-fire; but over this attractive picture there ever impended the shadow of peril, in the form of a stealthy and cruel foe, the wolf, disease, and exposure to the elements. Enraged at the invasion of their ancient hunting-grounds, the Indians hovered near; while asleep in the jungle, following the plough, or at his frugal meal, the pioneer was liable to be shot down by an unseen rifle, and surrounded by an ambush; from the tranquil pursuits of agriculture, at any moment, he might be summoned to the battle-field, to rescue a neighbor's property, or defend a solitary outpost. The senses became acute, the mind vigilant, and the tone of feeling chivalric, under such discipline. That life has a peculiar dignity, even in the midst of privation, and however devoid of refined culture, which is entirely self-independent both for sustainment and protection. It has, too, a singular freshness and animation, the more genial from being naturally inspired. Compare the spasmodic efforts at hilarity, the forced speech and hackneyed expression of the fashionable drawing-room, with the candid mirth and gallant spirit born of the woodland and the chase, — the powerful sinews and well-braced nerves of the pioneer with the languid pulse of the metropolitan exquisite, — and it seems as if the fountain of youth still bubbled up in some deep recess of the forest. Philosophy, too, as well as health, is attainable in the woods, as Shakespeare has illustrated in As You Like It, and Boone by his example and habitual sentiments. He said to his brother, when they had lived for months in the yet unexplored wilds of Kentucky, "You see how little human nature requires. It is in our own hearts, rather than in the things around us, that we are to seek felicity. A man may be happy in any state. It only needs a perfect resignation to the will of Providence." It is remarkable that the two American characters which chiefly interested Byron were Patrick Henry and Daniel Boone — the one for his gift of oratory, and the other for his philosophical content, both so directly springing from the resources of nature. . . .

To one having but an inkling of this sympathy with nature, with a nervous organization and an observant mind, there is, indeed, no restorative of the frame, or sweet diversion to the mind, like a day

in the woods. The effect of roaming a treeless plain, or riding over a cultivated region, is entirely different. There is a certain tranquillity and balm in the forest that heals and calms the fevered spirit, and quickens the languid pulses of the weary and the disheartened with the breath of hope. Its influence on the animal spirits is remarkable; and the senses, released from the din and monotonous limits of streets and houses, luxuriate in the breadth of vision, and the rich variety of form, hue, and odor, which only scenes like these afford. As we walk in the shadow of lofty trees, the repose and awe of heart that breathe from a sacred temple gradually lull the tide of care, and exalt despondency into worship. . . .

If such refreshment and inspiration are obtainable from a casual and temporary visit to the woods, we may imagine the effect of a lengthened sojourn in the primeval forest upon a nature alive to its beauty, wildness, and solitude; and when we add to these the zest of adventure, the pride of discovery, and that feeling of sublimity which arises from a consciousness of danger always impending, it is easy to realize in the experience of a pioneer at once the most romantic and practical elements of life. In American history, rich as it is in this species of adventure, no individual is so attractive and prominent as Daniel Boone. The singular union in his character of benevolence and hardihood, bold activity, and a meditative disposition, the hazardous enterprises and narrow escapes recorded of him, and the resolute tact he displayed in all emergencies, are materials quite adequate to a thrilling narrative; but when we add to the external phases of interest that absolute passion for forest life which distinguished him, and the identity of his name with the early fortunes of the west, he seems to combine the essential features of a genuine historical and thoroughly individual character.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

John Lothrop Motley was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 15, 1814. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1831, and then spent two years in German universities, and afterwards some time in travel. On his return he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Boston (1836), but soon quitted the profession. In 1839 he published a novel, entitled Morton's Hope. In 1840 he was appointed secretary of legation to the American embassy at St. Petersburg, which place he held only for a short time. In 1849 he published a second historical novel, entitled Merry Mount, a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony. He contributed several admirable historical and critical papers to the reviews. Becoming interested in the history of Holland, he commenced a work on the subject, and in 1851 went abroad to gather fuller materials. He passed five years in the chief capitals of Europe in his re-

searches, and in 1856 published, in London, The Rise of the Dutch Republic. This work gave him an assured place among historians. It was reprinted in New York, and translations of it appeared in Holland, Germany, and France, the French translation being introduced by Guizot. Mr. Motley visited this country in 1857, and was one of the company of authors by whom the Atlantic Monthly was established. He commenced his studies for a continuation of his history, but soon found that the necessary books and manuscripts must be studied in Europe. Accordingly he returned and made the most thorough examination of the collections of state papers at Brussels, including full copies from the Spanish archives of Simancas, and an immense mass of English correspondence never before made public. He continued his studies with equal success at Venice, Paris, and other places. The first part of his work, The History of the United Netherlands, appeared in two volumes in 1861, and the remaining part, in two volumes also, in 1868. The history of Holland during the period treated by Mr. Motley is the history of European liberty. Every nation was in some way concerned in the great struggle between Spain and the Netherlands. The characters of Philip II., of his great minister, Cardinal Granvelle, of his sister, Margaret of Parma, and of his great general, the infamous Duke of Alva, as well as the principles and policy of the Spanish government, are painted in the strongest colors. English history also has a new illumination from this work, and the reader will probably get a more vivid and accurate conception of the vain and vacillating Queen Elizabeth, of the unprincipled Earl of Leicester, of Lord Burghley, Walsingham, Drake, and other prominent persons of the period than can be gained from any other source. Of famous Hollanders and Flemings the historian has made a national portrait gallery.

The execution of the work is in keeping with the grandeur of the subject. The immense mass of details which would fatally encumber an inferior writer are grouped with a view to their collective effect; and we are enabled to follow, as in a romance, the popular leaders — heroes and martyrs both — in their long and desperate struggle against the intrigues of ecclesiastics, the brutality of a fanatical soldiery, and the selfish craft of kings. Motley is fond of portraying scenes of magnificence, and of marshalling events in dramatic order. His style of narration is vivid, but lacking in simplicity. His honorable sympathy with free principles and his hatred of oppression and wrong tend to disturb the philosophic repose of style, and his pages often show the tumult of feeling in the swollen torrents of words. He makes a keen analysis of character, but there is a redundancy, or rather a repetition, especially in the descriptions of William of Orange, and in the moral reflections occurring at great crises, that is apt in the end to become tiresome. But in spite of minor faults his history is nearer to being *great* than any yet written in this country.

Mr. Motley was appointed minister to Austria in November, 1866, and was recalled in 1867. He was minister to England from April, 1869, to November, 1870, when he was displaced No American abroad has more steadfastly upheld the principles of democracy and the honor of his country.

Mr. Motley is now residing at the Hague, occupying a house tendered to him by the Queen of Holland. A continuation of his history is to be expected at no distant day.

[From The Rise of the Dutch Republic.]

THE ABDICATION OF CHARLES V. IN FAVOR OF HIS SON, PHILIP II.,

AT BRUSSELS, August 27, 1556.

THE gay capital of Brabant — of that province which rejoiced in the liberal constitution known by the cheerful title of the "joyful entrance" — was worthy to be the scene of the imposing show. Brussels had been a city for more than five centuries, and at that

day numbered about one hundred thousand inhabitants. Its walls, six miles in circumference, were already two hundred years old. Unlike most Netherland cities, lying usually upon extensive plains, it was built along the sides of an abrupt promontory. A wide expanse of living verdure, cultivated gardens, shady groves, fertile cornfields, flowed round it like a sea. The foot of the town was washed by the little river Senne, while the irregular but picturesque streets rose up the steep sides of the hill like the semicircles and stairways of an amphitheatre. Nearly in the heart of the place rose the audacious and exquisitely embroidered tower of the town-house, three hundred and sixty-six feet in height, a miracle of needlework in stone, rivalling in its intricate carving the cobweb tracery of that lace which has for centuries been synonymous with the city, and rearing itself above the façade of profusely decorated and brocaded architecture. The crest of the elevation was crowned by the towers of the old ducal palace of Brabant, with its extensive and thickly-wooded park on the left, and by the stately mansions of Orange, Egmont, Aremberg, Culemburg, and other Flemish grandees, on the right. The great forest of Soignies, dotted with monasteries and convents, swarming with every variety of game, whither the citizens made their summer pilgrimages, and where the nobles chased the wild boar and the stag, extended to within a quarter of a mile of the city walls. . . .

The hall was celebrated for its size, harmonious proportions, and the richness of its decorations. It was the place where the chapters of the famous order of the Golden Fleece were held. Its walls were hung with a magnificent tapestry of Arras, representing the life and achievements of Gideon, the Midianite, and giving particular prominence to the miracle of the "fleece of wool," vouchsafed to that renowned champion, the great patron of the Knights of the Fleece. On the present occasion there were various additional embellishments of flowers and votive garlands. At the western end a spacious platform or stage, with six or seven steps, had been constructed, below which was a range of benches for the deputies of the seventeen provinces. Upon the stage itself there were rows of seats, covered with tapestry, upon the right hand and upon the left. These were respectively to accommodate the knights of the order and the guests of high distinction. In the rear of these were other benches, for the members of the three great councils. In the centre of the stage was a splendid canopy, decorated with the arms of Burgundy, beneath which were placed three gilded arm-chairs. . . .

As the clock struck three, the hero of the scene appeared. Cæsar, as he was always designated in the classic language of the day, entered, leaning on the shoulder of William of Orange. They came from the chapel, and were immediately followed by Philip II. and Queen Mary of Hungary. The Archduke Maximilian, the Duke of Savoy, and other great personages, came afterwards, accompanied by a glittering throng of warriors, councillors, governors, and Knights of the Fleece. . . .

All the company present had risen to their feet as the emperor entered. By his command, all immediately afterwards resumed their places. The benches at either end of the platform were accordingly filled with the royal and princely personages invited, with the Fleece Knights, wearing the insignia of their order, with the members of the three great councils, and with the governors. The Emperor, the King and the Queen of Hungary, were left conspicuous in the centre of the scene. As the whole object of the ceremony was to present an impressive exhibition, it is worth our while to examine minutely the appearance of the two principal characters.

Charles V. was then fifty-five years and eight months old; but he was already decrepit with premature old age. He was of about the middle height, and had been athletic and well proportioned. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, thin in the flank, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tourney and the ring, and to vanquish the bull with his own hand in the favorite national amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure, and every privation except fasting. These personal advantages were now departed. Crippled in hands, knees, and legs, he supported himself with difficulty upon a crutch, with the aid of an attendant's shoulder. In face he had always been extremely ugly, and time had certainly not improved his physiognomy. His hair, once of a light color, was now white with age, close-clipped and bristling; his beard was gray, coarse, and shaggy. His forehead was spacious and commanding; the eye was dark-blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant. His nose was aquiline, but crooked. The lower part of his face was famous for its deformity. The under lip, a Burgundian inheritance, as faithfully transmitted as the duchy and county, was heavy and hanging; the lower jaw protruding so far beyond the upper, that it was impossible for him to bring together the few fragments of teeth which still remained, or to speak a whole sentence in an intelligible voice.

Eating and talking — occupations to which he was always much addicted — were becoming daily more arduous, in consequence of this original defect, which now seemed hardly human, but rather an original deformity.

So much for the father. The son, Philip II., was a small, meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of an habitual invalid. He seemed so little, upon his first visit to his aunts, the Queens Eleanor and Mary, accustomed to look upon proper men in Flanders and Germany, that he was fain to win their favor by making certain attempts in the tournament, in which his success was sufficiently problematical. . . .

In face, he was the living image of his father, having the same broad forehead and blue eye, with the same aquiline, but better proportioned, nose. In the lower part of the countenance, the remarkable Burgundian deformity was likewise reproduced. He had the same heavy, hanging lip, with a vast mouth, and monstrously protruding lower jaw. His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. He had the aspect of a Fleming, but the loftiness of a Spaniard. His demeanor in public was still, silent, almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness which he had occasionally endeavored to overcome, and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry.

Such was the personal appearance of the man who was about to receive into his single hand the destinies of half the world; whose single will was, for the future, to shape the fortunes of every individual then present, of many millions more in Europe, America, and at the ends of the earth, and of countless millions yet unborn.

The three royal personages being seated upon chairs placed triangularly under the canopy, such of the audience as had seats provided for them, now took their places, and the proceedings commenced. Philibert de Bruxelles, a member of the privy council of the Netherlands, arose at the emperor's command, and made a long oration. He spoke of the emperor's warm affection for the provinces, as the land of his birth; of his deep regret that his broken health and failing powers, both of body and mind, compelled him to resign his sovereignty, and to seek relief for his shattered frame in a more genial climate. . . .

After this long harangue, which has been fully reported by several

historians who were present at the ceremony, the councillor proceeded to read the deed of cession, by which Philip, already sovereign of Sicily, Naples, Milan, and titular King of England, France, and Jerusalem, now received all the duchies, marquisates, earldoms, baronies, cities, towns, and castles of the Burgundian property, including, of course, the seventeen Netherlands. . . .

The emperor then rose to his feet. Leaning on his crutch, he beckoned from his seat the personage upon whose arm he had leaned as he entered the hall. A tall, handsome youth of twenty-two came forward — a man whose name from that time forward, and as long as history shall endure, has been, and will be, more familiar than any other in the mouths of Netherlanders. At that day he had rather a southern than a German or Flemish appearance. He had a Spanish cast of features, dark, well chiselled, and symmetrical. His head was small and well placed upon his shoulders. His hair was dark-brown, as were also his mustache and peaked beard. His forehead was lofty, spacious, and already permanently engraved with the anxious lines of thought. His eyes were full, brown, well opened, and expressive of profound reflection. He was dressed in the magnificent apparel for which the Netherlanders were celebrated above all other nations, and which the ceremony rendered necessary. . . .

Thus supported on his crutch and upon the shoulder of William of Orange, the emperor proceeded to address the states, by the aid of a closely written brief which he held in his hand. He reviewed rapidly the progress of events from his seventeenth year up to that day. . . .

He sketched his various wars, victories, and treaties of peace, assuring his hearers that the welfare of his subjects and the security of the Roman Catholic religion had ever been the leading objects of his life. As long as God had granted him health, he continued, only enemies could have regretted that Charles was living and reigning; but now that his strength was but vanity, and life fast ebbing away, his love for dominion, his affection for his subjects, and his regard for their interests, required his departure. Instead of a decrepit man, with one foot in the grave, he presented them with a sovereign in the prime of life and the vigor of health. . . .

Posterity would applaud his abdication, should his son prove worthy of his bounty; and that could only be by living in the fear of God, and by maintaining law, justice, and the Catholic religion in all their purity, as the true foundation of the realm. In conclusion, he entreated the estates, and through them the nation, to render obe-

dience to their new prince, to maintain concord, and to preserve inviolate the Catholic faith; begging them, at the same time, to pardon him all errors or offences which he might have committed towards them during his reign, and assuring them that he should unceasingly remember their obedience and affection in his every prayer to that Being to whom the remainder of his life was to be dedicated. . . .

Sobs were heard throughout every portion of the hall, and tears flowed profusely from every eye. The Fleece Knights on the platform and the burghers in the background were all melted with the same emotion. As for the emperor himself, he sank almost fainting on his chair as he concluded his address. An ashy paleness overspread his countenance, and he wept like a child. Even the icy Philip was almost softened, as he rose to perform his part in the ceremony. Dropping upon his knees before his father's feet, he reverently kissed his hand.

Charles placed his hands solemnly on his son's head, made the sign of the cross, and blessed him in the name of the Holy Trinity. Then raising him in his arms, he tenderly embraced him, saying, as he did so, to the great potentates around him, that he felt a sincere compassion for the son on whose shoulders so heavy a weight had just devolved, and which only a life-long labor would enable him to support. . . .

The orations and replies having now been brought to a close, the ceremony was terminated. The emperor, leaning on the shoulders of the Prince of Orange and of the Count de Buren, slowly left the hall, followed by Philip, the Queen of Hungary, and the whole court; all in the same order in which they had entered, and by the passage into the chapel.

It is obvious that the drama had been completely successful. It had been a scene where heroic self-sacrifice, touching confidence, ingenuous love of duty, patriotism, and paternal affection upon one side, — filial reverence, with a solemn regard for public duty and the highest interests of the people on the other, — were supposed to be the predominant sentiments. The happiness of the Netherlands was apparently the only object contemplated in the great transaction. All had played well their parts in the past, all hoped the best in the times which were to follow. The abdicating emperor was looked upon as a hero and a prophet. The stage was drowned in tears. . . .

And yet what was the Emperor Charles to the inhabitants of the

Netherlands, that they should weep for him? His conduct towards them during his whole career had been one of unmitigated oppression. What to them were all these forty voyages by sea and land, these journeyings back and forth from Friesland to Tunis, from Madrid to Vienna? What was it to them that the imperial shuttle was thus industriously flying to and fro? The fabric wrought was but the daily growing grandeur and splendor of his imperial house; the looms were kept moving at the expense of their hardly-earned treasure, and the woof was often dyed red in the blood of his bravest subjects.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

Richard Henry Dana, Jr. was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 1, 1815, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1837. In 1834, while in college, he suffered from an affection of the eyes, and left his studies for a sea voyage. He shipped as a common sailor in a vessel bound for California, then an unsettled country, and on his return published his experiences in a book entitled Two Years before the Mast. This has had an enormous circulation, both in England and America, for over thirty years, and is still almost as popular as Robinson Crusoe. He was admitted to the bar in Boston in 1840, and has always held a leading position among lawyers, especially in admiralty cases. He has been a leading member of the Free-soil party, though he has never held any but local offices, except that he was United States district attorney from 1861 to 1866. He is a member of the Protestant Episcopal church, and has taken a prominent part in the general conventions of that body. In 1859 he published a volume entitled To Cuba and Back.

[From Two Years before the Mast.]

AN ICEBERG.

SATURDAY, July 2. This day the sun rose fair, but it ran too low in the heavens to give any heat, or thaw out our sails and rigging; yet the sight of it was pleasant, and we had a steady "reef-topsail breeze" from the westward. The atmosphere, which had previously been clear and cold, for the last few hours grew damp, and had a disagreeable, wet chilliness in it; and the man who came from the wheel said he heard the captain tell "the passenger" that the thermometer had fallen several degrees since morning, which he could not account for in any other way than by supposing that there must be ice near us, though such a thing was rarely heard of in this latitude at this season of the year. At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. "Where away, doctor?" asked the first man who was up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay, floating in

the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said, who had been in the Northern Ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring, in various ways, its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and really the sublimity of the sight. Its great size, — for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height, — its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, together with its nearness and approach, which added to a slight element of fear, all combined to give to it the character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with foam, and, as it grew thin and transparent towards the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly towards the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon, and when we got to leeward of it the wind died away, so that we lay to quite near it for a greater part of the night. Unfortunately, there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars, now revealing them, and now shutting them in. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Towards morning a strong breeze sprang up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.

A THUNDER-STORM.

SUNDAY, September 4. . . . The first night after the trade winds left us, while we were in the latitude of the Island of Cuba, we had a specimen of a true tropical thunder-storm. A light breeze had

been blowing from aft during the first part of the night, which gradually died away, and before midnight it was dead calm, and a heavy black cloud had shrouded the whole sky. When our watch came on deck at twelve o'clock, it was as black as Erebus; the studding-sails were all taken in, and the royals furled; not a breath was stirring; the sails hung heavy and motionless from the yards, and the stillness and the darkness, which was almost palpable, were truly appalling. Not a word was spoken, but every one stood as though waiting for something to happen. In a few minutes the mate came forward, and in a low tone, which was almost a whisper, told us to haul down the jib. The fore and mizzen top-gallant sails were taken in in the same silent manner, and we lay motionless upon the water, with an uneasy expectation, which, from the long suspense, became actually painful. We could hear the captain walking the deck, but it was too dark to see anything more than one's hand before the face. Soon the mate came forward again, and gave an order, in a low tone, to clew up the main top-gallant sail; and so infectious were the awe and silence that the clew-lines and bunt-lines were hauled up without any singing out at the ropes. An English lad and myself went up to furl it, and we had just got the bunt up, when the mate called out to us something, we did not hear what; but, supposing it to be an order to bear-a-hand, we hurried and made all fast, and came down, feeling our way among the rigging. When we got down we found all hands looking aloft, and there, directly over where we had been standing, upon the main top-gallant mast-head, was a ball of light, which the sailors call a corposant (*corpo santo*), and which the mate had called out to us to look at. They were all watching it carefully, for sailors have a notion that if the corposant rises in the rigging it is a sign of fair weather, but if it comes lower down there will be a storm. Unfortunately, as an omen, it came down, and showed itself on the top-gallant yard-arm. We were off the yard in good season, for it is held a fatal sign to have the pale light of the corposant thrown upon one's face. As it was, the English lad did not feel comfortably at having had it so near him, and directly over his head. In a few minutes it disappeared, and showed itself again on the fore top-gallant yard, and, after playing about for some time, disappeared once more, when the man on the forecastle pointed to it upon the flying-jib-boom end. But our attention was drawn from watching this by the falling of some drops of rain, and by a perceptible increase of the darkness, which seemed suddenly to add a new shade of blackness to the night. In a few minutes, low, grumbling

thunder was heard, and some random flashes of lightning came from the south-west. Every sail was taken in but the topsails; still, no squall appeared to be coming. A few puffs lifted the topsails, but they fell again to the mast, and all was as still as ever. A moment more, and a terrific flash and peal broke simultaneously upon us, and a cloud appeared to open directly over our heads, and let down the water in one body, like a falling ocean. We stood motionless, and almost stupefied; yet nothing had been struck. Peal after peal rattled over our heads, with a sound which seemed actually to stop the breath in the body, and the "speedy gleams" kept the whole ocean in a glare of light. The violent fall of rain lasted but a few minutes, and was followed by occasional drops and showers; but the lightning continued incessant for several hours, breaking the midnight darkness with irregular and blinding flashes. During all this time there was not a breath stirring, and we lay motionless, like a mark to be shot at, probably the only object on the surface of the ocean for miles and miles. We stood hour after hour, until our watch was out, and we were relieved, at four o'clock. During all this time hardly a word was spoken, no bells were struck, and the wheel was silently relieved. The rain fell at intervals in heavy showers, and we stood drenched through and blinded by the flashes, which broke the Egyptian darkness with a brightness that seemed almost malignant; while the thunder rolled in peals, the concussion of which appeared to shake the very ocean. A ship is not often injured by lightning, for the electricity is separated by the great number of points she presents, and the quantity of iron which she has scattered in various parts. The electric fluid ran over our anchors, topsail sheets, and ties, yet no harm was done to us. We went below at four o'clock, leaving things in the same state. It is not easy to sleep when the very next flash may tear the ship in two or set her on fire, or where the death-like calm may be broken by the blast of a hurricane, taking the masts out of the ship. But a man is no sailor if he cannot sleep when he turns in, and turn out when he's called. And when, at seven bells, the customary "All the larboard watch, ahoy!" brought us on deck, it was a fine, clear, sunny morning, the ship going leisurely along, with a soft breeze and all sail set.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

John Godfrey Saxe was born at Highgate, Vt., June 2, 1816, and was graduated at Middlebury College in 1839. He studied law, and, after his admission to the bar in 1843, remained in practice till 1850, when he removed to Burlington, where for five years he was editor of the Sentinel. At that time he withdrew from his profession, and devoted himself to lecturing and authorship. He is at present editor of the Evening Journal, at Albany, N. Y. His first volume, entitled Progress, a Satire, and Other Poems, was published in 1846; The New Rape of the Lock and The Proud Miss McBride in 1848. An enlarged edition of his poems appeared in 1852; The Money King and Other Poems in 1859; Clever Stories of Many Nations, with comic illustrations, in 1863; a cabinet edition of his poetical works in 1864; and Masquerade in 1866.

Mr. Saxe writes with facility, is intent mainly on jests and epigrams, and amuses himself and his readers by clever hits at the fashions and follies of the time. His good-natured satire does not cleave to the depths, nor is his humor of that quality which reaches to the sources of feeling, and which gives us the surprises of an April day. But he is level with the popular apprehension, and has made his name more familiarly known, in all parts of the country, than that of any of our comic versifiers.

[From Progress: a Satire.]

NOR less, O Progress, are thy newest rules
Enforced and honored in the "Ladies' Schools,"
Where Education, in its nobler sense,
Gives place to Learning's shallowest pretence;
Where hapless maids, in spite of wish or taste,
On vain "accomplishments" their moments waste;
By cruel parents here condemned to wrench
Their tender throats in mispronouncing French;
Here doomed to force, by unrelenting knocks,
Reluctant music from a tortured box;
Here taught, in inky shades and rigid lines,
To perpetrate equivocal "designs;"
"Drawings" that prove their title plainly true,
By showing nature "drawn" and "quartered" too!
In ancient times, I've heard my grandam tell,
Young maids were taught to read, and write, and spell;
(Neglected arts! once learned by rigid rules,
As prime essentials in the common schools";)
Well taught beside in many a useful art
To mend the manners and improve the heart;
Nor yet unskilled to turn the busy wheel,
To ply the shuttle, and to twirl the reel;
Could thrifty tasks with cheerful grace pursue,
Themselves "accomplished," and their duties too.

Of tongues, each maiden had but one, 'tis said
(Enough, 'twas thought, to serve a lady's head),
But that was English — great and glorious tongue,
That Chatham spoke, and Milton, Shakespeare, sung!
Let thoughts too idle to be fitly dressed
In sturdy Saxon, be in French expressed;
Let lovers breathe Italian — like, in sooth,
Its singers, soft, emasculate, and smooth;
But for a tongue whose ample powers embrace
Beauty and force, sublimity and grace,
Ornate or plain, harmonious, yet strong,
And formed alike for eloquence and song,
Give me the English — aptest tongue to paint
A sage or dunce, a villain or a saint,
To spur the slothful, counsel the distressed,
To lash the oppressor, and to soothe the oppressed,
To lend fantastic Humor freest scope
To marshal all his laughter-moving troop,
Give Pathos power, and Fancy lightest wings,
And Wit his merriest whims and keenest stings!

MY FAMILIAR.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

I.

AGAIN I hear that creaking step —
He's rapping at the door! —
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes — but never goes!

II.

He drops into my easy-chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;

He takes the strangest liberties —
But never takes his leave!

III.

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote),
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And calmly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees —
Except the entry door!

IV.

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes —
But never goes away!

V.

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote,
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things —
But never says, "Adieu!"

VI.

Whene'er he comes — that dreadful man —
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks,
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher —
It does not put him out!

VII.

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

PARKE GODWIN.

Parke Godwin was born in Paterson, N. J., February 25, 1816. He was graduated at Princeton College in 1834, and studied law in his native town, but did not practise the profession. He married a daughter of the poet Bryant, and has been almost constantly associated with his father-in-law in conducting the Evening Post, of New York. In 1843 he commenced the issue of a weekly periodical, entitled The Pathfinder, in which he displayed great ability; but the enterprise came to an end in three months on account of the failure of the publisher. He has been a frequent contributor to the Democratic Review, was for some time editor of Putnam's Monthly, and was the author of many of the able political articles that appeared in the early numbers of the Atlantic Monthly. He has translated the tales of Zschokke, and a part of Goethe's Autobiography. He is the author of a Popular View of the Doctrines of Fourier, Constructive Democracy, and Vala (founded on incidents in the life of Jenny Lind). He commenced a History of France, of which the first volume appeared in 1860. A collection of his Political Essays was printed in 1856, and a series of critical and literary papers, entitled Out of the Past, in 1870.

Mr. Godwin has been an earnest and successful essayist, and has done much to guide public opinion in the weighty affairs of government. He is always clear in argument, and commands the thoughtful attention and respect of his readers. It is to be hoped that his History will yet be completed.

[From Out of the Past.]

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

THE records of literary adventure have produced the impression, the world over, that authors are a peculiar and exceptional class, — shiftless, seedy, and improvident, — who, unable to live by any of the recognized methods of society, have betaken themselves to the expedient of living by their wits. It is understood that they reside, when they reside anywhere, in some vacant corner of a garret; that they pass their days in lurking out of the way of bailiffs and landladies; and that, after leading lives of vicissitude, poverty, neglect, and sorrow, when they come to die they revenge their long quarrel

with mankind by bequeathing to it certain inestimable treasures of poetry, wit, or thought, over which it will gloat and glow forever.

Who cannot recall a multitude of disquisitions written on the hapless lot of the poet who "learned by suffering what he taught in song"? How often have literary men themselves bewailed the cruel injustice of society to their order! What sighs have we not exhaled, what tears not wept, over the pitiful stories of misconceived and unrewarded genius! The sad experiences of Savage, the miserable death of Otway, the more miserable death of Chatterton, "the sleepless boy who perished in his pride," the miscarriages of Burns, the indigence of Coleridge, the protracted struggles of Hook and Hood, the suicide of Blanchard, and a thousand other mournful histories, are still fresh in all our memories. Have not "the calamities of authors," indeed, furnished the indefatigable Disraeli with the materials for a volume? Or is there any possibility of our forgetting those lines of Moore, how

> "Bailiffs will seize his last blanket to-day,
> Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow"?

Schiller, in a pretty fable, represents Jupiter as dividing all the wealth of the world among the different classes of his creatures. To the kings he gives taxes and tolls, to the farmers lands, to the merchants trade, and to the abbots and monks most excellent wine; but after having disposed of all his worldly possessions, he espies a poet wandering away from the rest, destitute, shabby, and forlorn. "What ho! my good fellow," exclaims the father of men; "where wert thou when the general distribution was going forward?" The bard modestly replied, "Mine eyes were drunk with the glory of thy coming, and mine ears filled with the harmonies of thy heaven!" When the monarch of the gods, apparently no less open to delicate flattery than any mortal, rejoined, "Well, it's a sad case, my boy! I have nothing left on earth to give you; but, as a compensation, you shall have, after death, the topmost step of my throne in the skies." The poet was doubtless pleased, and went away; and ever since it is said that this has been the principal inheritance of his tribe. . . .

It should be admitted, in behalf of literary men, to explain and excuse, if not to justify their complaints, that with most of them the difficulty is not so much the insufficiency of their incomes as the liberality of their outgoes. A thousand peculiar temptations, springing partly from those mental susceptibilities which difference them from others, and partly from their social aptitudes, beset them to

spend more than they make. The very qualities which form their greatest glory are those often which lead them into the deepest humiliations. If they were as hard, as unimaginative, as careful of the main chance, as the cotton spinner or the merchant, they would grow rich, like the cotton spinner or the merchant — but they are not so constructed. The delicacy of organization, out of which literature comes, renders them keenly sensitive also to the pressures and discomforts of existence, — to the sands which grit between the shell of their outward condition and the fleshy fibres. Yearning, then, to bring their surroundings into a better correspondence with their tastes, their perpetual tendency is to gather costly appliances and comforts about them, and to shut out actual existence by one of ideal refinement. Again, with superior powers to entertain, or an elevated fame to render their acquaintance a distinction, authors are more sought for than others by general society, where, whether they contract nice or dissipated habits, they equally expose themselves to expense. It is impossible to keep up a varied and generous intercourse without falling into more or less extravagance; and genius, with its irritable fancies and impetuous impulses, is least of all likely to resist the allurements of luxurious living, or to temper the seductions of taste with the cold discipline of judgment: not that genius is ever destitute of judgment, — for subtile, strong, unerring judgment is its very essence, — but then its judgment is theoretic judgment, which is displayed in the creation and providence of a great drama or poem, and not the practical judgment which controls everyday affairs. It is not the judgment that keeps one from running into prodigality, or, for want of an appropriate and ample nourishment, from resort to questionable indulgences. Ah! then the clouds darken about it, the present grows comfortless and the future minatory, and poor genius, losing its freshness and glow, is genius no more. It utters its wail into the uncaring universe like one who falls, at midnight, from some on-rushing steamship, and, hearing no reply but the splash of his own sinking, goes down into the unyielding depths! But is the world to blame for such miscarriages? Is the literary profession, as a practical pursuit, to blame? Is such a lot worse, in its external liabilities, than that of other men? and would not the chimney-sweep or the lawyer, who should forget the actual conditions of social existence to indulge in dreams and idealizations, fail as signally as the author?

ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE LOWELL.

Robert Traill Spence Lowell was born in Boston, October 9, 1816, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1833. He studied theology, was ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England in 1842, and was chaplain to the Bishop of Newfoundland and Jamaica. He was subsequently settled as rector of Bay Robert, in Newfoundland, which is the scene of his novel, The New Priest in Conception Bay. He returned to the United States in 1858, and was settled first at Newark, N. J., and afterwards at Duanesburg, N. Y. He is now head master of St. Mark's School, at Southborough, Mass.

His novel was published in Boston in 1858, and, though not greatly successful with the public, it impressed all cultivated readers by its exquisite pictures of scenery, its rare and life like portraiture of character, and its pure and elevated tone. The story is not managed with art; the dialogue is often prolix, and the interest drags. Many of its situations, however, are well conceived; and the final scene, in which the people rush from the little parish church to look for a man lost in the lonely fields of snow, is painted in a masterly way. It is a book that only a poet and a man of genius could have written. A new edition of this novel, illustrated by Darley, appeared in 1863.

Mr. Lowell also printed, in 1860, a volume of Poems, entitled Fresh Hearts that Failed Three Thousand Years Ago. They have considerable merit. One of them, The Brave Old Ship, the Orient, is a powerful and elaborately painted picture. The irregular metre and want of melody are likely to repel the reader, but its descriptions are full of sombre magnificence, and leave a lasting impression.

[From The New Priest in Conception Bay.]

A SCENE FOR A PAINTER.

With a fine breeze in from the eastward, and the bright sun shining from half way down the sky, the waters came in glad crowds up the harbor, and ran races along the cliffs. Here and there a little in-coming sail was rising and falling smoothly and silently, as the loaded punt floated before the wind.

The scene, to a sympathetic eye, was a pretty one of home life; but the prettiest part of it was on the water-edge of Whitmonday Hill. At the upper end of it (speaking harbor-wise, and meaning towards the inner part of the harbor) stood a little stage, — a rude house for heading, and splitting, and salting fish, — whose open doorway showed an inviting shade, of which the moral effect was heightened by the sylvan nature of the house itself, made up as it was of boughs of fir, though withered and red. A fisherman and his wife had just taken in the catch of fish from a punt at the stage's ladder, and a pretty girl, of some seventeen years, was towing the unloaded boat along beside the hill, by a rope laid over her shoulder, while a little thing of four or five years old, on board, was tugging with an oar at the stem, to keep the boat's head off shore.

The older girl was one whose beauty is not of any classic kind, and yet is beauty, being of a young life, healthy and strong, but quiet and deep, to which features and form give thorough expression and obedience. She had a swelling, springy shape, dark, glancing

eyes, cheeks glowing with quick blood (the figure, and glance, and glowing cheek all at their best with exercise), while masses of jetty hair were lifted and let fall by the wind from below the cap, which she wore like all girls in her country. Her dress was different from the common only in the tastefulness that belongs to such a person, and had now a grace more than ever, as it waved and fluttered in the wind, and partook of the life of the wearer. She wore a frock of dark blue, caught up a little in front, and showing a white woollen petticoat; a kerchief of pretty colors was tied very becomingly over her bosom, and a bright red ribbon, along the front of her cap, lay among her black hair. Her shoes and stockings were rolled up in her apron, while her blue-veined feet — not large nor small, but smooth and well shaped — clung to the uneven surfaces of the rocks, and strained upon them, as she walked against the wind, and sprang from one rock to another; and they dipped now and then in the water, as the little waves splashed up. Over all, both face and figure, was a grace of innocent, modest maidenhood.

Nothing could be prettier or more picturesque than this little group. The elder girl, who dragged the boat, skirted the edge of the water with the lightness of one of those little beach birds, that, with a shadow and a reflection in the moist sand running along beside it, alternately follows and retreats from the retreating and advancing waves, and the little navigator, towards whom her sister continually turned, had her plump little legs, in their wrinkled yarn stockings, and her well-shod feet set apart to keep her balance, while her head was tightly covered in a white cap, and a kerchief, with a silk fringe, went round her neck and down the back of her serge gown; so that one could not but smile at her and her work. At intervals she prattled, and for longer intervals she worked with all earnest gravity in silence. . . .

Splash! went the water against the bow, spattering everything, and, among other things, the little white-capped head, and silk kerchief, and serge gown of the sculler at the stern. Anon a wave came up from beneath the keel, and, thrusting a sudden shoulder under the blade of her oar, would lift it up out of the scull-hole in spite of her, and be off. Then she would grasp her weapon womanfully, and get it under her arm, and lay it laboriously into its place again. In England one may see the father's horse going to stable with a young child on its back, and another walking beside. Here, they were taking the punt to a snug place, where she was to be hauled up for the night.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Henry David Thoreau was born in Boston, July 12, 1817, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1837. His father was a maker of lead pencils at Concord, and the son followed the business for a while, but when he had succeeded in making a perfect pencil he would make no more. He supported himself by surveying, teaching school, carpentering, and other work. Living in the neighborhood of Emerson, he early felt the intellectual influence of that great man; he studied classical and English literature in its best sources, and gave much time to the poetry and philosophy of the East. He wrote somewhat in the style of Emerson, though he was unconscious, as were his family, that he was an imitator. To a person who had remarked the resemblance, Mrs. Thoreau, the author's mother, once said, "Yes, Mr. Emerson's style *is* like my son's." Thoreau was early out of patience with society and all its burdens. He remained single; he never attended church, never voted, and never paid a tax. The town constable once attempted to collect a poll-tax of him, and took him to jail; but after a short imprisonment he was set at liberty. It was as fruitless a proceeding as it would have been to levy a tax upon one of the author's beloved woodchucks. In 1845 he thought to make his separation from the world complete, and built for himself a wooden house or shanty on the shore of Walden Pond, near Concord, where he lived for several years. In his account of his life he gives the details of his expenses, and it appears that the materials of his house cost him $28.12½. His crop of beans and other vegetables, the first year, were valued at $23.44, and the outgoes were $14.72½. The cost of groceries for eight months was $8.74, and for clothing $8.40. Total expenses for the year $61.99¾.

The amount necessary to sustain life is shown to be very small, and the example of this recluse has a certain value in view of the general extravagant habits of our people. But, looked at soberly, this was the experiment of a selfish misanthrope, the freak of a literary barbarian. To withdraw from human fellowship for a time gives a healthy stimulus to the mind; but no man can or ought to repudiate utterly the obligations he owes to the world. As Lowell says, "The tub of Diogenes had a sounder bottom. He squatted on another man's land; he borrows an axe; his boards, his nails, his bricks, his mortar, his books, his lamp, his fish-hooks, his plough, his hoe, all turn state's evidence against him as an accomplice in the sin of that artificial civilization which rendered it possible that such a person as Henry D. Thoreau should exist at all."

Whatever we may think of the eccentric man and his philosophy of living, we acknowledge a great debt to him for his fresh and delightful books. From the unpromising natural features of Concord, he has drawn for us the most beautiful views, and has given us the daily studies of a devotee of Nature, in the annual procession of flowers and plants, in the habits of the lesser animals, and of the singing birds. The reader will look in vain elsewhere for such faithful, affectionate sketches. His descriptive powers are of the highest order, and his sentences appear to have been as carefully set as gems. His taste in literature was cultivated, and his quotations, especially from Oriental sources, are always apposite. But the reader does not perceive anywhere the warmth of the author's sympathy, unless it is for the four-footed hermits, his neighbors. Not that he actually hated mankind, but he was not concerned in their affairs, and regarded their labor, worship, and love as being of no more vital moment than the nest-building, pairing, and morning song of the birds.

Hawthorne has mentioned him in terms of affectionate regard, and says, "Whilst he used in his writings a certain petulance of remark about churches and churchmen, he was a person of rare, tender, and absolute religion — a person incapable of any profanation." He died at Concord, May 6, 1862. Mr. Emerson published an account of him in the Atlantic Monthly shortly after his death.

His works are, A Week on Concord and Merrimack Rivers (1849), Walden, or Life in the Woods (1854), Excursions (1863), Maine Woods, Cape Cod, A Yankee in Canada, Letters to Various Persons (1865). Boston, J. R. Osgood & Co.

[From Walden.]

THE BEAN FIELD.

As I drew a still fresher soil about the rows with my hoe, I disturbed the ashes of unchronicled nations who in primeval years lived under these heavens, and their small implements of war and hunting were brought to the light of this modern day. They lay mingled with other natural stones, some of which bore the marks of having been burned by Indian fires, and some by the sun, and also bits of pottery and glass brought hither by the recent cultivators of the soil. When my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and the sky, and was an accompaniment to my labor which yielded an instant and immeasurable crop. It was no longer beans that I hoed, nor I that hoed beans; and I remembered with as much pity as pride, if I remembered at all, my acquaintances who had gone to the city to attend the oratorios. The night-hawk circled overhead in the sunny afternoons — for I sometimes made a day of it — like a mote in the eye, or in heaven's eye, falling from time to time with a swoop and a sound as if the heavens were rent, torn at last to very rags and tatters, and yet a seamless cope remained; small imps that fill the air and lay their eggs on the ground, on bare sand or rocks on the tops of hills, where few have found them; graceful and slender like ripples caught up from the pond, as leaves are raised by the wind to float in the heavens — such kindredship is in Nature. The hawk is aerial brother of the wave which he sails over and surveys, those his perfect air-inflated wings answering to the elemental unfledged pinions of the sea. Or sometimes I watched a pair of hen-hawks circling high in the sky, alternately soaring and descending, approaching and leaving one another, as if they were the imbodiment of my own thoughts. Or I was attracted by the passage of wild pigeons from this wood to that, with a slight quivering, winnowing sound and carrier haste; or from under a rotten stump my hoe turned up a sluggish portentous and outlandish spotted salamander, a trace of Egypt and the Nile, yet our contemporary. When I paused to lean on my hoe, these sounds and sights I heard and saw anywhere in the row, a part of the inexhaustible entertainment which the country offers. . . .

BERRIES.

Sometimes, having had a surfeit of human society and gossip, and worn out all my village friends, I rambled still farther westward

than I habitually dwell, into yet more unfrequented parts of the town, or, while the sun was setting, made my supper of huckleberries and blueberries on Fair Haven Hill, and laid up a store for several days. The fruits do not yield their true flavor to the purchaser of them, nor to him who raises them for the market. There is but one way to obtain it, yet few take that way. If you would know the flavor of huckleberries, ask the cow-boy or the partridge. It is a vulgar error to suppose that you have tasted huckleberries who never plucked them. A huckleberry never reaches Boston; they have not been known there since they grew on her three hills. The ambrosial and essential part of the fruit is lost with the bloom which is rubbed off in the market cart, and they become mere provender. As long as eternal justice reigns, not one innocent huckleberry can be transported thither from the country's hills. . . .

THE POND.

The shore is irregular enough not to be monotonous. I have in my mind's eye the western indented with deep bays, the bolder northern, and the beautifully scolloped southern shore, where successive capes overlap each other and suggest unexplored coves between. The forest has never so good a setting, nor is so distinctly beautiful, as when seen from the middle of a small lake amid hills which rise from the water's edge; for the water in which it is reflected not only makes the best foreground in such a case, but, with its winding shore, the most natural and agreeable boundary to it. There is no rawness nor imperfection in its edge there, as where the axe has cleared a part, or a cultivated field abuts on it. The trees have ample room to expand on the water side, and each sends forth its most vigorous branch in that direction. There Nature has woven a natural selvage, and the eye rises by just gradations from the low shrubs of the shore to the highest trees. There are few traces of man's hand to be seen. The water laves the shore as it did a thousand years ago. . . .

In such a day, in September or October, Walden is a perfect forest mirror, set round with stones as precious to my eye as if fewer or rarer. Nothing so fair, so pure, and at the same time so large, as a lake, perchance, lies on the surface of the earth. Sky water. It needs no fence. Nations come and go without defiling it. It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, whose gilding Nature continually repairs; no storms, no

dust, can dim its surface ever fresh ; a mirror in which all impurity presented to it sinks, swept and dusted by the sun's hazy brush, — this the light dust-cloth, — which retains no breath that is breathed upon it, but sends its own to float as clouds high above its surface, and be reflected in its bosom still.

A field of water betrays the spirit that is in the air. It is continually receiving new life and motion from above. It is intermediate in its nature between land and sky. On land only the grass and trees wave, but the water itself is rippled by the wind. I see where the breeze dashes across it by the streaks or flakes of light. It is remarkable that we can look down on its surface. We shall, perhaps, look down thus on the surface of air at length, and mark where a still subtler spirit sweeps over it. . . .

Already, by the first of September, I had seen two or three small maples turned scarlet across the pond, beneath where the white stems of three aspens diverged at the point of a promontory, next the water. Ah ! many a tale their color told ! And gradually from week to week the character of each tree came out, and it admired itself reflected in the smooth mirror of the lake. Each morning the manager of this gallery substituted some new picture, distinguished by more brilliant or harmonious coloring, for the old upon the walls. . . .

Like the wasps, before I finally went into winter quarters in November, I used to resort to the north-east side of Walden, which the sun, reflected from the pitch-pine woods and the stony shore, made the fireside of the pond ; it is so much pleasanter and wholesomer to be warmed by the sun while you can be, than by an artificial fire. I thus warmed myself by the still glowing embers which the summer, like a departed hunter, had left.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

James Thomas Fields was born in Portsmouth, N. H., December 31, 1817, and received his education in the public schools of that town. He came to Boston, engaged in the business of bookselling, and afterwards became a partner in the house of Ticknor & Fields, honorably known wherever the best books are read. He delivered a poem before the Mercantile Library Association in 1839, and has ever since devoted himself to literature with as much assiduity as to book-making.

Campbell proposed the health of Bonaparte when the news came that he had had a bookseller shot at Leipsic, and there are frequent squibs at the expense of the guild of publishers, in the works of the improvident literary class. It was reserved for Mr. Fields to form for a long period a bond of intimate friendship between his own house and the best living authors,

and at last to go over to them without losing his individuality, and preserving the regard of both.

He published privately small volumes of poems in 1849, 1854, and 1858. He was the editor of the Atlantic Monthly from 1862 to 1870. His long acquaintance with authors gave him unusual advantages in gathering letters and materials for personal biography. These collections were given to the reading public in the Atlantic, in a series of papers called Our Whispering Gallery, and have recently been published in a handsome volume, entitled Yesterdays with Authors. The glimpses of private life, the hints of conversation, and the numerous letters thus preserved, are exceedingly interesting, and Mr. Fields's introductions and narratives are written with excellent taste and judgment. The accounts of Hawthorne and Dickens, in particular, are more delightful than any elaborate biography would be. The letters of Miss Mitford, which conclude the volume, are of less real value, as the kind-hearted lady seems to have looked at everything American through a Claude Lorraine glass, and her constant gush of admiration and affection lessens the value of her opinions.

[From Yesterdays with Authors.]

CHARLES DICKENS.

Our first *real* visit to Cobham Park was on a summer morning, when Dickens walked out with us from his own gate, and, strolling quietly along the road, turned at length into what seemed a rural wooded pathway. At first we did not associate the spot, in its spring freshness, with that morning after Christmas when he had supped with the Seven Poor Travellers, and lain awake all night with thinking of them; and after parting in the morning with a kindly shake of the hand all round, started to walk through Cobham woods on his way towards London. Then on his lonely road, "the mists began to rise in the most beautiful manner, and the sun to shine; and as I went on," he writes, "through the bracing air, seeing the hoar frost sparkle everywhere, I felt as if all Nature shared in the joy of the great birthday. Going through the woods, the softness of my tread upon the mossy ground and among the brown leaves enhanced the Christmas sacredness by which I felt surrounded. As the whitened stems environed me, I thought how the Founder of the time had never raised his benignant hand, save to bless and heal, except in the case of one unconscious tree."

Now we found ourselves on the same ground, surrounded by the full beauty of the summer-time. The hand of Art conspiring with Nature had planted rhododendrons, as if in their native soil beneath the forest trees. They were in one universal flame of blossoms as far as the eye could see. Lord and Lady D., the kindest and most hospitable of neighbors, were absent; there was not a living figure besides ourselves to break the solitude, and we wandered on and on, with the wild birds for companions, as in our native wildernesses. By and by we came near Cobham Hall, with

its fine lawns and far-sweeping landscape, and workmen, and gardeners, and a general air of summer luxury. But to-day we were to go past the hall and lunch on a green slope under the trees (was it just the spot where Mr. Pickwick tried the cold punch and found it satisfactory? I never liked to ask!) and after making the old woods ring with the clatter and clink of our noontide meal, mingled with floods of laughter, were to come to the village, and to the very inn from which the disconsolate Mr. Tupman wrote to Mr. Pickwick, after his adventure with Miss Wardle. There is the old sign, and here we are at the Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent. "There's no doubt whatever about that." Dickens's modesty would not allow him to go in; so we made the most of an outside study of the quaint old place as we strolled by; also of the cottages whose inmates were evidently no strangers to our party, but were cared for by them as English cottagers are so often looked after by the kindly ladies in their neighborhood. And there was the old churchyard, "where the dead had been quietly buried 'in the sure and certain hope' which Christmas-time inspired." There too were the children, whom, seeing at their play, he could not but be loving, remembering who had loved them! One party of urchins swinging on a gate reminded us vividly of Collins, the painter. Here was his composition to the life. Every lover of rural scenery must recall the little fellow on the top of a five-barred gate in the picture Collins painted, known widely by the fine engraving made of it at the time. And there, too, were the blossoming gardens, which now shone in their new garments of resurrection. The stillness of midsummer noon crept over everything as we lingered in the sun and shadow of the old village. Slowly circling the hall, we came upon an avenue of lime-trees leading up to a stately doorway in the distance. The path was overgrown, birds and squirrels were hopping unconcernedly over the ground, and the gates and chains were rusty with disuse. "This avenue," said Dickens, as we leaned upon the wall, and looked into its cool shadows, "is never crossed except to bear the dead body of the lord of the hall to its last resting-place; a remnant of superstition, and one which Lord and Lady D. would be glad to do away with, but the villagers would never hear of such a thing, and would consider it certain death to any person who should go or come through this entrance. It would be a highly unpopular movement for the present occupants to attempt to uproot this absurd idea, and they have given up all thoughts of it for the time." . . .

His favorite mode of exercise was walking; and when in America,

scarcely a day passed, no matter what the weather, that he did not accomplish his eight or ten miles. It was on these expeditions that he liked to recount to the companion of his rambles stories and incidents of his early life ; and when he was in the mood, his fun and humor knew no bounds. He would then frequently discuss the numerous characters in his delightful books, and would act out, on the road, dramatic situations, where Nickleby, or Copperfield, or Swiveller would play distinguished parts. I remember, he said, on one of these occasions, that during the composition of his first stories he could never entirely dismiss the characters about whom he happened to be writing ; that while the Old Curiosity Shop was in process of composition, Little Nell followed him about everywhere ; that while he was writing Oliver Twist, Fagin, the Jew, would never let him rest, even in his most retired moments ; that at midnight and in the morning, on the sea and on the land, Tiny Tim and Little Bob Cratchit were ever tugging at his coat-sleeve, as if impatient for him to get back to his desk and continue the story of their lives. But he said after he had published several books, and saw what serious demands his characters were accustomed to make for the constant attention of his already overtasked brain, he resolved that the phantom individuals should no longer intrude on his hours of recreation and rest, but that when he closed the door of his study he would shut them all in, and only meet them again when he came back to resume his task. That force of will with which he was so pre-eminently endowed enabled him to ignore these manifold existences till he chose to renew their acquaintance. He said also, that when the children of his brain had once been launched, free and clear of him, into the world, they would sometimes turn up in the most unexpected manner to look their father in the face.

Sometimes he would pull my arm while we were walking together, and whisper, " Let us avoid Mr. Pumblechook, who is crossing the street to meet us," or " Mr. Micawber is coming; let us turn down this alley to get out of his way." He always seemed to enjoy the fun of his comic people, and had unceasing mirth over Mr. Pickwick's misadventures.

What a treat it was to go with him to the London Zoölogical Gardens, a place he greatly delighted in at all times ! He knew the zoölogical address of every animal, bird, and fish of any distinction ; and he could, without the slightest hesitation, on entering the grounds, proceed straightway to the celebrities of claw, or foot, or fin. The delight he took in the hippopotamus family was most ex-

hilarating. He entered familiarly into conversation with the huge, unwieldy creatures, and they seemed to understand him. Indeed, he spoke to all the unphilological inhabitants with a directness and tact which went home to them at once. He chaffed with the monkeys, coaxed the tigers, and bamboozled the snakes, with a dexterity unapproachable. All the keepers knew him, he was such a loyal visitor, and I noticed they came up to him in a friendly way, with the feeling that they had a sympathetic listener always in Charles Dickens.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1838, and was admitted to the bar, in Boston, 1840. He never practised the profession, but gave his attention wholly to literature; and, excepting his visits to Europe, he has always lived in the house in which he was born. He recited a class poem, which was printed in 1839. In 1841 he printed a volume of poems, entitled A Year's Life. In 1843, in connection with Robert Carter, he established a magazine called The Pioneer, which survived but three months, on account of the failure of the publisher. In 1844 he published A Legend of Brittany; in 1845 Conversations on the Old Poets; in 1848 a new series of poems, many of them strongly anti-slavery in character; and in the same year, The Vision of Sir Launfal, one of the most popular of his poems, and an exquisite work of art. During the Mexican war, and the political events that followed it, Mr. Lowell commenced, in the Boston Courier, a series of satirical poems in the Yankee dialect, purporting to have been written by Mr. Hosea Biglow, and furnished with an introduction, notes, and an index, by the Rev. Homer Wilbur. These were afterwards gathered, with burlesque "notices from an independent press," in a volume entitled The Biglow Papers. The point, vigor, wit, and perfect keeping of this satire, are admirable. Regarded as a mere repository of fun, it is inimitable: but the author's lines are edged tools, rather than playthings, and they have been felt throughout the long struggle that is now ended. The character of Parson Wilbur is a delightfully comic creation; and Hosea is the embodiment of the native humor and homely mother-wit of the Yankee race. A second series was published during the late rebellion.

In 1843 Mr. Lowell published anonymously a rhymed satirical view of American literature, entitled A Fable for Critics. Though written from a humorous point of view, and in a "touch-and-go" style, it contains many exquisite passages, and some acute, and, on the whole, just estimates of our principal writers. In 1852–3 Mr. Lowell visited Europe. In 1854–5 he delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute upon the British poets. It was a most brilliant exposition of the subject, and gave to the author as high a place among critics as among poets. In 1855, upon the resignation of Mr. Longfellow, he was appointed professor of modern languages and *belles lettres* in Harvard College. He visited Europe again to perfect himself in his studies, and returned to assume his place, in August, 1856.

The Atlantic Monthly was established, by Messrs. Phillips & Sampson, in 1857, and the gentlemen who had been invited to assist in the undertaking unanimously designated Mr. Lowell as the editor-in-chief. The character and influence of that magazine, and the stimulus it gave to the literary taste and culture of the country, are now matters of history. He wrote also frequently for Putnam's Monthly, and was editor, for a time, of the North American Review. His essays in these periodicals have been collected in three volumes: Fireside Travels (1864), Among My Books (1870), and My Study Windows (1871). He read a Commemoration Ode, at the assembly of the sons of Harvard, in July, 1865, in honor

of the slain heroes of the civil war. It is written in a lofty strain, and, more than any modern ode that we remember, is filled with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Under the Willows, a volume of later poems, with deeper insight and more refined traits of beauty, was printed in 1869. In the same year appeared a poem in blank verse, entitled The Cathedral, suggested by a visit to Chartres. This is probably the highest expression of his genius. It is far from popular, for its masculine power of thought, and the glancing lights of its imagery, are only for those who have the clear and practised sight to discern its spiritual truths and subtile analogies. A recent volume contains all his published poems, except one entitled Fitz Adam's Story, which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, January, 1867, and which contains some of the most faithful sketches of New England character ever drawn.

It is common, in speaking of authors who have excelled in various styles of writing, to call them versatile. But what adjective will convey an idea of the many-sidedness of Lowell? When we read the tender story of The First Snow Fall, the wise lessons of Ambrose, the prophetic strains of The Present Crisis and of Villa Franca, the wit and shrewdness of Hosea Biglow, the delicious humor of the garrulous Parson, the delicate beauty of Sir Launfal, the grandeur of the Commemoration Ode, the solemn splendor of The Cathedral, what can we do but wonder at the imaginative power that takes on these various shapes, and moves in such diverse ways to touch our souls in every part? When, in addition, we consider his vigorous, learned, and glowing prose essays, full of color like fresh studies from the fields, full of wit that not only sparkles in epigram but pervades and lightens the whole, and full of an elastic spirit such as belongs to immortal youth, we find enough to give him an enduring fame if he had never written a line of verse.

There are persons of education and taste who say they do not find much to admire in Lowell. Honest Samuel Pepys records of the Midsummer Night's Dream that it was the most insipid and ridiculous play he had ever seen. Faust is not easy reading, nor is Dante's Divine Comedy. It is not necessary to compare Lowell with the world's great authors; it is enough to say that his works deserve and will repay the study of the most thoughtful men. One cause that may repel the mere pleasure-loving reader is that the poet is more concerned for the full expression of his vigorous thought than for the melody of the resulting lines; and when the strong words of our language are borne on a torrent of feeling, they are sometimes like an ice-pack on one of our rivers at the breaking up of winter.

Cambridge to-day, with its growing piles of masonry, its clustering schools, its scores of professors, its trim country houses and lawns, its smooth streets and enclosed fields, seems as though it might be the home of an essayist, historian, philosopher, or of a poet of a certain urban class; but we should hardly think of looking there for a poet of original genius, in intimate relations with nature, and formed by the study of character untutored in books and unspoiled by artificial modes of life. To know the early influences that developed the poet's mind and furnished him with the material for his inimitable studies, we should have seen Cambridge Thirty Years Ago. Mount Auburn was not a populous cemetery then, but was Sweet Auburn, a pasture full of the haunts of flowers. Love Lane had not been blotted out, and the willows hung over the marshes and skirted the Concord road. Old people were living who had preserved the traditions, manners, and speech of the last century. In place of the railway trains, enormous caravans of white-covered wagons came from the interior, and gathered nightly at the great square taverns at the Port. The Cambridge boy of that day (and how far away that day seems!) knew the sunny slopes where the anemones first showed their tremulous purple blossoms, and the spongy lanes where the gorgeous cardinal flower and the strangely beautiful orchis were to be found. Birds, rabbits, and squirrels were his familiar friends. The groups of farmers on their way to market, and the more knowing teamsters, to whom their years on the turnpike had given the air of travelled men, as they met at the great caravanseras and exchanged jokes, furnished abundant opportunities for the study of character, especially of the individual qualities of the now extinct rustic Yankee.

The observing eyes of the future poet found plenty of humorous traits among these shrewd

and simple people. Their mental processes, their clear-cut phrases, their homely metaphors, and their quaint modes of speech, were unconsciously treasured in his memory. He was fortunate, too, in the surroundings of his home and in his father's library, in which he devoured romances, travels, and poems; and he could have passed a better examination, probably, in Scottish ballads, Hakluyt's Voyages, Froissart's Chronicles, and old plays, than in conic sections or Greek prosody.

As each plant, by a secret chemistry, draws from the soil the elements necessary for its own growth, and for the perfect flavor and aroma of its own flowers and juices, so it would seem each intellect pierces the accumulated mould around it, and draws into itself the elements for its future blossoming and its immortal fruit. Summer has passed with the poet, but the long, golden autumnal season is yet before him.

[From an essay on Cambridge Thirty Years Ago, in Fireside Travels.]

THERE was but one white-and-yellow-washer, whose own cottage, fresh-gleaming every June through grape-vine and creeper, was his only sign and advertisement. He was said to possess a secret, which died with him like that of Luca della Robbia, and certainly conceived all colors but white and yellow to savor of savagery, civilizing the stems of his trees annually with liquid lime, and meditating how to extend that candent baptism even to the leaves. His *pie-plants* (the best in town), compulsory monastics, blanched under barrels, each in his little hermitage, a vegetable Certosa. His fowls, his ducks, his geese, could not show so much as a gray feather among them, and he would have given a year's earnings for a white peacock. The flowers which decked his little *door-yard* were whitest China asters and goldenest sunflowers, which last, backsliding from their traditional Parsee faith, used to puzzle us urchins not a little by staring brazenly every way except towards the sun. Celery, too, he raised, whose virtue is its paleness, and the silvery onion, and turnip, which, though outwardly conforming to the green heresies of summer, nourish a purer faith subterraneously, like early Christians in the catacombs. In an obscure corner grew the sanguine beet, tolerated only for its usefulness in allaying the asperities of Saturday's salt fish. He loved winter better than summer, because Nature then played the white-washer, and challenged with her snows the scarce inferior purity of his overalls and neckcloth. I fancy that he never rightly liked Commencement, for bringing so many black coats together. He founded no school. Others might essay his art, and were allowed to try their prentice hands on fences and the like coarse subjects, but the ceiling of every housewife waited on the leisure of Newman (*ichneumon* the students called him, for his diminutiveness), nor would consent to other brush than his. There was also but one brewer (Lewis), who made the village beer, both spruce and ginger, a grave and amiable Ethiopian, making a

discount always to the boys, and wisely, for they were his chiefest patrons. He wheeled his whole stock in a white-roofed handcart, on whose front a sign-board presented, at either end, an insurrectionary bottle — yet insurgent after no mad Gallic fashion, but soberly and Saxonly discharging itself into the restraining formulary of a tumbler, symbolic of orderly prescription. The artist had struggled manfully with the difficulties of his subject, but had not succeeded so well that we did not often debate in which of the twin bottles Spruce was typified, and in which Ginger. We always believed that Lewis mentally distinguished between them, but by some peculiarity occult to exoteric eyes. This ambulatory chapel of the Bacchus that gives the colic, but not inebriates, only appeared at the Commencement holidays, and the lad who bought of Lewis laid out his money well, getting respect as well as beer, three sirs to every glass, — "Beer, sir? yes, sir: spruce or ginger, sir?" I can yet recall the innocent pride with which I walked away after that somewhat risky ceremony (for a bottle sometimes blew up), dilated not alone with carbonic-acid gas, but with the more ethereal fixed air of that titular flattery. Nor was Lewis proud. When he tried his fortunes in the capital on election days, and stood amid a row of rival venders in the very flood of custom, he never forgot his small fellow-citizens, but welcomed them with an assuring smile, and served them with the first.

[From Among My Books.]

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

PASSING through some Massachusetts village, perhaps at a distance from any house, it may be in the midst of a piece of woods where four roads meet, one may sometimes even yet see a small, square, one-story building, whose use would not be long doubtful. It is summer, and the flickering shadows of forest leaves dapple the roof of the little porch, whose door stands wide, and shows, hanging on either hand, rows of straw hats and bonnets, that look as if they had done good service. As you pass the open windows you hear whole platoons of high-pitched voices discharging words of two or three syllables with wonderful precision and unanimity. Then there is a pause, and the voice of the officer in command is heard reproving some raw recruit, whose vocal musket hung fire. Then the drill of the small infantry begins anew, but pauses again because some urchin — who agrees with Voltaire that the superfluous is a

very necessary thing — insists on spelling "subtraction" with an *s* too much.

If you had the good fortune to be born and bred in the Bay State, your mind is thronged with half-sad, half-humorous recollections. The a-b abs of little voices, long since hushed in the mould, or ringing now in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the senate-chamber, come back to the ear of memory. You remember the high stool on which culprits used to be elevated, with the tall paper fool's-cap on their heads, blushing to the ears ; and you think with wonder how you have seen them since as men climbing the world's penance-stools of ambition without a blush, and gladly giving everything for life's caps and bells. And you have pleasanter memories of going after pond-lilies, of angling for horn-pouts, — that queer bat among the fishes, — of nutting, of walking over the creaking snow-crust in winter, when the warm breath of every household was curling up silently in the keen blue air. You wonder if life has any rewards more solid and permanent than the Spanish dollar that was hung around your neck to be restored again next day, and conclude sadly that it was but too true a prophecy and emblem of all worldly success. But your moralizing is broken short off by a rattle of feet and the pouring forth of the whole swarm, — the boys dancing and shouting, — the mere effervescence of the fixed air of youth and animal spirits uncorked ; the sedater girls in confidential twos and threes decanting secrets out of the mouth of one cape-bonnet into that of another. Times have changed since the jackets and trousers used to draw up on one side of the road, and the petticoats on the other, to salute with bow and courtesy the white neckcloth of the parson or the squire, if it chanced to pass during intermission.

Now this little building, and others like it, were an original kind of fortification invented by the founders of New England. They are the martello-towers that protect our coast. This was the great discovery of our Puritan forefathers. They were the first lawgivers who saw clearly, and enforced practically, the simple, moral, and political truth that knowledge was not an alms to be dependent on the chance charity of private men, or the precarious pittance of a trust-fund, but a sacred debt which the commonwealth owed to every one of her children. The opening of the first grammar school was the opening of the first trench against monopoly in church and state ; the first row of trammels and pothooks which the little Shearjashubs and Elkanahs blotted and blubbered across their copy-books, was the preamble to the Declaration of Independence.

[From My Study Windows.]

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

THE return of the robin is commonly announced by the newspapers, like that of eminent or notorious people to a watering-place, as the first authentic notification of spring. And such his appearance in the orchard and garden undoubtedly is. But, in spite of his name of migratory thrush, he stays with us all winter, and I have seen him when the thermometer marked fifteen degrees below zero of Fahrenheit, armed impregnably within, like Emerson's Titmouse, and as cheerful as he. The robin has a bad reputation among people who do not value themselves less for being fond of cherries. There is, I admit, a spice of vulgarity in him, and his song is rather of the Bloomfield sort, too largely ballasted with prose. His ethics are of the Poor Richard school, and the main chance which calls forth all his energy is altogether of the belly. He never has those fine intervals of lunacy into which his cousins, the catbird and the mavis, are apt to fall. But for a' that and twice as muckle 's a' that, I would not exchange him for all the cherries that ever came out of Asia Minor. With whatever faults, he has not wholly forfeited that superiority which belongs to the children of nature. He has a finer taste in fruit than could be distilled from many successive committees of the Horticultural Society, and he eats with a relishing gulp not inferior to Dr. Johnson's. He feels and freely exercises his right of eminent domain. His is the earliest mess of green peas; his all the mulberries I had fancied mine. But if he get also the lion's share of the raspberries, he is a great planter, and sows those wild ones in the woods, that solace the pedestrian and give a momentary calm even to the jaded victims of the White Hills. He keeps a strict eye over one's fruit, and knows to a shade of purple when your grapes have cooked long enough in the sun. During the severe drought a few years ago, the robins wholly vanished from my garden. I neither saw nor heard one for three weeks. Meanwhile a small foreign grape-vine, rather shy of bearing, seemed to find the dusty air congenial, and, dreaming perhaps of its sweet Argos across the sea, decked itself with a score or so of fair bunches. I watched them from day to day till they should have secreted sugar enough from the sunbeams, and at last made up my mind that I would celebrate my vintage the next morning. But the robins, too, had somehow kept note of them. They must have sent out spies, as did the Jews into the promised land, before I was stirring. When I went

with my basket, at least a dozen of these winged vintagers bustled out from among the leaves, and, alighting on the nearest trees, interchanged some shrill remarks about me of a derogatory nature. They had fairly sacked the vine. Not Wellington's veterans made cleaner work of a Spanish town; not Federals or Confederates were ever more impartial in the confiscation of neutral chickens. I was keeping my grapes a secret to surprise the fair Fidele with, but the robins made them a profounder secret to her than I had meant. The tattered remnant of a single bunch was all my harvest-home. How paltry it looked at the bottom of my basket — as if a humming-bird had laid her egg in an eagle's nest! I could not help laughing; and the robins seemed to join heartily in the merriment. There was a native grape-vine close by, blue with its less refined abundance, but my cunning thieves preferred the foreign flavor. Could I tax them with want of taste?

The robins are not good solo singers, but their chorus, as, like primitive fire-worshippers, they hail the return of light and warmth to the world, is unrivalled. There are a hundred singing like one. They are noisy enough then, and sing, as poets should, with no afterthought. But when they come after cherries to the tree near my window, they muffle their voices, and their faint *pip, pip, pop!* sounds far away at the bottom of the garden, where they know I shall not suspect them of robbing the great black-walnut of its bitter-rinded store. They are feathered Pecksniffs, to be sure; but then how brightly their breasts, that look rather shabby in the sunlight, shine in a rainy day against the dark green of the fringe-tree! After they have pinched and shaken all the life out of an earthworm, as Italian cooks pound all the spirit out of a steak, and then gulped him, they stand up in honest self-confidence, expand their red waistcoats with the virtuous air of a lobby-member, and outface you with an eye that calmly challenges inquiry. "Do I look like a bird that knows the flavor of raw vermin? I throw myself upon a jury of my peers. Ask any robin if he ever ate anything less ascetic than the frugal berry of the juniper, and he will answer that his vow forbids him." Can such an open bosom cover such depravity? Alas! yes. I have no doubt his breast was redder at that very moment with the blood of my raspberries. On the whole, he is a doubtful friend in the garden. He makes his dessert of all kinds of berries, and is not averse from early peas. But when we remember how omnivorous he is, eating his own weight in an incredibly short time, and that Nature seems exhaustless in her invention of new insects hostile to

vegetation, perhaps we may reckon that he does more good than harm. For my own part, I would rather have his cheerfulness and kind neighborhood than many berries.

[One of the notes of "Mr. Homer Wilbur," in The Biglow Papers.]

THE NEWSPAPER.

"WONDERFUL, to him that has eyes to see it rightly, is the newspaper. To me, for example, sitting on the critical front bench of the pit, in my study here in Jaalam, the advent of my weekly journal is as that of a strolling theatre, or rather of a puppet-show, on whose stage, narrow as it is, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life are played in little. Behold the whole huge earth sent to me hebdomadally in a brown-paper wrapper!

"Hither, to my obscure corner, by wind or steam, on horseback or dromedary-back, in the pouch of the Indian runner or clicking over the magnetic wires, troop all the famous performers from the four quarters of the globe. Looked at from a point of criticism, tiny puppets they seem all, as the editor sets up his booth upon my desk, and officiates as showman. Now I can truly see how little and transitory is life. The earth appears almost as a drop of vinegar, on which the solar microscope of the imagination must be brought to bear in order to make out anything distinctly. That animalcule there, in the pea-jacket, is Louis Philippe, just landed on the coast of England. That other, in the gray surtout and cocked hat, is Napoleon Bonaparte Smith, assuring France that she need apprehend no interference from him in the present alarming juncture. At that spot where you seem to see a speck of something in motion, is an immense mass-meeting. Look sharper, and you will see a mite brandishing his mandibles in an excited manner. That is the great Mr. Soandso, defining his position, amid tumultuous and irrepressible cheers. That infinitesimal creature, upon whom some score of others, as minute as he, are gazing in open-mouthed admiration, is a famous philosopher, expounding to a select audience their capacity for the Infinite. That scarce-discernible pufflet of smoke and dust is a revolution. That speck there is a reformer, just arranging the lever with which he is to move the world. And lo! there creeps forward the shadow of a skeleton, that blows one breath between its grinning teeth, and all our distinguished actors are whisked off the slippery stage into the dark Beyond.

"Yes, the little show-box has its solemner suggestions. Now and then we catch a glimpse of a grim old man, who lays down a scythe and hour-glass in the corner while he shifts the scenes. There, too, in the dim background, a weird shape is ever delving. Sometimes he leans upon his mattock, and gazes, as a coach whirls by, bearing the newly-married on their wedding jaunt, or glances carelessly at a babe brought home from christening. Suddenly (for the scene grows larger and larger as we look) a bony hand snatches back a performer in the midst of his part, and him, whom yesterday two infinities (past and future) would not suffice, a handful of dust is enough to cover and silence forever. Nay, we see the same fleshless fingers opening to clutch the showman himself, and guess, not without a shudder, that they are lying in wait for spectator also.

"Think of it: for three dollars a year I buy a season-ticket to this great Globe Theatre, for which God would write the dramas (only that we like farces, spectacles, and the tragedies of Apollyon better), whose scene-shifter is Time, and whose curtain is rung down by Death.

"Such thoughts will occur to me sometimes, as I am tearing off the wrapper of my newspaper. Then suddenly that otherwise too often vacant sheet becomes invested for me with a strange kind of awe. Look! deaths and marriages, notices of inventions, discoveries, and books, lists of promotions, of killed, wounded, and missing, news of fires, accidents, of sudden wealth, and as sudden poverty, — I hold in my hand the ends of myriad invisible electric conductors, along which tremble the joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes, and despairs of as many men and women everywhere. So that upon that mood of mind which seems to isolate me from mankind as a spectator of their puppet-pranks, another supervenes, in which I feel that I, too, unknown and unheard of, am yet of some import to my fellows. For, through my newspaper here, do not families take pains to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among them? Are not here two who would have me know of their marriage? And, strangest of all, is not this singular person anxious to have me informed that he has received a fresh supply of Dimitry Bruisgins? But to none of us does the Present (even if for a moment discerned as such) continue miraculous. We glance carelessly at the sunrise, and get used to Orion and the Pleiades. The wonder wears off, and to-morrow this sheet, in which a vision was let down to me from heaven, shall be the wrapper to a bar of soap or the platter for a beggar's broken victuals." H. W.

BEAVER BROOK.

HUSHED with broad sunlight lies the hill,
And, minuting the long day's loss,
The cedar's shadow, slow and still,
Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss.

Warm noon brims full the valley's cup,
The aspen's leaves are scarce astir;
Only the little mill sends up
Its busy, never-ceasing burr.

Climbing the loose-piled wall that hems
The road along the mill-pond's brink,
From 'neath the arching barberry stems,
My footstep scares the shy chewink.

Beneath a bony buttonwood,
The mill's red door lets forth the din;
The whitened miller, dust-imbued,
Flits past the square of dark within.

No mountain torrent's strength is here;
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
And gently waits the miller's will.

Swift slips Undine along the race
Unheard, and then, with flashing bound,
Floods the dull wheel with light and grace,
And, laughing, hunts the loath drudge round.

The miller dreams not at what cost
The quivering mill-stones hum and whirl,
Nor how, for every turn, are tossed
Armfuls of diamond and pearl.

But Summer cleared my happier eyes
With drops of some celestial juice,
To see how Beauty underlies
Forevermore each form of Use.

And more : methought I saw that flood,
Which now so dull and darkling steals,
Thick, here and there, with human blood,
To turn the world's laborious wheels.

No more than doth the miller there,
Shut in our several cells, do we
Know with what waste of beauty rare
Moves every day's machinery.

Surely the wiser time shall come
When this fine overplus of might,
No longer sullen, slow, and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the Earth,
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins make mirth,
And labor meet delight half way.

AMBROSE.

NEVER, surely, was holier man
Than Ambrose, since the world began ;
With diet spare and raiment thin,
He shielded himself from the father of sin ;
With bed of iron and scourgings oft,
His heart to God's hand as wax made soft.

Through earnest prayer and watchings long
He sought to know 'twixt right and wrong,
Much wrestling with the blessed Word
To make it yield the sense of the Lord,
That he might build a storm-proof creed
To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith,
Fenced round about with *The Lord thus saith ;*
To himself he fitted the doorway's size,
Meted the light to the need of his eyes,
And knew, by a sure and inward sign,
That the work of his fingers was divine.

Then Ambrose said, "All those shall die
The eternal death who believe not as I;"
And some were boiled, some burned in fire,
Some sawn in twain, that his heart's desire
For the good of men's souls might be satisfied,
By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day, as Ambrose was seeking the truth
In his lonely walk, he saw a youth
Resting himself in the shade of a tree;
It had never been given him to see
So shining a face, and the good man thought
'Twere pity he should not believe as he ought.

So he set himself by the young man's side,
And the state of his soul with questions tried;
But the heart of the stranger was hardened indeed,
Nor received the stamp of the one true creed;
And the spirit of Ambrose waxed sore to find
Such face the porch of so narrow a mind.

"As each beholds in cloud and fire
The shape that answers his own desire,
So each," said the youth, "in the Law shall find
The figure and features of his mind;
And to each in his mercy hath God allowed
His several pillar of fire and cloud."

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal
And holy wrath for the young man's weal.
"Believest thou then, most wretched youth,"
Cried he, "a dividual essence in Truth?
I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin
To take the Lord in his glory in."

Now there bubbled beside them where they stood,
A fountain of waters sweet and good;
The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near,
Saying, "Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here!"
Six vases of crystal then he took,
And set them along the edge of the brook.

"As into these vessels the water I pour,
There shall one hold less, another more,
And the water unchanged, in every case,
Shall put on the figure of the vase;
O thou, who wouldst unity make through strife,
Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life?"

When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone;
The youth, and the stream, and the vases were gone;
But he knew, by a sense of humbled grace,
He had talked with an angel face to face,
And felt his heart change inwardly
As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

THE DEAD HOUSE.

HERE once my step was quickened,
Here beckoned the opening door,
And welcome thrilled from the threshold
To the foot it had known before.

A glow came forth to meet me
From the flame that laughed in the grate,
And shadows adance on the ceiling
Danced blithe with mine for a mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned the arm-chair;
"This corner, you know, is your seat;"
"Rest your slippers on me," beamed the fender;
"I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practised finger,"
Said the books, "that seems like brain;"
And the shy page rustled the secret
It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once quivered
On nightingales' throats that flew
Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz
To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah me, where the Past sowed heart's-ease,
The Present plucks rue for us men!
I come back: that scar unhealing
Was not in the churchyard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered;
I will go and beg to look
At the rooms that were once familiar
To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered! alas for the sameness
That makes the change but more!
'Tis a dead man I see in the mirrors,
'Tis his tread that chills the floor!

To learn such a simple lesson,
Need I go to Paris and Rome,
That the many make the household,
But only one the home?

'Twas just a womanly presence,
An influence unexpressed;
But a rose she had worn, on my grave-sod
Were more than long life with the rest!

'Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's rustle,
'Twas nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine I would close the shutters,
Like lids when the life is fled,
And the funeral fire should wind it,
This corpse of a home that is dead.

For it died that autumn morning
When she, its soul, was borne
To lie all dark on the hill-side
That looks over woodland and corn.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky,
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

ALADDIN.

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more:
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose;
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

[From the Biglow Papers. — Second Series.]

SUMTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE.

Once git a smell o' musk into a draw,
An' it clings hold like precerdents in law:
Your gra'ma'am put it there — when, goodness knows —
To jes' this-worldify her Sunday clo'es;
But the old chist wun't sarve her gran'son's wife
(For, 'thout new funnitoor, wut good in life?)

An' so ole clawfoot, from the precinks dread
O' the spare chamber, slinks into the shed,
Where, dim with dust, it fust or last subsides
To holdin' seeds an' fifty things besides;
But better days stick fast in heart an' husk,
An' all you keep in't gits a scent o' musk.

Jes' so with poets: wut they've airly read
Gits kind o' worked into their heart an' head,
So 's't they can't seem to write but jest on sheers
With furrin countries or played-out ideers,
Nor hev a feelin', ef it doesn't smack
O' wut some critter chose to feel 'way back:
This makes 'em talk o' daises, larks, an' things,
Es though we'd nothin' here that blows an' sings —
(Why, I'd give more for one live bobolink
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink), —
This makes 'em think our fust o' May is May,
Which 'tain't, for all the almanicks can say.

O, little city-gals, don't never go it
Blind on the word o' noospaper or poet!
They're apt to puff, an' May-day seldom looks
Up in the country ez it doos in books;
They're no more like than hornets'-nests an' hives,
Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.
I, with my trouses perched on cow-hide boots,
Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the roots,
Hev seen ye come to fling on April's hearse
Your muslin nosegays from the milliner's,
Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen to choose,
An' dance your throats sore in morocker shoes:
I've seen ye an' felt proud, thet, come wut would,
Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardihood.
Pleasure does make us Yankees kind o' winch,
Ez though 'twuz sumthin' paid for by the inch;
But yit we du contrive to worry thru,
Ef Dooty tells us thet the things to du,
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,
Ez stiddily ez though 'twuz a redoubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know where to find
Some blooms thet make the season suit the mind,
An' seem to metch the doubtin' bluebird's notes, —
Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,
Each on em's cradle to a baby-pearl, —
But these are jes' Spring's pickets ; sure ez sin,
The rebble frosts 'll try to drive 'em in ;
For half our May 's so awfully like May n't
'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige saint ;
Though I own up I like our back'ard springs
Thet kind o' haggle with their greens an' things,
An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout more words,
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' bird's :
Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt,
But when it doos git stirred, there's no gin-out !

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses —
Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned
Ef all on 'em don't head against the wind.
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,
The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,
Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers,
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,
Then gray hossches'nuts leetle hands unfold
Softer'n a baby's be a' three days old :
Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick ; he knows
Thet arter this ther' 's only blossom-snows ;
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,
He goes to plast'rin' his adobë house.

Then seems to come a hitch, — things lag behind,
Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,
An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams
Heaped up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams,
A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole cleft,
Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right an' left,
Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,
Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin' foam,
Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune

An' gives one leap from April into June;
Then all comes crowdin' in; afore you think,
Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods with pink;
The catbird in the laylock-bush is loud;
The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud;
Red-cedars blossom tu, though few folks know it,
An' look all dipt in sunshine like a poet;
The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o' shade
An' drows'ly simmer with the bees' sweet trade;
In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hangbird clings,
An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock slings;
All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers
The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flowers,
Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-gals love to try
With pins — they'll worry yourn so, boys, bimeby!
But I don't love your cat'logue style — do you? —
Ez ef to sell off Natur' by vendoo;
One word with blood in't 's twice ez good ez two:
'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here;
Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,
Or climbs aginst the breeze with quiverin' wings,
Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air.

. . . . . .

A FEW STANZAS FROM "THE PRESENT CRISIS."

ONCE to every man or nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

. . . . . .

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne, —
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

. . . . . .

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

. . . . . .

For humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

. . . . . .

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast with Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

William Wetmore Story was born in Salem, Mass., February 19, 1819, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1838, in the class with Professor Lowell. He studied law under the instruction of his father, Judge Story, and became an able writer upon legal subjects. He reported two volumes of cases in the United States Circuit Court, and was apparently on the road to professional eminence. But he was born with an artistic temperament, and amused himself first by painting landscapes, and afterwards by modelling in clay. He went to Rome in 1848, and in the end he became the first living sculptor of ideal figures. His statues of Saul, Delilah, and Cleopatra, in particular, are considered as masterpieces in form and in the expression of character, thought, and emotion. His success in literature has been almost as remarkable as in art. A volume of his Poems appeared in 1847, and an enlarged edition in 1856. *Roba di Roma*, most of which appeared first in the Atlantic Monthly, a vivid picture of the modern city, was published in 1862. He published a treatise on the Proportions of the Human Figure in 1866; *Graffiti d' Italia** in 1869; and a poem, entitled The Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem, in 1870. He published an edition of the Life and Letters of his father in 1851. He is a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, and the announcement of a new poem by him is sure to attract the attention of every cultivated reader.

In 1856, at the inauguration of the statue of Beethoven in the Boston Music Hall, Mr. Story delivered a splendid prologue, which is included in the volume before referred to.

The poem here printed, The English Language, is a curious study in the resources of our tongue, and a very successful imitation of a classic metre. It is worthy of the student's attention. The Couplets are beautiful thoughts, with an almost Shakespearian directness of expression.

* Italian Pencil Sketches, a series of dramatic poems.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

"And for our tong, that still is so empayred
By travelling linguists, — I can prove it clear
That no tong has the muses' utterance heyred
For verse, and that sweete music to the ear
Strook out of Rhyme so naturally as this." — CHAPMAN.

GIVE me, of every language, first my vigorous English
Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural mines —
Grand in its rhythmical cadence, simple for household employment —
Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of man.

Not from one metal alone the perfectest mirror is shapen,
Not from one color is built the rainbow's aerial bridge;
Instruments blending together yield the divinest of music;
Out of a myriad flowers sweetest of honey is drawn.

So unto thy close strength is welded and beaten together,
Iron dug from the North, ductile gold from the South;
So unto thy broad stream the ice-torrents born in the mountains
Rush, and the rivers pour brimming with sun from the plains.

Thou hast the sharp clean edge and the downright blow of the Saxon,
Thou the majestical march and the stately pomp of the Latin,
Thou the euphonious swell, the rhythmical roll of the Greek;
Thine is the elegant suavity caught from sonorous Italian,
Thine the chivalric obeisance, the courteous grace of the Norman —
Thine the Teutonic German's inborn guttural strength.

Raftered by firm-laid consonants, windowed by opening vowels,
Thou securely art built, free to the sun and the air;
Over thy feudal battlements trail the wild tendrils of fancy,
Where in the early morn warbled our earliest birds;
Science looks out from thy watch-tower, love whispers in at thy lattice,
While o'er thy bastions wit flashes its glittering sword.

Not by corruption rotted nor slowly by ages degraded,
Have the sharp consonants gone crumbling away from our words;
Virgin and clean is their edge, like granite blocks chiselled by Egypt;
Just as when Shakespeare and Milton laid them in glorious verse.

Fitted for every use like a great majestical river,
Blending thy various streams, stately thou flowest along,
Bearing the white-wingéd ship of Poesy over thy bosom,
Laden with spices that come out of the tropical isles,
Fancy's pleasuring yacht with its bright and fluttering pennons,
Logic's frigates of war and the toil-worn barges of trade.

How art thou freely obedient unto the poet or speaker
When, in a happy hour, thought into speech he translates;
Caught on the word's sharp angles flash the bright hues of his fancy —
Grandly the thought rides the words, as a good horseman his steed.

Now, clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like to hail-stones,
Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a shower —
Now in a twofold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Trochee,
Unbroke, firmset, advance, retreat, trampling along —
Now with a sprightlier springiness bounding in triplicate syllables,
Dance the elastic Dactylics in musical cadences on,
Now their voluminous coil intertangling like huge anacondas
Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.

Flexile and free in thy gait and simple in all thy construction,
Yielding to every turn thou bearest thy rider along;
Now like our hackney or draught-horse serving our commonest uses,
Now bearing grandly the Poet Pegasus-like to the sky.

Thou art not prisoned in fixed rules, thou art no slave to a grammar,
Thou art an eagle uncaged scorning the perch and the chain;
Hadst thou been fettered and formalized, thou hadst been tamer and weaker.
How could the poor slave walk with thy grand freedom of gait?
Let then grammarians rail and let foreigners sigh for thy signposts,
Wandering lost in thy maze, thy wilds of magnificent growth.

Call thee incongruous, wild, of rule and of reason defiant;
I in thy wildness a grand freedom of character find.
So with irregular outline tower up the sky-piercing mountains
Rearing o'er yawning chasms lofty precipitous steeps,
Spreading o'er ledges unclimbable, meadows and slopes of green smoothness,
Bearing the flowers in their clefts, losing their peaks in the clouds.

Therefore it is that I praise thee and never can cease from rejoicing,
Thinking that good stout English is mine and my ancestors' tongue;
Give me its varying music, the flow of its free modulation —
I will not covet the full roll of the glorious Greek, —
Luscious and feeble Italian, Latin so formal and stately,
French with its nasal lisp, nor German inverted and harsh —
Not while our organ can speak with its many and wonderful voices —
Play on the soft flute of love, blow the loud trumpet of war,
Sing with the high sesquialtro, or drawing its full diapason
Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals and stops.

[Selections from "Couplets."]

SHAKESPEARE.

II.

Our nearness value lends to trivial things and slight,
But only distance gives to lofty ones their height.

The Pyramids to those beneath them look not high,
But as we go from them they tower into the sky.

So thy colossal mind, in time's perspective seen,
Still rises up and up with more majestic mien.

III.

Strive not to say the whole! the Poet, in his Art,
Must intimate the whole, and say the smallest part.

The young moon's silver arc her perfect circle tells,
The limitless within Art's bounded outline dwells.

Of every noble work the silent part is best,
Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed.

Each act contains the Life, each work of Art the world,
And all the planet laws are in each dew-drop pearled.

VI.

Patient the wounded earth receives the plough's sharp share,
And hastes the sweet return of golden grain to bear.

The sea remembers not the vessel's rending keel,
But rushes joyously the ravage to conceal.

So patient under scorn and injury abide;
Who conquereth all within may dare the world outside.

X.

Live not without a friend! The Alpine rock must own
Its mossy grace, or else be nothing but a stone.

Live not without a God! however low or high,
In every house should be a window to the sky.

XII.

As rooted to the rock the yearning sea-weed grows
And sways unto the tide, and feels its ebbs and flows;

So unto Reason fixed, yet floating ever free
In Feeling's ebb and flow the Artist's life should be.

XIX.

That dress of thine is made of many lives; I see
Upon thy coral there the diver's misery.

Thy shawl is red with blood, for that the camel bled;
The seamstress sewed her pain into thy lace's thread.

The tortured worm gave up his tomb thy silk to make,
The oyster bore his pearl of trouble for thy sake.

The frolic kid was flayed thy snowy hands to hide,
A thousand cochineals to paint thy ribbon died.

Thou wouldst not crush a worm, so gentle is thy heart;
And yet, behold! how strange a paradox thou art.

XXXII.

Where thou art strong and stout thy friend to thee will show —
Where thou art weak alone is taught thee by thy foe.

Therefore despise him not; but 'neath his battle-axe
See if thy armor ring whole, sound, or 'neath it cracks.

Though friend with flattery soothe, or foe stab through and through,
Praise cannot save the False, nor malice kill the True.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE.

Edwin Percy Whipple was born in Gloucester, Mass., March 8, 1819. He was educated in the public schools of Salem, and on his removal to Boston was employed in a broker's office. He became a member of the Mercantile Library Association, and in its debates and other literary exercises he gained the knowledge and practice which laid the foundation for his scholarship and his fame as a writer. He was superintendent of the News Room in the Merchants' Exchange, but in 1860 gave up business to devote himself to literature. He has been a contributor to the North American Review, the Christian Examiner, the Atlantic Monthly, and other periodicals. He delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, upon the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, and has been for some years engaged in lecturing, mostly on literary topics, before lyceums and at college anniversaries throughout the country. His orations, reviews, and essays have been published in six volumes, 12mo., by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Mr. Whipple's mind is acute and analytic, and his mode of dealing with a subject shows his mastery of principles, his sincerity of character, and his power of lucid statement. His style is not uniformly easy, although his vocabulary is ample, and his choice of words is often very felicitous. At times he inclines to be epigrammatic and sparkling, and when this is the case he is apt to restrain his naturally ample utterance, and to establish a formal balance of terse phrases in short, pungent sentences, in place of the longer sweep of the older and more melodious style of English prose. Like most writers who have had their early discipline in debate, and have maintained an oratorical style by long practice in lecturing, he sometimes swells his periods into sonorous measure, and writes *at* his reader, as if in the midst of a brilliant peroration before an excited audience. Our English cousins say that most of our writers lack repose. Probably this is true, but not more true of Mr. Whipple than of many others of equal note. We have young blood yet, and have not quite settled down into the equable courses of mature years. The spectacle of a modern Englishman roused to a state of enthusiasm about *anything* would be a rare one indeed.

Mr. Whipple is one of the few writers who have made criticism a fine art; and the cultivated reader finds almost as much pleasure in his thoughtful discussions, rich as they are in assimilated wealth, as in the perusal of a work of original creation.

[From Character and Characteristic Men.]

It results from this doctrine of the mind's growth, that success in all the departments of life, over which intellect holds dominion, depends, not merely on an outside knowledge of the facts and laws connected with each department, but on the assimilation of that knowledge into instinctive intelligence and active power. Take the good farmer, and you will find that ideas in him are endowed with will, and can work. Take the good general, and you will find that the principles of his profession are inwrought into the substance of his nature, and act with the velocity of instincts. Take the good judge, and in him jurisprudence seems impersonated, and his opinions are authorities. Take the good merchant, and you will find that commerce, in its facts and laws, seems in him embodied, and that his sagacity appears identical with the objects on which it is exercised. Take the great statesman, take Webster, and note how, by thoroughly individualizing his comprehensive experience, he

seems to carry a nation in his brain; how, in all that relates to the matter in hand, he has in him as *faculty* what is out of him in *fact;* how between the man and the thing there occurs that subtile free-masonry of recognition which we call the mind's intuitive glance; and how conflicting principles and statements, mixed and mingling in fierce confusion and with deafening war-cries, fall into order and relation, and move in the direction of one inexorable controlling idea, the moment they are grasped by an intellect which is in the secret of their combination: —

"Confusion hears his voice, and the wild uproar stills."

Mark, too, how, in the productions of his mind, the presence and pressure of his whole nature, in each intellectual act, keep his opinions on the level of his character, and stamp every weighty paragraph with "Daniel Webster, his mark." The characteristic of all his great speeches is, that the statements, arguments, and images have what we should call a positive being of their own, — stand out as plainly to the sight as a ledge of rocks or chain of hills, — and, like the works of Nature herself, need no other justification of their right to exist than the fact of their existence. We may dislike their object, but we cannot deny their solidity of organization. This power of giving a substantial body, an undeniable external shape and form, to his thoughts and perceptions, so that the toiling mind does not so much seem to pass from one sentence to another, unfolding its leading idea, as to make each sentence a solid work in a Torres-Vedras line of fortifications — this prodigious constructive faculty, wielded with the strength of a huge Samson-like artificer in the material of mind, and welding together the substances it may not be able to fuse, puzzled all opponents who understood it not, and baffled the efforts of all who understood it well. He rarely took a position on any political question which did not draw down upon him a whole battalion of adversaries, with ingenious array of argument and indefinite noise of declamation; but after the smoke, and dust, and clamor of the combat were over, the speech loomed up perfect and whole, a permanent thing in history or literature, while the loud thunders of opposition had too often died away into low mutterings, audible only to the adventurous antiquary who gropes in the "still air" of stale "Congressional Debates." The rhetoric of sentences however melodious, of aphorisms however pointed, of abstractions however true, cannot stand in the storm of affairs against this true rhetoric, in which thought is con-substantiated with things.

Now, in men of this stamp, who have so organized knowledge into faculty that they have attained the power of giving Thought the character of Fact, we notice no distinction between power of intellect and power of will, but an indissoluble union and fusion of force and insight. Facts and laws are so blended with their personal being, that we hardly decide whether it is thought that wills, or will that thinks. Their actions display the intensest intelligence; their thoughts come from them clothed in the thews and sinews of energetic volition. Their force, being proportioned to their intelligence, never issues in that wild anarchical impulse, or that tough, obstinate, narrow wilfulness, which many take to be the characteristic of individualized power. They may, in fact, exhibit no striking individual traits which stand impertinently prominent, and yet from this very cause be all the more potent and influential individualities. Indeed, in the highest efforts of ecstatic action, when the person is mightiest, and amazes us by the giant leaps of his intuition, the mere peculiarities of his personality are unseen and unfelt. This is the case with Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe in poetry — with Plato and Bacon in philosophy — with Newton in science — with Cæsar in war. Such men, doubtless, had peculiarities and caprices, but they were "burnt and purged away" by the fire of their genius, when its action was intensest. Then their whole natures were melted down into pure force and insight, and the impression of marvellous force and weight and reach of thought.

If it be objected, that these high examples are fitted to provoke despair rather than stimulate emulation, the answer is, that they contain, exemplify, and emphasize the principles, and flash subtile hints of the processes, of all mental growth and production. How comes it that these men's thoughts radiate from them as acts, endowed not only with an illuminating, but a penetrating and animating power? The answer to this is a statement of the genesis, not merely of genius, but of every form of intellectual manhood; for such thoughts do not leap *à la* Minerva, full grown from the head, but are struck off in those moments when the whole nature of the thinker is alive and aglow with an inspiration kindled long before in remote recesses of consciousness from one spark of immortal fire, and unweariedly burning, burning, burning, until it lit up the whole inert mass of surrounding mind in flame.

To show, indeed, how little there is of the offhand, the haphazard, the hit-or-miss, in the character of creative thought, and how completely the gladdest inspiration is earned, let us glance at the

psychological history of one of those imperial ideas which measure the power, test the quality, and convey the life, of the minds that conceive them. The progress of such an idea is from film to form. It has its origin in an atmosphere of feeling; for the first vital movement of the mind is emotional, and is expressed in a dim tendency, a feeble feeling after the object, or the class of objects, related to the peculiar constitution and latent affinities of its individual being. This tendency gradually condenses and deepens into a sentiment pervading the man with a love of those objects, — by a sweet compulsion ordering his energies in their direction, — and by slow degrees investing them, through a process of imagination, with the attribute of beauty, and, through a process of reason, investing the purpose with which he pursues them with the attribute of intelligence. The object dilates as the mind assimilates and the nature moves, so that every step in this advance from mere emotion to vivid insight is a building up of the faculties which each onward movement evokes and exercises — sentiment, imagination, reason increasing their power and enlarging their scope with each impetus that speeds them on to their bright and beckoning goal. Then, when the individual has reached his full mental stature and come in direct contact with the object, then, only then, does he "pluck out the heart of its mystery" in one of those lightning-like *acts* of thought which we call combination, invention, discovery. There is no luck, no accident, in all this. Nature does not capriciously scatter her secrets as golden gifts to lazy pets and luxurious darlings, but imposes tasks when she presents opportunities, and uplifts him whom she would inform. The apple that she drops at the feet of Newton is but a coy invitation to follow her to the stars.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Julia Ward Howe, daughter of Samuel Ward, was born in the city of New York, May 27, 1819. She received a careful education from her father, and gave evidences of literary talent at an early age. She was married in 1843 to Dr. Samuel G. Howe, well known as a philanthropist and superintendent of the Blind Asylum in Boston, and accompanied him upon a tour in Europe. In 1854 she published a volume of poems, entitled Passion Flowers, and in 1856 another volume, Words for the Hour. She wrote two plays for the stage, one of which, The World's Own, was performed in Boston. In 1859 she published a book of travel, entitled A Trip to Cuba. In 1866 appeared her Later Lyrics, containing among other things the magnificent Battle Hymn of the Republic, the music of which was heard in every northern camp during the late war.

The origin of this stirring melody is not known with certainty. It is believed to have

come from the Methodist camp meetings. A company of Boston militia, the old Light Infantry corps, while on garrison duty at Fort Warren, was in the habit of singing a couple of rudely improvised lines to the music, running thus: —

"John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave;
His soul is marching on."

The refrain was a repetition of the words "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" The Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment was quartered at the fort for organization and drill, and, before leaving for the seat of war, the men had learned the tune. When the regiment passed through New York, on the march down Broadway, the men struck up the song in unison, and produced an effect, manifested by mingled applause and tears, that is rarely accorded to music. From them the melody was soon caught by other troops, and the marching on of John Brown's soul was heard from the Potomac to the Mississippi. It became a sort of contagion, and was heard everywhere — in patriotic meetings, in parlor and in kitchen, in workshops and on the street.

Mrs. Howe seized upon the salient movements of the air, and produced a hymn that, like the *Marseillaise*, is immortal in itself, and linked to a not unworthy melody. It was as if an ancient prophet had returned to earth with a divine and awful message, to kindle the blood of the nation and lead us on by thoughts of present duty and future glory.

Of the other pieces in the Later Lyrics, we would mention Her Verses, a Lyrical Romance, which contains many exquisite stanzas. In 1868 she published an account of a trip to Athens, called From the Oak to the Olive.

Mrs. Howe is an earnest advocate of the movement for woman suffrage, and has written much upon the subject with power and eloquence.

OUR ORDERS.

WEAVE no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the nights.

Weave but the flag whose bars to-day
Drooped heavy o'er our early dead,
And homely garments coarse and gray,
For orphans that must earn their bread!

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
That poured delight from other lands!
Rouse there the dancer's restless feet:
The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words
With mystic fame and subtile power,
Go, chatter to the idle birds,
Or teach the lesson of the hour!

Ye Sibyl Arts, in one stern knot
Be all your offices combined!
Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,
The destiny of human kind.

And if that destiny could fail,
The sun should darken in the sky,
The eternal bloom of Nature pale,
And God, and Truth, and Freedom die!

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

Thomas William Parsons was born in Boston, Mass., August 18, 1819, and was educated at the Latin School. He visited Italy in 1836, and devoted himself to Italian literature, especially to the works of Dante, and has become one of the most eminent living scholars in that field. He published in Boston, in 1843, a translation of the first ten cantos of the *Inferno*, in which not only the spirit of the original but the difficult *terza rima* are preserved. In 1854 he published a volume of his poems, which are compact in form, carefully finished, and genuinely beautiful. His Lines on a Bust of Dante in their severe simplicity would have won the approval of the great Florentine himself. A complete translation of the *Inferno* appeared in 1867. He is at present residing in London.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song.
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was — but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;

Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim's guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here — this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now;
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before —
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather,
Ah, me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season — this
  The time when friends are flying;
And lovers now, with many a kiss,
  Their long farewells are sighing.
Why is the earth so gayly drest?
  This pomp that autumn beareth
A funeral seems, where every guest
  A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
  On some blue morn hereafter,
Return to view the gaudy year,
  But not with boyish laughter:
We shall then be wrinkled men,
  Our brows with silver laden,
And thou this glen mayst seek again,
  But nevermore a maiden!

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring
  Will touch her teeming bosom,
And that a few brief months will bring
  The bird, the bee, the blossom;
Ah, these forests do not know —
  Or would less brightly wither —
The virgin that adorns them so
  Will nevermore come hither!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

Josiah Gilbert Holland was born in Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819. He studied medicine, and practised for a few years. He was superintendent of public schools in Vicksburg, Miss., for a year. In 1849 he became associate editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, and wrote for its columns several of his popular works. In 1870 he became editor of Scribner's Monthly, in New York.

His works are a History of Western Massachusetts (1855); The Bay Path (1857); Timothy Titcomb's Letters to the Young (1858); Bitter Sweet, a dramatic poem (1858); Gold Foil, Hammered from Popular Proverbs (1859); Miss Gilbert's Career (1860); Lessons in Life (1861); Letters to the Joneses (1863); Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects (1865); Life of Abraham Lincoln (1866); Katrina, Her Life and Mine, a narrative poem (1867).

His novels are his best works, artistically considered. The Bay Path is a story of the first settlement of Connecticut valley, and the characters and events are mainly historical. The author makes no attempt to reproduce the ancient forms of speech, but he understands

well and has faithfully represented the ideas and manners of the time. Miss Gilbert's Career has many good points. It is a novel of modern times, and is as new, and near, and devoid of romantic associations, as a pine-shingled house in the factory village it depicts. But its principal figures are exhibited with a certain stereoscopic fidelity, and the characteristic virtues and meannesses of a Yankee neighborhood are naturally developed in the course of its events. The volumes of proverbial advice are doubtless useful works, and have been widely circulated; but their wisdom is of an obvious kind, and the author, in his endeavors to put himself on a level with his readers, sometimes forgets the style of a man of letters as well as the dignity of a teacher of morals. The two poems, Bitter Sweet and Katrina, have had a great popularity. On the title page of one of them we saw the imprint, "Thirty-sixth Thousand." Few American works have been so rewarded. They are interesting as stories, with some bright sketches of rural life, and some touches of poetic feeling. They have their counterparts in style and mode of treatment in the works of popular English authors, and are specially commended by their admirers for their religious tone and their earnestly expressed lessons.

[From Miss Gilbert's Career.]

AN EXHIBITION OF AN INFANT SCHOOL.

Dr. Gilbert came forward, and, rapping upon the stage three times with his cane, called the assembly to order. They had gathered, he said, to witness one of the distinguishing characteristics and proudest triumphs of modern civilization. It had been supposed that the time of children less than five years old must necessarily be wasted in play, — that the golden moments of infancy must be forever lost. That time was past. As the result of modern progress, it had appeared that even the youngest minds were capable of receiving ideas, and that education may actually be begun at the maternal breast, pursued in the cradle, and forwarded in the nursery to a point beyond the power of imagination at present to conceive. It was in these first years of life that there had been a great waste of time. He saw children before him, in the audience, older than any upon the stage, who had no knowledge of arithmetic and geography, — children, the most of whom had never heard the word astronomy pronounced. While these precious little ones had been improving their time, there were those before him whom he had seen engaged in fishing, others in playing at ball, and others still, little girls, doing nothing, but amusing themselves with their dolls! He had but a word to add. There were others who would address them before the close of the exercises. He offered the exhibition as a demonstration of the feasibleness of infant instruction. He trusted he offered it in a humble spirit, but he felt that he was justified in pointing to it as an effectual condemnation of those parents who had denied to their infants the privilege of attending the school. . . .

It was now Miss Gilbert's office to engage the audience; and her little troop of infantry was put through its evolutions and exercises,

to the astonishment and delight of all beholders. They sang songs; they repeated long passages of poetry in concert; they went through the multiplication table to the tune of Yankee Doodle; they answered with the shrill, sing-song voice of parrots all sorts of questions in geography; they recited passages of Scripture; they gave an account of the creation of the world and of the American revolution; they told the story of the birth of Christ, and spelled words of six syllables; they added, they multiplied, they subtracted, they divided; they told what hemisphere, what continent, what country, what state, what county, what town, they lived in; they repeated the names of the presidents of the United States and the governors of the commonwealth; they acted a little drama of Moses in the Bulrushes; and they did many other things, till, all through the audience, astonishment grew into delight, and delight grew into rapture. . . .

The musicians, who had been kept pretty closely at work accompanying the children in their songs, moved back their chairs at a hint from Miss Gilbert, and took a position behind the pulpit. There was a general moving of benches and making ready for the closing scene and the crowning glory of the exhibition — a representation of the solar system on green baize, by bodies that revolved on two legs. . . .

"The sun will take his place," said Miss Gilbert; and immediately the red-headed boy who bore the banner of "The Crampton Light Infantry" stepped to the centre of the planetarium, with a huge ball in his hand, mounted upon the end of a tall stick. Taking his stand upon the chalk sun, and elevating the sphere above a head that would have answered the purpose of a sun quite as well, he set it twirling on its axis; and thus came the centre of the system into location and into office.

"Mercury!" said Miss Gilbert; and out came a smart little chap with a smaller ball in his hand, and began walking obediently around the chalk circle next the sun.

"Venus!" and sweet little Venus rose out of the waves of muslin tossing on the side of the stage, and took the next circle.

"Earth and her satellite!" called forth a boy and a girl, the latter playing moon to the boy's earth, revolving around him as he revolved around the sun, and with great astronomical propriety, making faces at him.

Mars was called for; and it must be acknowledged that the red planet was very pale and very weary looking.

"Jupiter and his satellites!" and the boy Jupiter walked upon the charming circle with a charming circle of little girls revolving around him.

So Saturn with its seven moons, and Georgium Sidus, otherwise Herschel, otherwise Uranus, with its six attendant orbs, took their places on the verge of the system, and slowly, very slowly, moved around the common centre. But there was one orbit still unfilled, and that was a very eccentric one. It was not all described upon the green baize carpet, but left it, and retired behind the pulpit, and was lost.

The system was in motion, and, watching every revolving body in it, stood the system's queen, indicating by her finger that Uranus should go slower, or Mercury faster, and striving to keep order among the subjects of her realm. The music grew dreamy and soft, in an attempt to suggest what is called "the music of the spheres," if any reader knows what that is. Heavenly little bodies indeed they were, and it is not wonderful that many eyes moistened with sensibility as they mingled so gracefully and so harmoniously upon the plane of vision. Still the eccentric orbit was without an occupant, and no name was called. At last a pair of large dark eyes appeared from behind the pulpit, and behind the eyes a head of golden hair, and behind the head a wreath of floating golden curls. This was the unbidden comet, advancing slowly towards the sun, almost creeping at first, then gradually increasing his velocity, intent on coming in collision with no other orb, smiling not, seeing nothing of the audience before him, and yet absorbing the attention of every eye in the house. The doctor's eyes beam with unwonted interest. Miss Gilbert forgets Mars and Venus, and looks only at the comet. At last the comet darts around its perihelion, and the golden curls are turned to the audience in full retreat towards the unknown region of space behind the pulpit from whence it had proceeded.

The house rang with cheers, and the doctor was prouder than before; for this was his little son Fred, the bearer of the banner with the long inscription, Miss Gilbert's darling brother, and the brightest ornament of the Crampton Light Infantry.

Miss Gilbert clapped her hands three times, and her system dissolved — returned to its original elements — and stepping forward to her father, she announced that her exhibition was closed.

Dr. Bloomer said that he did not feel authorized to speak for others, but he felt that he had learned much from the exhibition. He felt that he should go away from it a wiser man, with new apprehen-

sions of the powers of the human soul, and the preciousness of time. The hour was coming, he doubted not, in the progress of the race, when knowledge would be so simplified, and the modes of imparting it would become so well adapted to the young mind, that the child of five would begin his process of education where the fathers left off theirs. These little ones had already taught him many things, and God would perfect his own praise out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. . . .

The Rev. Jonas Sliter rose to make only "a few little remarks," as he modestly characterized them. . . . These children, he said, were undertaking the battle of life early. They had enlisted under a captain who had already led them to a victory prouder than any ever achieved by a Cæsar or a Napoleon — an American Joan of Arc, whose career of usefulness, if she should keep her sword bright, and her escutcheon untarnished, would far surpass in glory that of the world-renowned heroine whose name he had mentioned. Heaven forbid that he should flatter any one. He despised a flatterer; but he felt that he was honoring Cæsar, and Napoleon, and Joan of Arc in their graves by mentioning their names in connection with such achievements as he had witnessed on that occasion. . . . Standing back, as if to wait for the subsidence of the applause, his mind retired behind his glasses, and thrust out its *antennæ* in every direction to feel for his theme, but he could not find it.

In his desperation he turned, at last, to the children, and said in his blandest tones, "Little children, can you tell me who Cæsar, and Napoleon, and Joan of Arc were?"

"Cæsar is the name of my dog," responded the little golden-haired comet.

"Napoleon is the name of *my* dog," cried Mars.

There was an awful pause — a suppressed titter — when precious little Venus, in a shrill voice, with an exceedingly knowing look in her face, said that "Joan of Arc was the name of the dog that Noah saved from the flood."

What wonder that Crampton roared with laughter? . . .

But Rev. Jonas Sliter was up. The sole question with him was how to sit down. What should he say? He waited until the laughter had subsided, and then he told the children they had not got to that yet, but their excellent teacher would doubtless tell them all about it the next term.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

Herman Melville was born in the city of New York August 1, 1819. His boyhood was spent in the neighborhood of Albany, and in Berkshire County, Mass. He gave early evidence of talent for composition. At the age of eighteen he shipped before the mast as a common sailor, visited London, and returned in the same way. In 1841 he embarked on a whaling vessel bound to the Pacific. Being weary of the service, he deserted, in company with a fellow-sailor, in 1842, at Nukuheva, one of the Marquesas Islands. Unexpectedly he found himself among a race of cannibals, but was hospitably treated, though kept in custody, for four months, when he escaped on a French vessel, and landed at Tahiti on the day when the French took possession of the Society Islands. From thence he went to Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, and returned to Boston in 1844. He wrote an account of his singular experiences, and the work entitled Typee, was published in 1846, simultaneously in London and New York. Typee closes with the account of his escape from Nukuheva. A second work, Omoo, published in 1847, takes up the narrative at that point. These are among the most delightful books of travel in the language. The style is charmingly easy, the descriptions are novel and picturesque, and the incidents are, if not absolutely true, related with an air of verisimilitude that gives the reader perfect confidence.

Mr. Melville afterwards published Mardi, and a Voyage Thither (1849). In the same year appeared Redburn, the Reminiscences of a Gentleman's Son in the Merchant Service. In 1850 he removed to Pittsfield, Mass. His residence is now (1872) in New York city, where he holds the office of inspector in the Custom House. White Jacket, or the World in a Man-of-War, was published in 1850, and is considered one of the most admirable of the author's works. In 1851 he published Moby Dick, the White Whale, an imaginative story, and not altogether probable. Later works are, Pierre, or the Ambiguities (1852); The Piazza Tales, containing some powerfully drawn pictures (1856); The Confidence Man (1857); Battle Pieces and Aspects of the War (1866).

[From Typee.]

CLIMBING A COCOA-NUT TREE.

THIS invaluable fruit, brought to perfection by the rich soil of the Marquesas, and borne aloft on a stately column more than a hundred feet from the ground, would seem at first almost inaccessible to the simple natives. Indeed, the slender, smooth, and soaring shaft, without a single limb or protuberance of any kind to assist one in mounting it, presents an obstacle only to be overcome by the surprising agility and ingenuity of the islanders. It might be supposed that their indolence would lead them patiently to await the period when the ripened nuts, slowly parting from their stems, fall one by one to the ground. This certainly would be the case, were it not that the young fruit, encased in a soft green husk, with the incipient meat adhering in a jelly-like pellicle to its sides, and containing a bumper of the most delicious nectar, is what they chiefly prize.

They have at least twenty different terms to express as many progressive stages in the growth of the nut. Many of them reject the fruit altogether except at a particular period of its growth, which, incredible as it may appear, they seemed to me to be able to ascertain within an hour or two. Others are still more capricious in their tastes; and after gathering together a heap of the nuts of all ages, and ingeniously tapping them, will first sip from one and then from another, as fastidiously as some delicate wine-bibber experimenting, glass in hand, among his dusty demijohns of different vintages.

Some of the young men, with more flexible frames than their comrades, and perhaps with more courageous souls, had a way of walking up the trunk of the cocoa-nut trees which to me seemed little less than miraculous: and when looking at them in the act, I experienced that curious perplexity a child feels when he beholds a fly moving feet uppermost along a ceiling.

I will endeavor to describe the way in which Narnee, a noble young chief, sometimes performed this feat for my particular gratification; but his preliminary performances must also be recorded. Upon my signifying my desire that he should pluck me the young fruit of some particular tree, the handsome savage, throwing himself into a sudden attitude of surprise, feigns astonishment at the apparent absurdity of the request. Maintaining this position for a moment, the strange emotions depicted on his countenance soften down into one of humorous resignation to my will, and then, looking wistfully up to the tufted top of the tree, he stands on tiptoe, straining his neck and elevating his arm, as though endeavoring to reach the fruit from the ground where he stands. As if defeated in this childish attempt, he now sinks to the earth despondingly, beating his breast in well-acted despair; and then, starting to his feet all at once, and throwing back his head, raises both hands, like a schoolboy about to catch a falling ball. After continuing this for a moment or two, as if in expectation that the fruit was going to be tossed down to him by some good spirit in the tree-top, he turns wildly round in another fit of despair, and scampers off to the distance of thirty or forty yards. Here he remains a while, eying the tree, the very picture of misery; but the next moment, receiving, as it were, a flash of inspiration, he rushes again towards it, and clasping both arms about the trunk, with one elevated a little above the other, he presses the soles of his feet close together against the tree, extending his legs from it until they are nearly horizontal, and his body becomes doubled into an arch; then, hand over hand, and foot after

foot, he rises from the earth with steady rapidity, and almost before you are aware of it, has gained the cradled and embowered nest of nuts, and with boisterous glee flings the fruit to the ground.

This mode of walking the tree is only practicable where the trunk declines considerably from the perpendicular. This, however, is almost always the case; some of the perfectly straight shafts of the trees leaning at an angle of thirty degrees.

The less active among the men, and many of the children of the valley, have another method of climbing. They take a broad and stout piece of bark, and secure either end of it to their ankles; so that when the feet thus confined are extended apart, a space of little more than twelve inches is left between them. This contrivance greatly facilitates the act of climbing. The band pressed against the tree, and closely embracing it, yields a pretty firm support; while with the arms clasped about the trunk, and at regular intervals sustaining the body, the feet are drawn up nearly a yard at a time, and a corresponding elevation of the hands immediately succeeds. In this way I have seen little children, scarcely five years of age, fearlessly climbing the slender pole of a young cocoa-nut tree, and while hanging perhaps fifty feet from the ground, receiving the plaudits of their parents beneath, who clapped their hands, and encouraged them to mount still higher.

What, thought I, on first witnessing one of these exhibitions, would the nervous mothers of America and England say to a similar display of hardihood in any of their children? The Lacedæmonian nation might have approved of it, but most modern dames would have gone into hysterics at the sight.

At the top of the cocoa-nut tree the numerous branches, radiating on all sides from a common centre, form a sort of green and waving basket, between the leaflets of which you just discern the nuts thickly clustering together, and on the loftier trees looking no bigger from the ground than bunches of grapes. I remember one adventurous little fellow — Too-Too was the rascal's name — who had built himself a sort of aerial baby-house in the picturesque tuft of a tree adjoining Marheyo's habitation. He used to spend hours there — rustling among the branches, and shouting with delight every time the strong gusts of wind, rushing down from the mountain-side, swayed to and fro the tall and flexible column on which he was perched.

WALT WHITMAN.

Walt Whitman was born at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819. The family lived in a story-and-a-half farm-house, heavily timbered, and still standing, which overlooked the sea. They were a race of workers, to whom books were little known. While the author was still a child, his parents moved to Brooklyn, where he attended school. At the age of thirteen he learned to set type, and a few years later he taught in a country school. Before he was twenty he wrote a sketch for the Democratic Review. In 1849 he travelled through the western states, and while absent from home edited a paper in New Orleans for a year. Returning, he followed his trade for a time, and afterwards went into business as a carpenter and builder, which had been his father's occupation. Upon removing to New York he frequented the society of newspaper reporters somewhat, but found most to enjoy or to observe in people of the lower walks of life. He read much, especially in the Bible, which he esteems as the grandest collection of literature. He published a volume, entitled Leaves of Grass, in 1856, by which he has been widely known, and on account of which he has been generally reprobated. The work contains pictures of marked originality and unquestionable power, as well as passages of a very exceptionable character, for which no defence that is valid in this day can be set up. During the late war he was almost constantly employed in hospitals and camps in the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. These scenes finally took form in his mind, and were published in a thin volume, entitled Drum Taps. Two selections from this work, both of a pathetic sort (and they could not be otherwise !) are here presented. Pupils who are accustomed to associate the idea of poetry with regular classic measure in rhyme, or in ten-syllabled blank verse, or elastic hexameters, will commence these short and simple prose sentences with surprise, and will wonder how any number of them can form a poem. But let them read aloud, with minds in sympathy with the picture as it is displayed, and they will find by nature's unmistakable responses that the author is a poet, and possesses the poet's incommunicable power to touch the heart. This power is the inheritance into which the poet is born, and, as Webster said of eloquence, labor and learning will toil for it in vain.

What success our author would have had in moulding his poetic conceptions into recognized poetic measure we cannot say. His poems read as literal translations from Homer or Dante would. The undying *spirit* is in every homely line ; but the *form*, which is its incarnation, and as inseparable from it as body from soul, is not wrought into symmetry. By some eternal law the expression of deep emotion, or of the images of beauty, not only takes on a nobler form of words than belongs to every-day affairs, but falls naturally into a rhythmical movement. Had Whitman read the Psalms of his favorite David in the Hebrew, or the Iliad in its original measure, he might not have thought our prose versions to be models either for the adequate expression or for the appropriate form of his ideas. As it is, we must think his lines are diamonds in the rough — virgin gold in unwrought nuggets. With many estimates of his genius made by his admirers we cannot agree. The grandeur that comes from mere geographical vastness is not necessarily poetical ; it does not imply poetic power to use such phrases as " from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains." Much of his glorification of America comes under that head. But after making all deductions, the fact remains that he has set down some of the most striking thoughts and sketched some of the most vivid scenes to be found in modern literature, and that he is less indebted to others for his ideas and for his power of illustration than almost any American writer.

Whitman was once removed from his place as a department clerk in Washington, on account of the immoralities in his first book. Let us hope that the cabinet officer who vindicated the Christianity of his department was himself an exemplar of the virtues, and that he neither used his official influence to enhance his private fortune, nor strove to maintain his power by " ways that are dark."

COME UP FROM THE FIELDS, FATHER.

I.

COME up from the fields, father — here's a letter from our Pete;
And come to the front door, mother — here's a letter from thy dear son.

II.

Lo, 'tis autumn;
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower, and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages, with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind,
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang, and grapes on the trellised vines;
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
Smell you the buckwheat, where the bees were lately buzzing?)

III.

Above all, lo, in the sky, so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds;
Below, too, all calm, all vital and beautiful — and the farm prospers well.

IV.

Down in the fields all prospers well;
But now from the fields come, father — come at the daughter's call;
And come to the entry, mother — to the front door come, right away.

V.

Fast as she can she hurries — something ominous — her steps trembling;
She does not tarry to smooth her white hair, nor adjust her cap.

VI.

Open the envelope quickly;
O, this is not our son's writing, yet his name is signed;
O, a strange hand writes for our dear son — O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes — flashes with black — she catches the main words only;
Sentences broken — *gun-shot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,*
At present low, but will soon be better.

VII.

Ah, now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio, with all its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face, and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

VIII.

Grieve not so, dear mother (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs;
The little sisters huddle around, speechless and dismayed;)
See, dearest mother, the letter says, Pete will soon be better.

IX.

Alas, poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may be needs to be better, that brave and simple soul;)
While they stand at home at the door, he is dead already;
The only son is dead.

X.

But the mother needs to be better;
She, with thin form, presently drest in black;
By day her meals untouched — then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed — silent from life, escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear, dead son.

DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS.

I.

THE last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath,
On the pavement here — and there beyond it is looking
Down a new-made double grave.

II.

Lo! the moon ascending!
Up from the east, the silvery round moon;
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon;
Immense and silent moon.

III.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles;
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding,
As with voices and with tears.

IV.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring;
And every blow of the great convulsive drums
Strikes me through and through.

V.

For the son is brought with the father;
(In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell;
Two veterans, son and father, dropped together,
And the double grave awaits them.)

VI.

Now, nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

VII.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumined;
('Tis some mother's large, transparent face,
In heaven brighter growing.)

VIII.

O strong dead-march, you please me!
O, moon immense, with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans, passing to burial!
What I have I also give you.

IX.

The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and drums give you music;
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.

ALICE CARY.

Alice Cary was born at Mount Healthy, near Cincinnati, O., in April, 1820. She had but slight opportunities for education. A series of sketches, published in the National Era, first drew public attention to her as a writer. In 1850 she published a volume of poems written by herself and her sister Phœbe. A volume of her prose sketches, entitled Clovernook, appeared in 1851, a second series in 1853, and a third in 1854. She published a poem, entitled Hualco, in 1851; Lyra and Other Poems in 1853; a new collection of Poems in 1855; Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns in 1866; A Lover's Diary in 1867. She has written several novels; Hagar, a Story of To-day (1853); Hollywood (1855); Married, not Mated (1856); and The Bishop's Son (1867); also Pictures of Country Life (1859); and Snowberries (1867).

Miss Cary removed from her western home to New York in 1850, and resided there until her death, which occurred February 12, 1871.

There can be no question that Alice Cary had what our clerical friends call a "vocation" to poetry. She had the clear vision, the instant sense of comparison, and the perception of analogies not discerned by common eyes. Her memory treasured all the picturesque associations of her childhood, and we find them in profusion in her poems. Her art is not so conspicuous as her poetic insight. Many of her most striking images are rather crudely wrought, and to read her lines smoothly requires such a variety of accents that the sensitive ear is constantly threatened with a shock. Some stanzas are padded to proper dimensions by phrases that we are accustomed to hear from young ladies with limited vocabularies, and which give us a sudden descent to the regions of the commonplace. But her poetic feeling is genuine; her cheerful temper kept her from morbid sentimentalism, the bane of modern poetry; she attempted no flights beyond her powers, and never sought to set out the plan of the universe in the cant words of metaphysics. For these solid excellences many faults of construction are forgiven. Her poems can be read with hearty enjoyment, and ought to be remembered and esteemed as among the best utterances of American women.

THE PICTURE-BOOK.

THE black walnut-logs in the chimney
Made ruddy the house with their light,
And the pool in the hollow was covered
With ice like a lid, — it was night;

And Roslyn and I were together, —
I know now the pleased look he wore,
And the shapes of the shadows that checkered
The hard yellow planks of the floor;

And how, when the wind stirred the candle,
Affrighted they ran from its gleams,
And crept up the wall to the ceiling
Of cedar, and hid by the beams.

There were books on the mantel-shelf, dusty,
And shut, and I see in my mind

The pink-colored primer of pictures
We stood on our tiptoes to find.

We opened the leaves where a camel
Was seen on a sand-covered track,
A-snuffing for water, and bearing
A great bag of gold on his back;

And talked of the free flowing river
A tithe of his burden would buy,
And said, when the lips of the sunshine
Had sucked his last water-skin dry,

With thick breath, and mouth gaping open,
And red eyes a-strain in his head,
His bones would push out as if buzzards
Had picked him before he was dead!

Then turned the leaf over, and finding
A palace that banners made gay,
Forgot the bright splendor of roses
That shone through our windows in May;

And sighed for the great beds of princes,
While pillows for him and for me
Lay soft among ripples of ruffles
As sweet and as white as could be;

And sighed for their valleys, forgetting
How warmly the morning sun kissed
Our hills, as they shrugged their green shoulders
Above the white sheets of the mist.

Their carpets of dyed wool were softer,
We said, than the planks of our floor,
Forgetting the flowers that in summer
Spread out their gold mats at our door.

The storm spit its wrath in the chimney,
And blew the cold ashes aside,
And only one poor little fagot
Hung out its red tongue as it died,

When Roslyn and I through the darkness
Crept off to our shivering beds,
A thousand vague fancies and wishes
Still wildly astir in our heads: —

Not guessing that we, too, were straying
In thought on a sand-covered track,
Like the camel a-dying for water,
And bearing the gold on his back.

IF AND IF.

If I were a painter, I could paint
The dwarfed and straggling wood,
And the hill-side where the meeting-house
With the wooden belfry stood,
A dozen steps from the door, — alone,
On four square pillars of rough gray stone.

We school-boys used to write our names
With our finger-tips each day
In the dust o' th' cross-beams, — once it shone,
I have heard the old folks say,
(Praising the time past, as old folks will,)
Like a pillar of fire on the side of the hill.

. . . . . .

I could paint the blacksmith's dingy shop, —
Its sign, a pillar of smoke;
The farm-horse halt, the rough-haired colt,
And the jade with her neck in a yoke;
The pony that made to himself a law,
And wouldn't go under the saddle, nor draw!

The poor old mare at the door-post,
With joints as stiff as its pegs, —
Her one white eye, and her neck awry, —
Trembling the flies from her legs,
And the thriftless farmer that used to stand
And curry her ribs with a kindly hand.

I could paint his quaint old-fashioned house,
With its windows, square and small,
And the seams of clay running every way
Between the stones o' the wall;
The roof, with furrows of mossy green,
And new bright shingles set between.

The oven, bulging big behind,
And the narrow porch before,
And the weather-cock for ornament
On the pole beside the door;
And the row of milk-pans, shining bright
As silver, in the summer light.

And I could paint his girls and boys,
Each and every one,
Hepzibah sweet, with her little bare feet,
And Shubal, the stalwart son,
And wife and mother, with home-spun gown,
And roses beginning to shade into brown.

I could paint the garden, with its paths
Cut smooth, and running straight, —
The gray sage bed, the poppies red,
And the lady-grass at the gate, —
The black warped slab, with its hive of bees,
In the corner, under the apple trees.

I could paint the fields, in the middle hush
Of winter, bleak and bare,
Some snow like a lamb that is caught in a bush,
Hanging here and there, —
The mildewed haystacks, all a-lop,
And the old dead stub with the crow at the top.

The hill-side, and the small space set
With broken palings round, —
The long loose grass, and the little grave
With the headstone on the ground,
And the willow, like the spirit of grace
Bending tenderly over the place.

The miller's face, half smile, half frown,
Were a picture I could paint,
And the mill, with gable steep and brown,
And dripping wheel aslant, —
The weather-beaten door, set wide,
And the heaps of meal-bags either side.

The timbers cracked to gaping seams,
The swallows' clay-built nests,
And the rows of doves that sit on the beams
With plump and glossy breasts, —
The bear by his post sitting upright to eat,
With half of his clumsy legs in his feet.

I could paint the mill-stream cut in two
By the heat o' the summer skies,
And the sand-bar, with its long brown back,
And round and bubbly eyes,
And the bridge, that hung so high o'er the tide,
Creaking and swinging from side to side.

. . . . . .

The road, where, slow and wearily,
The dusty teamster came,
The sign on its post and the round-faced host,
And the high-arched door, aflame
With trumpet-flowers, — the well-sweep, high,
And the flowing water-trough, close by.

If I were a painter, and if my hand
Were cunning, as it is not,
I could paint you a picture that would stand
When all the rest were forgot:
But why should I tell you what it would be?
I never shall paint it, nor you ever see.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Edward Everett Hale was born in Boston, April 3, 1822, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1839. He studied theology, and in 1846 was settled as pastor of a Unitarian church in Worcester, Mass. He removed to Boston in 1856, and became pastor of the South Congregational Church, a position which he still retains. He inherited literary talent from both parents, and, as his father was a leading editor in Boston, he had ample incentives to practise the art of composition. He has shown in various ways that he possesses abilities of the highest order. His sermons often exhibit a happy combination of originality and learning. In literary criticism he is always skilful and entertaining, if not always just. His speeches on public occasions are uniformly brilliant, fruitful in wise suggestions, glowing in style, and full of witty and happy illustrations. In the various progressive movements of the day he is a recognized leader. Philanthropists, educators, and social reformers all count on his powerful aid. His fertile mind drops hints — as the elms scatter their profuse seeds — for public welfare, for private comfort, for municipal action, and for social coöperation; and if all took root there would be a plenty of nurslings for experimental crops. His activity is little less than marvellous, but, great as it is, it is entirely inadequate to the tasks he imposes upon himself. Besides his regular clerical duties, he is editor of a magazine (Old and New), a contributor to other periodicals, a lyceum lecturer, an overseer of Harvard College, and a laborer in many other societies.

The published works of Mr. Hale are as follows: The Rosary (1848); Margaret Percival in America (1850); Sketches of Christian History (1850); Letters on Irish Emigration (1852); Kansas and Nebraska (1854); The Man Without a Country (1865); If, Yes, and Perhaps (1868); The Ingham Papers (1869); Ten Times One is Ten (1870); Sybaris, and Other Homes (1867). Roberts Brothers, Boston.

It will be hardly necessary to say that his graver works are characterized by clearness of method and reasoning power. His tales, sketches, and lighter essays seem to have been thrown off without much thought, and have neither the refined graces of style nor the artistic treatment which even the thinnest of literary trifles require. The Man Without a Country is a story of considerable power, especially in its unaffected truthful tone. And it is just to add that every one of his stories, no matter how disappointing its management may be, has a leading idea, and gives the reader some practical and beneficent suggestion to meditate upon. All things are not possible for one man. But, looking at the matter from our point of view, we can but hope that the splendid powers of this writer may be concentrated upon some work that shall show, more fully than any he has yet written, the rare foresight, the exuberant fancy, the wealth of learning, and the unfailing spirit that are really his.

[From If, Yes, and Perhaps.]

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF DAVID AND HOMER HAD MET.

A SUMMER bivouac had collected together a little troup of soldiers from Joppa, under the shelter of a grove, where they had spread their sheep-skins, tethered their horses, and pitched a single tent. With the carelessness of soldiers, they were chatting away the time till sleep might come, and help them to-morrow with its chances — perhaps of fight, perhaps of another day of this camp indolence. Below the garden slope where they were lounging, the rapid torrent of Kishon ran brawling along. A full moon was

rising above the rough edge of the eastern hills, and the whole scene was alive with the loveliness of an Eastern landscape.

As they talked together, the strains of a harp came borne down the stream by the wind, mingling with the rippling of the brook. . . .

Soothed by the sound, and by the moonlight, and by the summer breeze, they were just in mood to welcome the first interruption which broke the quiet of the night. It was the approach of one of their company, who had been detached to Accho a day or two before, and who came hurrying in to announce the speedy arrival of companions, for whom he bespoke a welcome. Just as they were to leave Accho, he said, that day, on their return to camp, an Ionian trading-vessel had entered port. He and his fellow-soldiers had waited to help her moor, and had been chatting with her seamen. They had told them of the chance of battle to which they were returning; and two or three of the younger Ionians, enchanted at the relief from the sea's imprisonment, had begged them to let them volunteer in company with them. These men had come up into the country with the soldiers, therefore; and he who had broken the silence of the listeners to the distant serenade had hurried on to tell his comrades that such visitors were on their way.

They soon appeared on foot, but hardly burdened by the light packs they bore.

A soldier's welcome soon made the Ionian sailors as much at home with the men of the bivouac, as they had been through the day with the detachment from the seaboard. A few minutes were enough to draw out sheep-skins for them to lie upon, a skin of wine for their thirst, a bunch of raisins and some oat-cakes for their hunger. A few minutes more had told the news which each party asked from the other, and then these sons of the sea and these war-bronzed Philistines were as much at ease with each other as if they had served under the same sky for years. . . .

Homer smiled; for it was Homer whom he spoke to — Homer still in the freshness of his unblinded youth. He took the harp which the young Philistine handed to him, thrummed upon its chords, and, as he tuned them, said, "I have no harp of olive-wood; we cut this out — it was years ago — from an old oleander in the marshes near Colophon. What will you hear, gentlemen?"

"The poet chooses for himself," said the courtly old captain.

"Let me sing you, then, of *the Olive Harp;*" and he struck the

chords a gentle, quieting harmony, which attuned itself to his own spirit, pleased as he was to find music, and harmony, and the olive of peace in the midst of the rough bivouac, where he had come up to look for war. . . .

He struck another prelude, and began. Then was it that Homer composed his Hymn to Mars. In wild measure, and impetuous, he swept along through the list of Mars' titles and attributes; then his key changed, and his hearers listened more intently, more solemnly, as in a graver strain, with slower music, and an almost awed dignity of voice the bard went on: —

"Helper of mortals, hear!
As thy fires give
The present boldnesses that strive
In youth for honor;
So would I likewise wish to have the power
To keep off from my head thy bitter hour,
And quench the false fire of my soul's low kind,
By the fit ruling of my highest mind!
Control that sting of wealth
That stirs me on still to the horrid scath
Of hideous battle!

"Do thou, O, ever blessed! give me still
Presence of mind to put in act my will,
Whate'er the occasion be;
And so to live, unforced by any fear,
Beneath those laws of peace, that never are
Affected with pollutions popular
Of unjust injury,
As to bear safe the burden of hard fates,
Of foes inflexive, and inhuman hates!"

The tones died away; the company was hushed for a moment, and the old chief then said gravely to his petulant follower, "That is what *men* fight for, boy." But the boy did not need the counsel. Homer's manner, his voice, the music itself, the spirit of the song, as much as the words, had overcome him, and the boasting soldier was covering his tears with his hands. . . .

With the ease of genius he changed the tone of his melody again, and sang his own hymn, To Earth, the Mother of All.

The triumphant strain is one which harmonizes with every sentiment; and he commanded instantly the rapt attention of the circle. So engrossed was he that he did not seem to observe, as he sang, an addition to their company of some soldiers from above in the valley, just as he entered on the passage, —

"Happy, then, are they
Whom thou, O, great in reverence,
Art bent to honor. They shall all things find
In all abundance! All their pastures yield
Herds in all plenty. All their roofs are filled
With rich possessions.
High happiness and wealth attend them,
While, with laws well-ordered, they
Cities of happy households sway;
And their sons exult in the pleasure of youth,
And their daughters dance with the flower-decked girls,
Who play among the flowers of summer!
Such are the honors thy full hands divide;
Mother of Gods and starry Heaven's bride!"

A buzz of pleasure and a smile ran round the circle, in which the new-comers joined. They were the soldiers who had been to hear and join the music at the Carmel-men's post. The tones of Homer's harp had tempted them to return; and they had brought with them the Hebrew minstrel, to whom they had been listening. It was the outlaw David, of Bethlehem Ephrata.

David had listened to Homer more intently than any one; and as the pleased applause subsided, the eyes of the circle gathered upon him, and the manner of all showed that they expected him, in minstrel fashion, to take up the same strain.

He accepted the implied invitation, played a short prelude, and taking Homer's suggestion of topic, sang in parallel with it, —

"I will sing a new song unto thee, O God!
Upon psaltery and harp will I sing praise to thee.
Thou art he that giveth salvation to kings,
That delivereth David, thy servant, from the sword.
Rid me and save me from those who speak vanity,
Whose right hand is a right hand of falsehood, —
That our sons may be as plants in fresh youth;
That our daughters may be as corner-stones —
The polished stones of our palaces;
That our garners may be full with all manner of store,
That our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in the way;
That there may be no cry nor complaint in our streets.
Happy is the people that is in such a case,
Yea, happy is the people whose God is the Lord!"

The melody was triumphant, and the enthusiastic manner yet more so. The Philistines listened delighted — too careless of religion, they, indeed, not to be catholic in presence of religious enthusiasm, and Homer wore the exalted expression which his face seldom wore. For the first time since his childhood, Homer felt that he was not alone in the world! . . .

Homer had told him of the storm at sea they met a few days before, and David, I think, had spoken of a mountain tornado, as he met it years before. In the excitement of his narrative he struck the harp, which was still in his hand, and sung: —

"Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations of the hills moved and were shaken,
Because He was wroth;
Then went up a smoke out of his nostrils,
And fire out of his mouth devoured;
It burned with living coal;
He bowed the heavens also, and came down,
And darkness was under his feet;
He rode upon a cherub, and did fly,
Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.
He made darkness his resting-place,
His pavilion were dark waters and clouds of the skies;
At the brightness before him the clouds passed by,
Hail-stones and coals of fire.
The Lord also thundered in the heavens,
And the highest gave his voice;
Hail-stones and coals of fire,
Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them,
And he shot out his lightnings, and discomfited them.
Then the channels of waters were seen,
And the foundations of the world were made known,
At thy rebuke, O Lord!
At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils,
He sent from above, he took me,
He drew me out of many waters."

"Mine were but a few verses," said Homer. "I am more than repaid by yours. Imagine Neptune, our sea-god, looking on a battle, —

"There he sat high, retired from the seas;
There looked with pity on his Grecians beaten;
There burned with rage at the god-king who slew them.
Then he rushed forward from the rugged mountains,
Quickly descending;
He bent the forests also as he came down,
And the high cliffs shook under his feet.
Three times he trod upon them,
And with his fourth step reached the home he sought for.

"There was his palace, in the deep waters of the seas,
Shining with gold, and builded forever.
There he yoked him his swift-footed horses;
Their hoofs are brazen and their manes are golden.
He binds them with golden thongs.
He seizes his golden goad,
He mounts upon his chariot, and doth fly;

Yes, he drives them forth into the waves!
And the whales rise under him from the depths,
For they know he is their king;
And the glad sea is divided into parts,
That his steeds may fly along quickly;
And his brazen axle passes dry between the waves,
So, bounding fast, they bring him to his Grecians."

And the poets sank again into talk. . . .

"He paints the picture. David sings the life of the picture."

"Yes: Homer sees what he sings; David feels his song."

"Homer's is perfect in its description."

"Yes; but for life, for the soul of the description, you need the Hebrew." . . .

And so it was that Homer, *apropos* of I do not know what, sang in a sad tone, —

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those have passed away."

David waited for a change in the strain; but Homer stopped. The young Hebrew asked him to go on; but Homer said that the passage which followed was mere narrative, from a long narrative poem. David looked surprised that his new friend had not pointed out a moral as he sang, and said, simply, "We sing that thus: —

'As for man, his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth;
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone,
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
But the mercy of the Lord
Is from everlasting to everlasting,
Of them that fear him;
And his righteousness
Unto children's children,
To such as keep his covenant,
As remember his commandments to do them.'"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Thomas Buchanan Read was born in Chester County, Penn., March 12, 1822. At the age of seventeen he went to Cincinnati, and entered a sculptor's studio, but soon after devoted himself to painting. He resided successively in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and in 1850 visited Europe. He returned to Cincinnati in 1858, and afterwards spent some time in Boston and Cambridge. He went to Europe again in 1863 or 1864, and lived at Rome until the spring of 1872, when he sailed to the United States, and died shortly after his arrival at New York. He has been very successful in his profession as a painter of portraits and human figures. He published a volume of poems at Boston in 1847; another at Philadelphia in 1848. The New Pastoral appeared in 1855; The Home by the Sea in 1856. His collected poems, in two volumes, were published in Boston in 1860. The Wagoner of the Alleghanies was published in 1862; Sheridan's Ride, his most popular poem, in 1865; a new edition of his poems, in three volumes, in 1867; Good Samaritans in 1867.

In art, the prevailing taste among Americans is for landscapes, and in poetry there is a similar fondness for descriptions of natural scenery. Where the author gives only an enumeration of natural features, — as it were, a rhymed catalogue, — he speedily becomes tiresome. But a landscape, as seen in a poet's vision, and reproduced as a whole by clear, bold strokes, appeals to the imagination as strongly as any form of creative art. Mr. Read has painted an autumn scene with equal fidelity and picturesque power. It is worthy of being studied beside the best works of the kind. He is more than a seeker of epithets, and his poems are more than accumulations of mosaics. We are frequently reminded by the sudden presentation of some grand image that we are in contact with a mind of original force, and we also see the hand of the artist in the just proportions and in the harmonious accessories of the poem.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hill-side crew —
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before, —
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung: —

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year; —

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east, —
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch; —

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow, — he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume —
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Regave the swords, — but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped: her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene, —
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

NIGHTFALL.

I SAW in the silent afternoon
The overladen sun go down;
While, in the opposing sky, the moon,
Between the steeples of the town,

Went upward, like a golden scale
Outweighed by that which sank beyond;
And over the river, and over the vale,
With odors from the lily-pond,

The purple vapors calmly swung;
And, gathering in the twilight trees,
The many vesper minstrels sung
Their plaintive midday memories,

Till, one by one, they dropped away
From music into slumber deep;

And now the very woodlands lay
Folding their shadowy wings in sleep.

O, Peace! that like a vesper psalm
Hallows the daylight at its close;
O, Sleep! that like the vapor's calm
Mantles the spirit in repose, —

Through all the twilight falling dim,
Through all the song which passed away,
Ye did not stoop your wings to him
Whose shallop on the river lay

Without an oar, without a helm; —
His great soul in his marvellous eyes
Gazing on from realm to realm
Through all the world of mysteries!

SONG OF THE ALPINE GUIDE.

On Zurich's spires, with rosy light,
The mountains smile at morn and eve,
And Zurich's waters, blue and bright,
The glories of those hills receive.
And there my sister trims her sail,
That like a wayward swallow flies;
But I would rather meet the gale
That fans the eagle in the skies.

She sings in Zurich's chapel choir,
Where rolls the organ on the air,
And bells proclaim, from spire to spire,
Their universal call to prayer.
But let me hear the mountain rills,
And old St. Bernard's storm-bell toll,
And, 'mid these great cathedral hills,
The thundering avalanches roll.

My brother wears a martial plume,
And serves within a distant land, —
The flowers that on his bosom bloom
Are placed there by a stranger hand.
Love meets him but in foreign eyes,
And greets him in a foreign speech, —
But she who to my heart replies
Must speak the tongue these mountains teach.

The warrior's trumpet o'er him swells,
The triumph which it only hath;
But let me hear the mule-worn bells
Speak peace in every mountain path.

His spear is ever 'gainst a foe,
Where waves the hostile flag abroad; —
My pike-staff only cleaves the snow,
My banner the blue sky of God.

On Zurich's side my mother sits,
And to her whirring spindle sings —
Through Zurich's wave my father's nets
Sweep daily with their filmy wings.
To that beloved voice I list,
And view that father's toil with pride;
But, like a low and vale-born mist,
My spirit climbs the mountain side.

And I would ever hear the stir
And turmoil of the singing winds,
Whose viewless wheels around me whirr,
Whose distaffs are the swaying pines.
And, on some snowy mountain head,
The deepest joy to me is given,
When, net-like, the great storm is spread
To sweep the azure lake of heaven.

Then, since the vale delights me not,
And Zurich wooes in vain below,
And it hath been my joy and lot
To scale these Alpine crags of snow —
And since in life I loved them well,
Let me in death lie down with them,
And let the pines and tempests swell
Around me their great requiem.

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingéd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote: —

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff; —
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies, —
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows; —
This happier one
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O, happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O, happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew.

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

Richard Grant White was born in the city of New York, May 23, 1822, and was graduated at the University of New York in 1839. He was admitted to the bar in 1845, but soon devoted himself to literature, especially to the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. His principal work, for which his other efforts have served as studies, is his edition of Shakespeare, in twelve volumes, published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. In this he has shown himself an accomplished scholar and philologist, and earned the respect of all cultivated men. He published a treatise, entitled Shakespeare's Scholar, in 1854, and an Essay on the Authorship of King Henry VI., in 1859. He edited a collection of National Hymns in 1861, and a collection of the Poetry of the Civil War in 1866. He published, in 1870, a work entitled Words and their Uses, a valuable aid to students and men of letters. He was for some years editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer; he was a leading contributor to Putnam's Monthly, and is now understood to be the editor of The Galaxy, a literary magazine in New York.

As a writer he is positive in tone, and forcible and idiomatic in expression. His works show great industry, and the results of critical observation in language, history, and manners.

SHAKESPEARE'S GENIUS.

PURELY English as Shakespeare was in what we may call the externals of his dramatic art, he was in no respect more so than in his style. In the earlier half of the sixteenth century, Italian literature had begun to exercise a modifying influence upon that of England, and especially upon English poetry. . . . In Shakespeare's writings it does not appear — except, perhaps, in his Venus and Adonis. His very sonnets are free from any traits of Italian spirit or versification. He went to Italian literature, — in his time the great mint and treasure-house of fiction, — but it was only for the raw material of a tragedy like Othello, or a comedy like the Merchant of Venice. He doubtless read Italian well enough to master the works of the early Italian novelists; but, although the literature of that language could not but have insensibly enlivened his genius, and enriched his stores of thought, it had no perceptible effect upon his mental tone, his turn of expression, or his choice of imagery. He is as free from the influence of this as he is from that classic literature — the imitation of which was in vogue with the regularly educated writers of his day. His vocabulary, at once his means of thought and medium of expression, is merely that of his time, that which was used by his dramatic contemporaries, and by the translators of the Bible. Writing for the general public, he used such language as would convey his meaning to his auditors, — the common phraseology of his period. But what a language that was! In its capacity for the varied and exact expression of all moods of

mind, all forms of thought, all kinds of emotion, a tongue unequalled by any other known to literature! A language of exhaustless variety; strong without ruggedness, and flexible without effeminacy. A manly tongue; yet bending itself gracefully and lovingly to the tenderest and daintiest needs of woman, and capable of giving utterance to the most awful and impressive thoughts in homely words that come from the lips and go to the heart of childhood. It would seem as if this language had been preparing itself for centuries to be the fit medium of utterance for the world's greatest poet. Hardly more than a generation had passed since the English tongue had reached its perfect maturity, — just time enough to have it well worked into the unconscious usage of the people, when Shakespeare appeared, to lay upon it a burden of thought which would test its extremest capability. He found it fully formed and developed, but not yet uniformed, and cramped, and disciplined by the lexicographers and rhetoricians — those martinets of language, who seem to have lost for us in force and flexibility as much as they have gained for us in precision. The phraseology of that day was notably large and simple among ordinary writers and speakers. Among the college-bred writers and their imitators, there was too great a fondness for little conceits; but even with them this was an extraneous blemish, like that sometimes found in the ornament upon a noble building. Shakespeare seized this instrument, to whose tones all ears were open, and, with the touch of a master, he brought out all its harmonies. It lay ready to any hand, but his was the first to use it with absolute control; and among all his successors, great as some are, he has had, even in this single respect, no rival. No unimportant condition of his supreme mastery over expression was his entire freedom from constraint — it may almost be said from consciousness — in the choice of language. He was no precisian, no etymologist, no purist. He was not purposely writing literature. The only criticism that he feared was that of his audience, which represented the English people of all grades above the peasantry. These he wished should not find his writing incomprehensible or dull: no more. If we except the translators of the Bible, Shakespeare wrote the best English that has yet been written; but they who speak of it as remarkably pure, that is, as having a notably small admixture of Romance words, utter mere vague, unwarranted encomium. In the sixteenth century there were probably more Romance words adopted into our language than there had been before, or have been since, if we exclude

words of technical or quasi technical character. These words Shakespeare and the translators of the Bible used at need with unconscious freedom. The vocabularies, both of the Bible and of Shakespeare's plays, show forty per cent. of Romance or Latin words, which, with the exception just named, is probably a larger proportion than is now used by our best writers, — certainly larger than is heard from those who speak their mother tongue with spontaneous idiomatic correctness. So many Latin words having been adopted into the English language in the Elizabethan era, and English having been up to that period almost excluded from literature, the Latin element then retained much of its native character, to which fact is due, in some measure, Shakespeare's use of words of Latin origin in their radical signification. But although he uses them thus oftener than any of his contemporaries, we may be sure that it was the result of no yielding to the constraints of scholarship. In brief, words were his slaves, not he theirs ; and if one could serve his purpose better than another, he did not stop to ask the birthplace or to trace the lineage of his servant.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

Donald Grant Mitchell was born in Norwich, Conn., in April, 1822, and was graduated at Yale College in 1841. Being in delicate health, he spent a few years on his grandfather's farm, and became greatly interested in husbandry. He went to England in 1844, and rambled through every county on foot ; he wrote letters from thence for the Albany Cultivator. After passing eighteen months on the continent, he returned home and published an account of his travels, entitled Fresh Gleanings, or a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe, by Ik Marvel. He visited Europe a second time in 1848, and on his return published The Battle Summer. He next published a serial, entitled The Lorgnette, afterwards collected in two volumes. About the same time appeared his most popular work, The Reveries of a Bachelor. This is a series of dainty pictures of life as seen by a susceptible and romantic youth, and is extremely fascinating to those who have not advanced beyond its tender and ecstatic experiences. A second volume, entitled Dream Life, appeared a year later. Fudge Doings, published in 1854, is the title of a series of sketches of fashionable life that originally appeared in the Knickerbocker Magazine. In 1853 he was appointed consul to Venice. On his return in 1855 he settled upon his farm near New Haven, where he has since resided. The time of Mr. Mitchell's retirement to his farm marks a great change in the style and character of his works. My Farm of Edgewood, published in 1863, is a charming book, full of bright pictures, and retaining enough of the grace of his early manner without its rather cloying sentiment. Wet Days at Edgewood (1864) contains some agreeable accounts of ancient writers upon agriculture. These were followed by Seven Stories in 1865, Doctor Johns, a novel, in 1867, and Rural Studies in 1867.

Mr. Mitchell's eminent characteristic is grace. He has seen much and read much, and we feel, while following his guidance, that he is shrewd and observant, kindly and hopeful,

just and dispassionate. His books, especially his later ones, have a healthy and manly tone, with an unobtrusive but pervading humor. The possessor of these rare qualities must be reckoned among our most delightful writers. He is said to be engaged in writing a history of Venice.

[From My Farm of Edgewood.]

WATER IN LANDSCAPE.

I BELIEVE there is nothing in nature which so enlaces one's love for the country, and binds it with willing fetters, as the silver meshes of a brook. Not for its beauty only, but for its changes; it is the warbler; it is the silent muser; it is the loiterer; it is the noisy brawler; and, like all brawlers, beats itself into angry foam, and turns in the eddies demurely penitent, and runs away to sulk under the bush. Brooks, too, pique terribly a man's audacity, if he have any eye for landscape gardening. It seems so manageable in all its wildness. Here in the glen a bit of dam will give a white gush of waterfall, and a pouring sluice to some overshot wheel; and the wheel shall have its connecting shaft and whirl of labors. Of course there shall be a little scape-way for the trout to pass up and down; a rustic bridge shall spring across somewhere below, and the stream shall be coaxed into loitering where you will, — under the roots of a beech that leans over the water; into a broad pool of the pasture close, where the cattle may cool themselves in August. In short, it is easy to see how a brook may be held in leash, and made to play the wanton for you summer after summer. I do not forget that poor Shenstone ruined himself by his coquetries with the trees and brooks at Leasowes. I commend the story of the bankrupt poet to those who are about laying out country places.

Meantime our eyes shall run where the brooks are running — to the sea. It must be admitted that a sea view gives the final and the kingly grace to a country home. A lake view and a river view are well in their way, but the hills hem them; the great reach, which is a type, and, as it were, a vision of the future, does not belong to them. There is none of that joyous strain to the eye in looking on them which a sea view provokes. The ocean seems to absorb all narrowness, and tides it away, and dashes it into yeasty multiple of its own illimitable width. A man may be small by birth, but he cannot grow smaller with the sea always in his eye.

[From the Same.]

MY GARDEN.

I ENTER upon my garden by a little crazy, rustic wicket, over which a Virginia creeper has tossed itself into a careless tangle of festoons. The entrance is overshadowed by a cherry tree, which must be nearly half a century old, and which, as it filches easily very much of the fertilizing material that is bestowed upon the garden, makes a weightier show of fruit than can be boasted by any of the orchard company. . . .

I have provided also a leafy protection for this garden against the sweep of winds from the north-west: northward, this protection consists of a wild belt of tangled growth — sumacs, hickories, cedars, wild-cherries, oaks — separated from the northern walk of the garden by a trim hedge-row of hemlock-spruce. This tangled belt is of a spontaneous growth, and has shot up upon a strip of the neglected pasture land, from which, seven years since, I trenched the area of the garden. Thus it is not only a protection, but offers a pleasant contrast of what the whole field might have been, with what the garden now is. I must confess that I love these savage waymarks of progressive tillage, as I love to meet here and there some stolid old-time thinker, whom the rush of modern ideas has left in picturesque isolation.

Time and again some enterprising gardener has begged the privilege of uprooting this strip of wilderness, and trenching to the skirt of the wall beyond it; but I have guarded the waste as if it were a crop; the cheewits and thrushes make their nests undisturbed there. The long, firm, gravel alley which traverses the garden from north to south, traverses also this bit of savage shrubbery, and, by a latticed gate, opens upon smooth grass lands beyond, which are skirted with forest.

Within this tangle-wood, I have set a few graftlings upon a wild-crab, and planted a peach or two — only to watch the struggle which these artificial people will make with their wild neighbors. And so various is the growth within this limited belt, that my children pick there, in their seasons, luscious dewberries, huckleberries, wild raspberries, billberries, and choke-cherries; and, in autumn, gather bouquets of golden-rod and asters, set off with crimson tufts of sumac, and the scarlet of maple boughs. And when I see the brilliancy of these, and smack the delicate flavor of the wild fruit, it makes me doubt if our progress is, after all, as grand as it should

be, or as we vainly believe it to be; and (to renew my parallel) it seems to me that the old-time and gone-by thinkers may possibly have given us as piquant and marrowy suggestions upon whatever subject of human knowledge they touched, as the hot-house philosophers of to-day. I never open, of a Sunday afternoon, upon the yellowed pages of Jeremy Taylor, but his flavor, and affluence, and homely wealth of allusions suggest the tangled wild of the garden with its starry flowers, its piquant berries, its scorn of human rulings, its unkempt vigor, its boughs and tendrils stretching heavenward; and I never water a reluctant hill of yellow cucumbers, and coax it with all manner of concentrated fertilizers into bearing, but I think of the elegant education of the dapper Dr. ——, and of the sappy and flavorless results.

[From the Same.]

THE POULTRY.

At certain times, when the condition of the garden or crops allows it, I permit my fowls free forage; and as they stroll off over the lawn and among the shrubberies, it sometimes happens that they come in contact with the more vagabond birds of the larger farm family. The hens take the meeting philosophically, with a well-bred lack of surprise, and are not deterred for a moment from their forage employ; perhaps (if with a brood) giving an admonitory cluck to their chicks to keep near them, — even as old ladies with daughters, in a strange place, advise caution, without enjoining positive non-intercourse.

The ducks, on the contrary, in a very low-bred manner, give way to a world of surprises, and gad about each other, dipping their heads, and quacking, and bickering, like old gossips long time apart, who pour interminable scandal in each other's ears. The cocks make an honest, fair fight of it, and one goes home draggled, confining himself thereafter to his own quarters.

The turkeys meet as fine ladies do, tiptoeing round and round, and eying each other with earnest scrutiny, and abundant curvetings of the neck, — very stately, dignified, and impudent — stooping to browse, perhaps (ladies sniff thus at vinaigrettes), as if no strange fowl were near, — which is merest affectation. They summon their little families into close order, as if fearing contagion, and, eying each other, wander apart, without a sign of companionship or a gobble of leave-taking.

JAMES PARTON.

James Parton was born at Canterbury, England, February 9, 1822. He was brought to New York at the age of five years, and received his education at an academy at White Plains. He was a school teacher for a time, and afterwards was engaged as an assistant editor of the Home Journal. He wrote a Life of Horace Greeley, which was published in 1855. This was followed by a Life of Aaron Burr in 1857, and a Life of Andrew Jackson, in three volumes, in 1859–60. He made a collection of the Humorous Poetry of the English Language, which was printed in 1856. In 1863 he wrote an account of General Butler in New Orleans; in 1864 a Biography of Franklin, in two volumes; in 1865 the Life of John Jacob Astor; in 1866 How New York City is Governed; Famous Americans in 1867; the People's Book of Biography in 1868; Smoking and Drinking in 1868; the Danish Islands in 1869. He has lately begun an elaborate Biography of Jefferson in the Atlantic Monthly. He has been a contributor to the Atlantic and to other periodicals, and has treated in his attractive style of a great variety of topics, from Chicago shambles to Providence silver plate.

Mr. Parton is a man of indefatigable industry, and has built his many biographies upon the results of faithful study. He has a rare pictorial art, and employs in narrative the countless bits of detail he has gathered with strong effect. Under his hand the character grows to life-like proportions, as the clay puts on the form of man when moulded by the artist. It is safe to say of any one of his works that it is interesting; and the interest is not merely in the style, in the usual meaning of the word: it lies rather in the mastery of the subject.

But when we have finished some of his books, and would consider the moral aspect of the characters he has drawn for us, we are forced to pause. The sharp lines between truth and falsehood, between right and wrong, are not always to be seen. We know that much is to be pardoned to the biographer, because he naturally becomes an advocate, and we have been accustomed to see defences and extenuations put forth for the greatest scoundrels in history. Where the biographer makes palpable misstatements the mischief is easily corrected, for the critic goes over the work with a sharp pencil and marks *dele*, as he would upon a faulty proof-sheet. But where the animating spirit of the writer is wrong, and he wilfully or ignorantly confounds the everlasting ideas of rectitude, there is no setting it right for the inexperienced reader. It may be that we could not point out many untrue paragraphs in the Life of Burr, but not even Mr. Parton's plausible art can satisfy those who know the history of the last century, that Burr was not a thoroughly depraved man. Much as we may admire many traits in Jackson's character, no candid man will assert that his was a soul that could at all times bear the clear light of truth. In Mr. Parton's book, the facts that might cloud Jackson's character, and exhibit him as an intriguing and unscrupulous politician, are generally set aside, or, if admitted, are palliated and defended from the necessities of the case. In his Famous Americans, at least one man is held up to the admiration of youth whose whole life has been a scene of successful trickery, or robbery under forms of law; as though the possession of wealth, provided one has enough of it, is sufficient to make any means taken to acquire it respectable. When Mr. Parton assumes a high moral tone, and holds up the sins of public men to reprobation, it would seem to be because he would take a person whom he disliked to use as a warning. The historian of politics and the rigid moralist judge men by very different standards. In comparing two contemporary statesmen, it is quite important that the writer should apply the same rules to both. But Mr. Parton, while he paints the sensual traits, and other dark features of Mr. Webster's character, with an unsparing brush, has nothing but delicate words of praise for Mr. Clay. Now, Mr. Clay was in no respect morally superior to his great rival, and had less of a real manly generosity in his nature. Mr. Clay was adored by the common people for his gracious manners; but his selfishness in pursuit of office, and his unwillingness to allow any other Kentuckian to rise during his lifetime, are perfectly well known. Long before his death he had alienated the affections of every great family and every rising lawyer in the

state, and though his popularity outwardly remained, he was thoroughly hated in secret by all of the able men.

The comparison between these two men is mentioned merely as an instance of the fatal *lurches* to which Mr. Parton is subject. All *his* crows are white. While we find in his works a rare fascination, and can read them with profit, it is necessary to bear in mind his tendency to exalt his heroes and to blacken their rivals; and we should hold a steady balance of judgment when we are asked by him to doubt the verdicts of impartial writers upon the characters of public men.

In the midst of the scandalous and shameless pursuit of gain that prevails among financiers, speculators, and office-holders in this country, the writer of books for the young has a plain duty to perform; and we cannot too strongly condemn the complaisance that passes over in silence the frauds and conspiracies by which vast fortunes are accumulated at the expense of the honest and helpless public.

Either these lives of selfish millionnaires and selfish politicians should not be written at all, or the full truth should be told; else in time the idea of moral beauty in character might become like the legends of a fabulous golden age.

[From Famous Americans of Modern Times.]

A PORTRAIT OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

WITHIN the memory of many persons still alive, "old Girard," as the famous banker was usually styled, — a short, stout, brisk old gentleman, — used to walk, in his swift, awkward way, the streets of the lower part of Philadelphia. Though everything about him indicated that he had very little in common with his fellow-citizens, he was the marked man of the city for more than a generation. His aspect was rather insignificant and quite unprepossessing. His dress was old-fashioned and shabby; and he wore the pig-tail, the white neck-cloth, the wide-brimmed hat, and the large-skirted coat of the last century. He was blind of one eye; and though his bushy eyebrows gave some character to his countenance, it was curiously devoid of expression. He had also the absent look of a man who either had no thoughts, or was absorbed in thought; and he shuffled along on his enormous feet, looking neither to the right nor to the left. There was always a certain look of the old mariner about him, though he had been fifty years an inhabitant of the town. When he rode, it was in the plainest, least comfortable gig in Philadelphia, drawn by an ancient and ill-formed horse, driven always by the master's own hand at a good pace. He chose still to live where he had lived for fifty years, in Water Street, close to the wharves, in a small and inconvenient house, darkened by tall storehouses, amid the bustle, the noise, and the odors of commerce. His sole pleasure was to visit once a day a little farm which he possessed a few miles out of town, where he was wont to take off his coat, roll up his shirt sleeves, and personally labor in the field and in the barn, hoeing corn, pruning trees, tossing hay, and not disdaining even to assist in butchering

the animals which he raised for market. It was no mere ornamental or experimental farm. He made it pay. All of his produce was carefully, nay, scrupulously husbanded, sold, recorded, and accounted for. He loved his grapes, his plums, his pigs, and especially his rare breed of canary-birds; but the people of Philadelphia had the full benefit of their increase — at the highest market rates.

Never was there a person more destitute than Girard of the qualities which win the affection of others. His temper was violent, his presence forbidding, his usual manner ungracious, his will inflexible, his heart untender, his imagination dead. He was odious to many of his fellow-citizens, who considered him the hardest and meanest of men. He had lived among them for half a century, but he was no more a Philadelphian in 1830 than in 1776. He still spoke with a French accent, and accompanied his words with a French shrug and French gesticulation. Surrounded with Christian churches, which he had helped to build, he remained a sturdy unbeliever, and possessed the complete works of only one man, Voltaire. He made it a point of duty to labor on Sunday, as a good example to others. He made no secret of the fact that he considered the idleness of Sunday an injury, moral and economical. He would have opened his bank on Sundays if any one would have come to it. For his part, he required no rest, and would have none. He never travelled. He never attended public assemblies or amusements. He had no affections to gratify, no friends to visit, no curiosity to appease, no tastes to indulge. What he once said of himself appeared to be true, that he rose in the morning with but a single object, and that was to labor so hard all day as to be able to sleep at night. The world was absolutely nothing to him but a working-place. He scorned and scouted the opinion that old men should cease to labor, and should spend the evening of their days in tranquillity. "No," he would say; "labor is the price of life, its happiness, its everything; to rest is to rust; every man should labor to the last hour of his ability." Such was Stephen Girard, the richest man who ever lived in Pennsylvania.

This is an unpleasing picture of a citizen of polite and amiable Philadelphia. It were, indeed, a grim and dreary world in which should prevail the principles of Girard. But see what this man has done for the city that loved him not. Vast and imposing structures rise on the banks of the Schuylkill, wherein, at this hour, six hundred poor orphan boys are fed, clothed, trained, and taught, upon the income of the enormous estate which he won by this entire con-

secration to the work of accumulating property. In the ample grounds of Girard College, looking up at its five massive marble edifices, strolling in its shady walks, or by its verdant playgrounds, or listening to the cheerful cries of the boys at play, the most sympathetic and imaginative of men must pause before censuring the sterile and unlovely life of its founder. And if he should inquire closely into the character and career of the man who willed this great institution into being, he would perhaps be willing to admit that there was room in the world for one Girard, though it were a pity there should ever be another. Such an inquiry would perhaps disclose that Stephen Girard was endowed by nature with a great heart as well as a powerful mind, and that circumstances alone closed and hardened the one, cramped and perverted the other. It is not improbable that he was one of those unfortunate beings who desire to be loved, but whose temper and appearance combine to repel affection. His marble statue, which adorns the entrance to the principal building, if it could speak, might say to us, "Living, you could not understand nor love me; dead, I compel at least your respect." Indeed, he used to say, when questioned as to his career, "Wait till I am dead; my deeds will show what I was."

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

Francis Parkman was born in Boston, September 16, 1823, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1844. He visited Europe, and on his return made a journey across the prairies and among the Rocky Mountains. An account of this exploration was published in 1849, entitled, The California and Oregon Trail. He wrote the History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac (1851), and Vassal Morton, a novel (about 1854). For nearly ten years he suffered from a severe disease of the brain, and was unable to continue his historical labors, or even at times to read so much as a newspaper. His cheerful temper and active habits carried him through the long trial, and at length he began to develop the idea which he had formed. This was to relate the history of the attempts of the French and Spanish to colonize North America. He was thoroughly familiar with the Indian character. He had hunted with them, and shared their life of activity and their comfortless camps. He knew the language of more than one tribe. He made a careful study, from original sources, of the routes and adventures of the early explorers, and of the journals of the Jesuit missionaries. He published, in 1865, a volume entitled Pioneers of France in the New World. This was followed, in 1867, by The Jesuits in North America, and in 1869, by The Discovery of the Great West. These three volumes now form parts, respectively, of a work with the general title of France and England in North America, a Series of Historical Narratives. As the arc indicates the completed circle, we can judge from these volumes of the magnitude of the undertaking.

Mr. Parkman writes with uncommon vigor, and his pages are alive with thrilling adventure, brilliant description, and romantic episodes. His fairness is vouched for by the fact that, though a Protestant himself, his narratives of the heroic and self sacrificing Jesuit fathers are warmly commended by Catholic authorities in this country and in Canada. The

conflicts of savages can never have the interest for civilized readers which we feel in the great struggles of European nations. Battles like those of Tours, Lepanto, Hastings, Waterloo, Sevastopol, and Sedan signify the triumph of the ideas of the conquering race or nation. The desperate encounters between Indian tribes settled no principle, and left the equilibrium of mankind undisturbed. It is for this reason, among others, that Parkman has now less renown as a historian than some of his more fortunate rivals. He is furthermore apt to err in entering into the details of warfare with too great particularity. The tawny Ajax or Hector does not stand for so much as in Homer's time. Mr. Parkman writes with the vividness of an eye-witness, and gives to each skirmish an importance somewhat out of keeping with a broad view of the whole history, so that a part of his title, a Series of Historical Narratives, is more fitting than we could desire.

But his qualities as a writer are of a high order. He has left no room for a competitor in the same field, and his works, in our judgment, are surer of going down to posterity as authorities than almost any histories that have been written in our time. Much of the history of Europe, and all of our own annals, will some day be written anew. Mr. Parkman's graphic relations, we believe, will be read as long as the character and fate of the aborigines have any interest for the world.

[From The Discovery of the Great West.]

THE ILLINOIS TOWN.

Go to the banks of the Illinois, where it flows by the village of Utica, and stand on the meadow that borders it on the north. In front glides the river, a musket-shot in width, and from the farther bank rises, with gradual slope, a range of wooded hills that hide from sight the vast prairie behind them. A mile or more on your left these gentle acclivities end abruptly in the lofty front of the great cliff, called by the French the Rock of St. Louis, looking boldly out from the forests that environ it; and, three miles distant on your right, you discern a gap in the steep bluffs that here bound the valley, marking the mouth of the River Vermilion, called Aramoni by the French. Now stand, in fancy, on this same spot, in the early autumn of the year 1680. You are in the midst of the great town of the Illinois, — hundreds of mat-covered lodges and thousands of congregated savages. Enter one of their dwellings: they will not think you an intruder. Some friendly squaw will lay a mat for you by the fire; you may seat yourself upon it, smoke your pipe, and study the lodge and its inmates by the light that streams through the holes at the top. Three or four fires smoke and smoulder on the ground, down the middle of the long-arched structure; and, as to each fire there are two families, the place is somewhat crowded when all are present. But now there is space and breathing room, for many are in the fields. A squaw sits weaving a mat of rushes; a warrior, naked, except his moccasons, and tattooed with fantastic devices, binds a stone arrow-head to its shaft with the fresh

sinews of a buffalo. Some lie asleep, some sit staring in vacancy, some are squatted, in lazy chat, around a fire. The smoke brings water to your eyes; the fleas annoy you; small, unkempt children, naked as young puppies, crawl about your knees, and will not be repelled. You have seen enough. You rise and go out again into the sunlight. It is, if not a peaceful, at least a languid scene. A few voices break the stillness, mingled with the joyous chirping of crickets from the grass. Young men lie flat on their faces, basking in the sun. A group of their elders are smoking around a buffalo-skin, on which they have just been playing a game of chance with cherry-stones. A lover and his mistress, perhaps, sit together under a shed of bark, without uttering a word. Not far off is the graveyard, where lie the dead of the village — some buried in the earth, some wrapped in skins and aloft on scaffolds, above the reach of wolves. In the cornfields around you see squaws at their labor, and children driving off intruding birds; and your eye ranges over the meadows beyond, spangled with the yellow blossoms of the resin-weed and the Rudbeckia, or over the bordering hills still green with the foliage of summer.

This, or something like it, one may safely affirm, was the aspect of the Illinois village at noon of the tenth of September. In a hut, apart from the rest, you would probably have found the Frenchmen. Among them was a man, not strong in person, and disabled, moreover, by the loss of a hand, yet, in this den of barbarism, betraying the language and bearing of one formed in the most polished civilization of Europe. This was Henri de Tonty. The others were young Boisrondet, and the two faithful men who had stood by their commander. The friars, Membré and Ribourde, were not in the village, but at a hut a league distant, whither they had gone to make a "retreat" for prayer and meditation. Their missionary labors had not been fruitful. They had made no converts, and were in despair at the intractable character of the objects of their zeal. As for the other Frenchmen, time doubtless hung heavy on their hands; for nothing can surpass the vacant monotony of an Indian town when there is neither hunting, nor war, nor feasts, nor dances, nor gambling to beguile the lagging hours.

Suddenly the village was wakened from its lethargy as by the crash of a thunderbolt. A Shawanoe, lately here on a visit, had left his Illinois friends to return home. He now reappeared, crossing the river in hot haste, with the announcement that he had met, on his way, an army of Iroquois approaching to attack them. All

was panic and confusion. The lodges disgorged their frightened inmates; women and children screamed, startled warriors snatched their weapons. There were less than five hundred of them, for the greater part of the young men had gone to war. A crowd of excited savages thronged about Tonty and his Frenchmen, already objects of their suspicion, charging them, with furious gesticulations, with having stirred up their enemies to invade them. Tonty defended himself in broken Illinois, but the naked mob were but half convinced. They seized the forge and tools and flung them into the river, with all the goods that had been saved from the deserters; then, distrusting their power to defend themselves, they manned the wooden canoes, which lay in multitudes by the bank, embarked their women and children, and paddled down the stream to that island of dry land in the midst of marshes which La Salle afterwards found filled with their deserted huts. Sixty warriors remained here to guard them, and the rest returned to the village. All night long fires blazed along the shore. The excited warriors greased their bodies, painted their faces, befeathered their heads, sang their war-songs, danced, stamped, yelled, and brandished their hatchets, to work up their courage to face the crisis. The morning came, and with it came the Iroquois.

Young warriors had gone out as scouts, and now they returned. They had seen the enemy in the line of forest that bordered the River Aramoni, or Vermilion, and had stealthily reconnoitred them. They were very numerous, and armed, for the most part, with guns, pistols, and swords. Some had bucklers of wood or raw hide, and some wore those corselets of tough twigs, interwoven with cordage, which their fathers had used when fire-arms were unknown. The scouts added more, for they declared that they had seen a Jesuit among the Iroquois; nay, that La Salle himself was there, whence it must follow that Tonty and his men were enemies and traitors. The supposed Jesuit was but an Iroquois chief, arrayed in a black hat, doublet, and stockings, while another, equipped after a somewhat similar fashion, passed in the distance for La Salle. But the Illinois were furious. Tonty's life hung by a hair. A crowd of savages surrounded him, mad with rage and terror. He had come lately from Europe, and knew little of Indians, but, as the friar Membré says of him, "he was full of intelligence and courage;" and when they heard him declare that he and his Frenchmen would go with them to fight the Iroquois, their threats grew less clamorous, and their eyes glittered with a less deadly lustre.

Whooping and screeching, they ran to their canoes, crossed the river, climbed the woody hill, and swarmed down upon the plain beyond. About a hundred of them had guns; the rest were armed with bows and arrows. They were now face to face with the enemy, who had emerged from the woods of the Vermilion, and was advancing on the open prairie. With unwonted spirit, for their repute as warriors was by no means high, the Illinois began, after their fashion, to charge; that is, they leaped, yelled, and shot off bullets and arrows, advancing as they did so, while the Iroquois replied with gymnastics no less agile, and howlings no less terrific, mingled with the rapid clatter of their guns. Tonty saw that it would go hard with his allies. It was of the last moment to stop the fight if possible. The Iroquois were, or professed to be, at peace with the French, and, taking counsel of his courage, he resolved on an attempt to mediate, which may well be called a desperate one. He laid aside his gun, took in his hand a wampum belt as a flag of truce, and walked forward to meet the savage multitude, attended by Boisrondet, another Frenchman, and a young Illinois, who had the hardihood to accompany him. The guns of the Iroquois still flashed thick and fast. Some of them were aimed at him, on which he sent back the two Frenchmen and the Illinois, and advanced alone, holding out the wampum belt. A moment more and he was among the infuriated warriors. It was a frightful spectacle: the contorted forms, bounding, crouching, twisting, to deal or dodge the shot; the small, keen eyes, that shone like an angry snake's; the parted lips, pealing their fiendish yells; the painted features, writhing with fear and fury, and every passion of an Indian fight; — man, wolf, and devil, all in one. With his swarthy complexion, and his half-savage dress, they thought he was an Indian, and thronged about him, glaring murder. A young warrior stabbed at his heart with a knife, but the point glanced aside against a rib, inflicting only a deep gash. A chief called out that, as his ears were not pierced, he must be a Frenchman. On this, some of them tried to stop the bleeding, and led him to the rear, where an angry parley ensued, while the yells and firing still resounded in the front. Tonty, breathless, and bleeding at the mouth with the force of the blow he had received, found words to declare that the Illinois were under the protection of the king and the governor of Canada, and to demand that they should be left in peace.

A young Iroquois snatched Tonty's hat, placed it on the end of his gun, and displayed it to the Illinois, who thereupon, thinking he

was killed, renewed the fight, and the firing in front breezed up more angrily than before. A warrior ran in, crying out that the Iroquois were giving ground, and that there were Frenchmen among the Illinois who fired at them. On this the clamor around Tonty was redoubled. Some wished to kill him at once; others resisted. Several times he felt a hand at the back of his head lifting up his hair, and, turning, saw a savage with a knife standing as if ready to scalp him. A Seneca chief demanded that he should be burned. An Onondaga chief, a friend of La Salle, was for setting him free. The dispute grew fierce and hot. Tonty told them that the Illinois were twelve hundred strong, and that sixty Frenchmen were at the village ready to back them. This invention, though not fully believed, had no little effect. The friendly Onondaga carried his point, and the Iroquois, having failed to surprise their enemies as they had hoped, now saw an opportunity to delude them by a truce. They sent back Tonty with a belt of peace. He held it aloft in sight of the Illinois; chiefs and old warriors ran to stop the fight; the yells and the firing ceased, and Tonty, like one waked from a hideous nightmare, dizzy, almost fainting with loss of blood, staggered across the intervening prairie to rejoin his friends. He was met by the two friars, Ribourde and Membré, who, in their secluded hut a league from the village, had but lately heard of what was passing, and who now, with benedictions and thanksgiving, ran to embrace him as a man escaped from the jaws of death.

The Illinois now withdrew, re-embarking in their canoes, and crossing again to their lodges; but scarcely had they reached them, when their enemies appeared at the edge of the forest on the opposite bank. Many found means to cross, and under the pretext of seeking for provisions, began to hover in bands about the skirts of the town, constantly increasing in numbers. Had the Illinois dared to remain, a massacre would doubtless have ensued; but they knew their foe too well, set fire to their lodges, embarked in haste, and paddled down the stream to rejoin their women and children at the sanctuary among the morasses. The whole body of the Iroquois now crossed the river, took possession of the abandoned town, building for themselves a rude redoubt or fort of the trunks of trees and of the posts and poles forming the framework of the lodges which escaped the fire. Here they ensconced themselves, and finished the work of havoc at their leisure.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

George Henry Boker was born in Philadelphia in 1823, and was graduated at Princeton College, N. J., in 1842. He studied law, but never engaged in practice. He made a trip to Europe, and upon his return settled in his native city, where he has since resided. In 1847 he published a volume, entitled The Lesson of Life and other Poems. The following year he published Calaynos, a tragedy, which was brought out upon the stage in London with success. His second tragedy, Anne Boleyn, was brought out not long after. This was followed by several other plays, which were produced upon the stage, and gave the author a wide reputation. He has also published two later volumes: War Lyrics, and Konigsmark, the Legend of the Hounds and other Poems. His early poems and tragedies have been collected in two volumes, entitled Plays and Poems. As a favorable specimen of his style and his power the reader is referred to the dramatic sketch, The Podesta's Daughter. He was greatly interested in the fortunes of the late civil war, and showed, in his spirited lyrics, the depth and fervency of his patriotism.

We are fully sensible that the selections here printed may not be the best expressions of his genius, and that his plays probably contain his finest thoughts; but it is impossible in a compilation like this to present any extract from a play that is at all complete in itself.

Mr. Boker has lately been appointed minister to Constantinople.

"I HAVE A COTTAGE."

I HAVE a cottage where the sunbeams lurk,
Peeping around its gables all day long,
Brimming the buttercups until they drip
With molten gold, like o'ercharged crucibles.
Here, wondering why the morning-glories close
Their crumpled edges ere the dew is dry,
Great lilies stand, and stretch their languid buds
In the full blaze of noon, until its heat
Has pierced them to their centres. Here the rose
Is larger, redder, sweeter, longer-lived,
Less thorny, than the rose of other lands.

I have a cottage where the south wind comes,
Cool from the spicy pines, or with a breath
Of the mid-ocean salt upon its lips,
And a low, lulling, dreamy sound of waves,
To breathe upon me, as I lie along
On my white violets, marvelling at the bees
That toil but to be plundered, or the mart
Of striving men, whose bells I sometimes hear,
When they will toss their brazen throats at heaven,
And howl to vex me. But the town is far;
And all its noises, ere they trouble me,

Must take a convoy of the scented breeze,
And climb the hills, and cross the bloomy dales,
And catch a whisper in the swaying grain,
And bear unfaithful echoes from the wood,
And mix with birds, and streams, and fluttering leaves,
And an old ballad which the shepherd hums,
Straying in thought behind his browsing flock.

I have a cottage where the wild bee comes
To hug the thyme, and woo its dainties forth;
Where humming-birds, plashed with the rainbow's dyes,
Poise on their whirring wings before the door,
And drain my honeysuckles at a draught.
Ah, giddy sensualist, how thy blazing throat
Flashes and throbs while thou dost pillage me
Of all my virgin flowers! And then, away —
What eye may follow! But yon constant robin:
Spring, summer, winter, still the same clear song
At morn and eve, still the contented hop,
And low, sly whistle when the crumbs are thrown.
Yet he is jealous of my tawny thrush,
And drives him off, ere a faint symphony
Ushers the carol warming in his breast.

. . . . .

I have a cottage in the cloven hills;
Through yonder peaks the flow of sunlight comes,
Dragging its sluggish tide across the path
Of the reluctant stars, which silently
Are buried in it. Through yon western gap
Day ebbs away, leaving a margin round
Of sky and cloud, drowned in its sinking flood,
Till Venus shimmers through the rising blue,
And lights her sisters up. Here lie the moonbeams,
Hour after hour, becalmed in the still trees;
Or on the weltering leaves of the young grass
Rest half asleep, rocked by some errant wind.
Here are more little stars, on winter nights,
Than sages reckon in their heaven charts;
For the brain wanders, and the dizzy eye
Aches at their sum, and dulls, and winks with them.
The Northern Lights come down to greet me here,

Playing fantastic tricks, above my head,
With their long tongues of fire, that dart and catch,
From point to point, across the firmament,
As if the face of heaven were passing off
In low combustion; or the kindling night
Were slowly flaming to a fatal dawn,
Wide-spread and sunless as the day of doom.

I have a cottage cowering in the trees,
And seeming to shrink lower day by day.
Sometimes I fancy that the growing boughs
Have dwarfed my dwelling; but the solemn oaks
That hang above my roof so lovingly,
They too have shrunk. I know not how it is:
For when my mother led me by the hand
Around our pale, it seemed a weary walk;
And then, as now, the sharp roof nestled there
Among the trees, and they propped heaven. Alas!
Who leads me now around the bushy pale?
Who shows the bird's nest in the twilight leaves?
Who catches me within her fair, round arms,
When autumn shakes the acorns on our roof
To startle me? I know not how it is:
The house has shrunk, perhaps, as our poor hearts,
When they both broke at parting, and mine closed
Upon a memory, shutting out the world
Like a sad anchorite. — Ah, that gusty morn!
But here she lived, here died, and so will I.

I have a cottage — murmur if ye will,
Ye men whose lips are prison doors to thoughts
Born, with mysterious struggles, in the heart;
And, maidens, let your store of hoarded smiles
Break from their dimples, like the spreading rings
That skim a lake, when some stray blossom falls
Warm in its bosom. Ah, you cannot tell
Why violets choose not a neighboring bank,
Why cowslips blow upon the selfsame bed,
Why year by year the swallow seeks one nest,
Why the brown wren rebuilds her hairy home.
O, sightless cavillers, you do not know

How deep roots strike, nor with what tender care
The soft down lining warms the nest within.
Think as you will, murmur and smile apace —
I have a cottage where my days shall close,
Calm as the setting of a feeble star.

INVOCATION.

O COUNTRY, bleeding from the heart,
If these poor songs can touch thy woe,
And draw thee but a while apart
From sorrow's bitter overflow,
Then not in vain
This feeble strain
About the common air shall blow.

As David stood by prostrate Saul,
So wait I at thy sacred feet:
I reverently raise thy pall,
To see thy mighty bosom beat.
I would not wrong
Thy grief with song;
I would but utter what is meet.

Arise, O giant! ho, the day
Flows hither from the gates of light.
The dreams, that struck thee with dismay,
Were shadows of distempered night.
'Tis just to mourn
What thou hast borne,
But yet the future has its right.

A glory, greater than the lot
Foretold by prophets, is to be;
A fame without the odious blot
Upon thy title to be free, —
The jeer of foes,
The woe of woes,
God's curse and sorrow over thee.

Above the nations of the earth
Erect thee, prouder than before!
Consider well the trial's worth,
And let the passing tempest roar.
It spends its shock
Upon a rock:
Thou shalt outlive a thousand more.

Through tears and blood I saw a gleam;
Through all the battle-smoke it shone;
A voice I heard that drowned the scream
Of widows and the orphans' moan:
An awful voice,
That cried, "Rejoice!"
A light outbreaking from God's throne.

A BATTLE HYMN.

GOD, to thee we humbly bow,
With hand unarmed and naked brow;
Musket, lance, and sheathéd sword
At thy feet we lay, O Lord!
Gone is all the soldier's boast
In the valor of the host;
Kneeling here, we do our most.

Of ourselves we nothing know:
Thou, and thou alone, canst show,
By the favor of thy hand,
Who has drawn the guilty brand.
If our foemen have the right,
Show thy judgment in our sight
Through the fortunes of the fight!

If our cause be pure and just,
Nerve our courage with thy trust:
Scatter, in thy bitter wrath,
All who cross the nation's path:
May the baffled traitors fly,
As the vapors from the sky
When thy raging winds are high!

God of mercy, some must fall
In thy holy cause. Not all
Hope to sing the victor's lay,
When the sword is laid away.
Brief will be the prayers then said;
Falling at thy altar dead,
Take the sacrifice instead.

Now, O God, once more we rise,
Marching on beneath thy eyes;
And we draw the sacred sword
In thy name and at thy word.
May our spirits clearly see
Thee, through all that is to be,
In defeat or victory!

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson was born in Cambridge, Mass., December 22, 1823, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1841. He studied theology at the school in Cambridge, and was settled as pastor of the First Church in Newburyport in 1847. He was also pastor of the Free Church in Worcester from 1852 to 1858. He was an ardent friend of the anti-slavery cause, and has been a prominent actor in the various progressive movements of the last twenty years. He was indicted, in company with Parker, Phillips, and others, for the attempt to rescue Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave, from the custody of the United States officers. He was very active in the work of planting colonies from the free states in Kansas. Before the war broke out he had left the clerical profession; and believing that the sword was needed more than the pen, he entered the military service, and was appointed colonel of the first regiment of black troops raised in South Carolina. He saw some active service, and, after being wounded at an engagement on the Edisto River, was discharged for disability in October, 1864. He has since resided at Newport, R. I.

His ability as a writer was first generally recognized in his essays contributed to the early numbers of the Atlantic Monthly. They were mostly upon out-door life and athletic sports, and were directed strongly against the prevailing effeminacy and want of physical energy among clergymen and other scholars. If there is an order of muscular Christians in America, Colonel Higginson is its chief apostle. These essays were collected in 1863, with the title of Out-Door Papers. There are few volumes in our time that have so many exquisite passages of description, so much masculine thought, and such a hearty, cheerful tone. We may add that, in the purity and beauty of his style, Colonel Higginson is surpassed by very few living writers. Malbone, an Oldport Romance, reprinted also from the Atlantic, appeared in 1869; Army Life in a Black Regiment in 1870: Atlantic Essays in 1871. He has also edited the Harvard Memorial Biographies, in two volumes, being lives of the Harvard graduates who fell in the late war. This is an enduring monument of his patriotic feeling, good judgment, and literary skill. He published a translation of Epictetus in 1865. He is a frequent contributor to several leading periodicals, particularly the Woman's Journal. His works are published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

[From Out-Door Papers.]

MY OUT-DOOR STUDY.

THE noontide of the summer day is past, when all Nature slumbers, and when the ancients feared to sing, lest the great god Pan should be awakened. Soft changes, the gradual shifting of every shadow on every leaf, begin to show the waning hours. Ineffectual thunder-storms have gathered and gone by, hopelessly defeated. The floating bridge is trembling and resounding beneath the pressure of one heavy wagon, and the quiet fishermen change their places to avoid the tiny ripple that glides stealthily to their feet above the half-submerged planks. Down the glimmering lake there are miles of silence, and still waters, and green shores, overhung with a multitudinous and scattered fleet of purple and golden clouds, now furling their idle sails, and drifting away into the vast harbor of the south. Voices of birds, hushed first by noon and then by possibilities of tempest, cautiously begin once more, leading on the infinite melodies of the June afternoon. As the freshened air invites them forth, so the smooth and stainless water summons us. "Put your hand upon the oar," says Charon, in the old play, to Bacchus, "and you shall hear the sweetest songs." The doors of the boat-house swing softly open, and the slender wherry, like a water-snake, steals silently in the wake of the dispersing clouds.

The woods are hazy, as if the warm sunbeams had melted in among the interstices of the foliage, and spread a soft film throughout the whole. The sky seems to reflect the water, and the water the sky; both are roseate with color, both are darkened with clouds, and between them both, as the boat recedes, the floating bridge hangs suspended, with its motionless fishermen and its moving team. The wooded islands are poised upon the lake, each belted with a paler tint of softer wave. The air seems fine and palpitating; the drop of an oar in a distant row-lock, the sound of a hammer on a dismantled boat, pass into some region of mist and shadows, and form a metronome for delicious dreams.

Every summer I launch my boat to seek some realm of enchantment beyond all the sordidness and sorrow of earth, and never yet did I fail to ripple with my prow at least the outskirts of those magic waters. What spell has fame or wealth to enrich this midday blessedness with a joy the more? Yonder barefoot boy, as he drifts silently in his punt beneath the drooping branches of yonder vine-clad bank, has a bliss which no Astor can buy with money, no

Seward conquer with votes, — which yet is no monopoly of his, and to which time and experience only add a more subtile and conscious charm. The rich years were given us to increase, not to impair, these cheap felicities. Sad or sinful is the life of that man who finds not the heavens bluer and the waves more musical in maturity than in childhood. Time is a severe alembic of youthful joys, no doubt; we exhaust book after book, and leave Shakespeare unopened; we grow fastidious in men and women; all the rhetoric, all the logic, we fancy we have heard before; we have seen the pictures, we have listened to the symphonies; but what has been done by all the art and literature of the world towards describing one summer day? The most exhausting effort brings us no nearer to it than to the blue sky which is its dome; our words are shot up against it like arrows, and fall back helpless. Literary amateurs go the tour of the globe to renew their stock of materials, when they do not yet know a bird, or a bee, or a blossom beside their homestead door; and in the hour of their greatest success they have not an horizon to their life so large as that of yon boy in his punt. All that is purchasable in the capitals of the world is not to be weighed in comparison with the simple enjoyment that may be crowded into one hour of sunshine. What can place or power do here? "Who could be before me, though the palace of Cæsar cracked and split with emperors, while I, sitting in silence on a cliff of Rhodes, watched the sun as he swung his golden censer athwart the heavens?"

[From the Same.]

FROM THE PROCESSION OF THE FLOWERS.

But, after all, the fascination of summer lies not in any details, however perfect, but in the sense of total wealth which summer gives. Wholly to enjoy this, one must give one's self passively to it, and not expect to reproduce it in words. We strive to picture heaven, when we are barely at the threshold of the inconceivable beauty of earth. Perhaps the truant boy, who simply bathes himself in the lake and then basks in the sunshine, dimly conscious of the exquisite loveliness around him, is wiser, because humbler, than is he who with presumptuous phrases tries to utter it. There are multitudes of moments when the atmosphere is so surcharged with luxury that every pore of the body becomes an ample gate for sensation to flow in, and one has simply to sit still and be filled. In after years the memory of books seems barren and vanishing com-

pared with the immortal bequest of hours like these. Other sources of illumination seem cisterns only; these are fountains. They may not increase the mere quantity of available thought, but they impart to it a quality which is priceless. No man can measure what a single hour with Nature may have contributed to the moulding of his mind. The influence is self-renewing, and if for a time it baffles expression by reason of its fineness, so much the better in the end.

The soul is like a musical instrument: it is not enough that it be framed for the very most delicate vibration, but it must vibrate long and often before the fibres grow mellow to the finest waves of sympathy. I perceive that in the veery's carolling, the clover's scent, the glistening of the water, the waving wings of butterflies, the sunset tints, the floating clouds, there are attainable infinitely more subtile modulations of delight than I can yet reach the sensibility to discriminate, much less describe. If, in the simple process of writing, one could physically impart to this page the fragrance of this spray of azalea beside me, what a wonder would it seem! — and yet one ought to be able, by the mere use of language, to supply to every reader the total of that white, honeyed, trailing sweetness which summer insects haunt, and the Spirit of the Universe loves. The defect is not in language, but in men. There is no conceivable beauty of blossoms so beautiful as words, — none so graceful, none so perfumed. It is possible to dream of combinations of syllables so delicious that all the dawning and decay of summer cannot rival their perfection, nor winter's stainless white and azure match their purity and their charm. To write them, were it possible, would be to take rank with Nature; nor is there any other method, even by music, for human art to reach so high.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

George William Curtis was born in Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824. He received his early education in a private school at Jamaica Plain, Mass. When he was fifteen years old his father removed to New York, and he was placed in the counting-room of a merchant, but remained only a year. In 1842 he went to Brook Farm, in West Roxbury, and remained a year and a half, devoting his time to study and to agricultural labor. Afterwards, being attracted by the intellectual society of Concord, Mass., he went there and lived with a farmer eighteen months, still pursuing his studies, and doing regular work upon the farm. In 1846 he went to Europe, and spent some years in study and travel, extending his tour to Egypt and Syria. He returned to the United States in 1850, and soon after published his first work, Nile Notes of a Howadji. He became connected with the New York Tribune, and wrote letters for it from various watering-places, which were

afterwards collected in a volume, entitled Lotos-Eating. His second book, The Howadji in Syria, was published in 1852. Putnam's Monthly was established in the same year, and Mr. Curtis was one of the original editors. For this magazine he wrote a number of sketches and essays, some of which were afterwards published with the title Prue and I. In this work Mr. Curtis is seen at his best, in our judgment. A pretty rill of a story runs through it like a musical little brook through a romantic valley. The pervading sentiment is tender and pure. The lovely young matron, "Prue," is the sharer in the thoughts and the reminiscences of the story-teller, as well as in his affection and measureless content. The style is as unpretentious and as lovely as the story. If it were more musical its melody would glide into verse. The sketches are full of the best fruits of reading and travel, and preserve for us those picturesque associations of the old world for which we look in the note books of tourists in vain.

The Potiphar Papers is the title of a volume of satirical sketches of fashionable society, published originally in Putnam's Monthly. Mr. Curtis also published a novel called Trumps, which was vivacious and elegant in style, but lacking in the strong dramatic interest which modern readers of fiction require.

Putnam's Monthly was an excellent and well-conducted magazine, but it was not very successful in a business point of view. After the failure of the original publisher, it was continued by Messrs. Dix & Edwards, in which firm Mr. Curtis was a silent partner. In 1857 the house became insolvent, and in the endeavor to save the creditors from loss he sank his entire private fortune.

He became a public lecturer in 1853, and has been eminently successful in this field. His clear thought, high moral purpose, varied experience, and glowing style, aided by his attractive presence and finely modulated voice, have combined to make him one of the ablest and most popular of public speakers. In the presidential campaigns of 1856 and 1860 he was a prominent advocate of the Republican party.

He has for a long time been a contributor to Harper's Monthly, in which his brief essays, under the head of The Easy Chair, have been greatly admired. Since 1857 he has been the editor of Harper's Weekly, and has probably been mainly instrumental in giving to that paper its strong positive character.

[From Prue and I.]

SEA FROM SHORE.

I HAVE read in some book of travels that certain tribes of Arabs have no name for the ocean, and that when they came to the shore for the first time, they asked, with eager sadness, as if penetrated by the conviction of a superior beauty, "What is that desert of water, more beautiful than the land?" And in the translations of German stories, which Adoniram and the other children read, and into which I occasionally look in the evening when they are gone to bed, — for I like to know what interests my children, — I find that the Germans, who do not live near the sea, love the fairy lore of water, and tell the sweet stories of Undine and Melusina, as if they had especial charm for them, because their country is inland.

We who know the sea have less fairy feeling about it, but our realities are romance. My earliest remembrances are of a long range of old, half-dilapidated stores, — red brick stores, with steep wooden roofs, and stone window-frames and door-frames, which

stood upon docks built as if for immense trade with all quarters of the globe.

Generally there were only a few sloops moored to the tremendous posts, which I fancied could easily hold fast a Spanish Armada in a tropical hurricane. But sometimes a great ship, an East Indiaman, with rusty, seamed, blistered sides and dingy sails, came slowly moving up the harbor, with an air of indolent self-importance and consciousness of superiority, which inspired me with profound respect. If the ship had ever chanced to run down a row-boat, or a sloop, or any specimen of smaller craft, I should only have wondered at the temerity of any floating thing in crossing the path of such supreme majesty. The ship was leisurely chained and cabled to the old dock, and then came the disembowelling.

How the stately monster had been fattening upon foreign spoils! How it had gorged itself (such galleons did never seem to me of the feminine gender) with the luscious treasures of the tropics! It had lain its lazy length along the shores of China, and sucked in whole flowery harvests of tea. The Brazilian sun flashed through the strong wicker prisons, bursting with bananas and nectarian fruits that eschew the temperate zone. Steams of camphor, of sandal wood, arose from the hold. Sailors, chanting cabalistic strains, that had to my ear a shrill and monotonous pathos, like the uniform rising and falling of an autumn wind, turned cranks that lifted the bales, and boxes, and crates, and swung them ashore.

But, to my mind, the spell of their singing raised the fragrant freight, and not the crank. Madagascar and Ceylon appeared at the mystic bidding of the song. The placid sunshine of the docks was perfumed with India. The universal calm of southern seas poured from the bosom of the ship over the quiet, decaying old northern port.

Long after the confusion of unloading was over, and the ship lay as if all voyages were ended, I dared to creep timorously along the edge of the dock, and, at great risk of falling in the black water of its huge shadow, I placed my hand upon the hot hulk, and so established a mystic and exquisite connection with Pacific islands, with palm groves, and all the passionate beauties they embower; with jungles, Bengal tigers, pepper, and the crushed feet of Chinese fairies. I touched Asia, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Happy Islands. I would not believe that the heat I felt was of our northern sun; to my finer sympathy, it burned with equatorial fervors.

The freight was piled in the old stores. I believe that many of them remain, but they have lost their character. When I knew

them, not only was I younger, but partial decay had overtaken the town ; at least the bulk of its India trade had shifted to New York and Boston. But the appliances remained. There was no throng of busy traffickers, and after school, in the afternoon, I strolled by and gazed into the solemn interiors.

Silence reigned within, — silence, dimness, and piles of foreign treasure. Vast coils of cable, like tame boa-constrictors, served as seats for men with large stomachs, and heavy watch-seals, and nankeen trousers, who sat looking out of the door towards the ships, with little other sign of life than an occasional low talking, as if in their sleep. Huge hogsheads perspiring brown sugar and oozing slow molasses, as if nothing tropical could keep within bounds, but must continually expand, and exude, and overflow, stood against the walls, and had an architectural significance, for they darkly reminded me of Egyptian prints, and, in the duskiness of the low-vaulted store, seemed cyclopean columns incomplete. Strange festoons and heaps of bags, square piles of square boxes cased in mats, bales of airy summer stuffs, which, even in winter, scoffed at cold, and shamed it by audacious assumption of eternal sun, little specimen boxes of precious dyes, that even now shine through my memory, like old Venetian schools unpainted, — these were all there in rich confusion.

The stores had a twilight of dimness ; the air was spicy with mingled odors. I liked to look suddenly in from the glare of sunlight outside, and then the cool, sweet dimness was like the palpable breath of the far off island-groves ; and if only some parrot or macaw hung within, would flaunt with glistening plumage in his cage, and as the gay hue flashed in a chance sunbeam, call in his hard, shrill voice, as if thrusting sharp sounds upon a glistening wire from out that grateful gloom, then the enchantment was complete, and, without moving, I was circumnavigating the globe.

[From Titbottom's Spectacles. — In the Same.]

GRANDFATHER GAZES AT THE SEA.

My grandfather lived upon one of the small islands, — St. Kitts, perhaps, — and his domain extended to the sea. His house, a rambling West Indian mansion, was surrounded with deep, spacious piazzas, covered with luxurious lounges, among which one capacious chair was his peculiar seat. They tell me he used sometimes to sit

there for the whole day, his great, soft brown eyes fastened upon the sea, watching the specks of sails that flashed upon the horizon, while the evanescent expressions chased each other over his placid face as if it reflected the calm and changing sea before him.

His morning costume was an ample dressing-gown of gorgeously-flowered silk, and his morning was very apt to last all day. He rarely read; but he would pace the great piazza for hours, with his hands buried in the pockets of his dressing-gown, and an air of sweet reverie, which any book must be a very entertaining one to produce. . . .

To a stranger, life upon those little islands is uniform, even to weariness. But the old native dons, like my grandfather, ripen in the prolonged sunshine, like the turtle upon the Bahama banks, nor know of existence more desirable. Life in the tropics I take to be a placid torpidity.

During the long, warm mornings of nearly half a century, my grandfather Titbottom had sat in his dressing-gown, and gazed at the sea. But one calm June day, as he slowly paced the piazza after breakfast, his dreamy glance was arrested by a little vessel, evidently nearing the shore. He called for his spy-glass, and, surveying the craft, saw that she came from the neighboring island. She glided smoothly, slowly, over the summer sea. The warm morning air was sweet with perfumes, and silent with heat. The sea sparkled languidly, and the brilliant blue sky hung cloudlessly over. Scores of little island vessels had my grandfather seen coming over the horizon, and cast anchor in the port. Hundreds of summer mornings had the white sails flashed and faded, like vague faces through forgotten dreams. But this time he laid down the spy-glass, and leaned against a column of the piazza, and watched the vessel with an intentness that he could not explain. She came nearer and nearer, a graceful spectre in the dazzling morning.

"Decidedly, I must step down and see about that vessel," said my grandfather Titbottom.

He gathered his ample dressing-gown about him, and stepped from the piazza, with no other protection from the sun than the little smoking-cap upon his head. His face wore a calm, beaming smile, as if he loved the whole world. He was not an old man, but there was almost a patriarchal pathos in his expression as he sauntered along in the sunshine towards the shore. A group of idle gazers was collected to watch the arrival. The little vessel furled her sails, and drifted slowly landward, and, as she was of very light draft, she

came close to the shelving shore. A long plank was put out from her side, and the debarkation commenced.

My grandfather Titbottom stood looking on, to see the passengers as they passed. There were but a few of them, and mostly traders from the neighboring island. But suddenly the face of a young girl appeared over the side of the vessel, and she stepped upon the plank to descend. My grandfather Titbottom instantly advanced, and, moving briskly, reached the top of the plank at the same moment, and with the old tassel of his cap flashing in the sun, and one hand in the pocket of his dressing-gown, with the other he handed the young lady carefully down the plank. That young lady was afterwards my grandmother Titbottom.

For over the gleaming sea, which he had watched so long, and which seemed thus to reward his patient gaze, came his bride that sunny morning.

"Of course we are happy," he used to say to her, after they were married; "for you are the gift of the sun I have loved so long and so well." And my grandfather Titbottom would lay his hand so tenderly upon the golden hair of his young bride, that you could fancy him a devout Parsee, caressing sunbeams.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Charles Godfrey Leland was born in the city of Philadelphia, August 15, 1824, and was graduated at Princeton College, N. J., in 1845. He afterwards studied at the Universities of Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris. He studied law on his return, and was admitted to the bar, but never practised the profession. He was a frequent contributor to the Knickerbocker Magazine and other periodicals. He published The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams in 1855; Meister Karl's Sketch Book in 1856. He also translated Pictures of Travel from the German of Heinrich Heine, and a Book of Songs by the same author. He wrote some years ago a ballad in the broken English of a Pennsylvania German, of which the first line was, —

"Hans Breitmann gif a barty."

It was an odd and taking burlesque, and it had (with a great deal of nonsense) some fair hits at the German tendency to sentiment, closing in a state of metaphysical cloudiness that was exceedingly droll. The success of this bit of fun led the author to follow up the vein he had struck, and a series of ballads in which Hans Breitmann figured were speedily published. Those in which the hero was represented as a "bummer" following the army of General Sherman on his march to the sea were quite elaborate, and nearly as amusing as their prototype. To this happy hit the author mainly owes the extended reputation he now enjoys. But note the injustice or the stupidity of the reading public! Mr. Leland had years before written a striking but grotesque book of travel, full of curious learning, showing keen observation, fresh sensibilities, and unfailing humor. This was Meister Karl's Sketch Book, already mentioned. It was remembered pleasantly by all scholars, but not greatly

successful with the general public. Now that the Breitmann Ballads have made the author known to a wider circle, a new edition of Meister Karl, with important changes and additions, has been published in a handsome form.

Mr. Leland's translations are faithful, spirited, and free in movement, which is high praise when it is remembered that Heine's prose and poetry both are very difficult to render into English without disenchanting them. He now resides in the city of New York.

[From Meister Karl's Sketch Book.]

NUREMBERG.

I KNOW not how often I have had occasion, during my life, when speaking of Romanesque or Gothic objects, to employ such adjectives as "odd," "quaint," "weird," "strange," "wild," "freakish," "antique," and "irregular;" but I am very certain that if they could be concentrated or monogrammatized in a single word, it would be exactly the one needed to describe the rare old town of Nuremberg. There is a picturesque disorder — a lyrical confusion — about the entire place, which is perfectly irresistible. Turrets shoot up in all sorts of ways, on all sorts of occasions, upon all sorts of houses; and little boxes, with delicate Gothic windows, cling to their sides and to one another like barnacles to a ship; while the houses themselves are turned around and about in so many positions, that you wonder that a few are not upside down, or lying on their sides, by way of completing the original arrangement of no arrangement at all. It always seemed to me as if the buildings in Nuremberg had, like the furniture in Irving's tale, been indulging over night in a very irregular dance, and suddenly stopped in the most complicated part of a confusion worse confounded. Galleries, quaint staircases, and towers, with projecting upper stories, as well as eccentric chimneys, demented doorways, insane weather-vanes, and highly original steeples, form the most commonplace materials in building; and it has more than once occurred to me that the architects of this city, even at the present day, must have imbibed their principles, not from the lecture-room, but from the most remarkable inspirations of some romantic scene-painter. During the last two centuries men appear to have striven, with a most uncommendable zeal, all over Christendom, to root out and extirpate every trace of the Gothic. In Nuremberg alone they have religiously preserved what little they originally had in domestic architecture, and added to it (of late years especially), with so much earnestness, that Monsieur Fartoul, after declaring that the private houses of this city exhibit few or no traces of *ancient* Gothicism, adds, "But, recently, they scatter pointed arches in their *façades*, and put them even into dormer windows, to

such an extent that, if you should chance to visit Nuremberg ten years hence, you will find the Gothic everywhere, and perhaps feel inclined to accuse me of indulging in false assertions." . . .

Nuremberg, like Avignon, is one of the very few cities which have retained in an almost perfect state the feudal walls and turrets with which they were invested by the middle ages. At regular intervals along these walls occur little towers, for their defence, reminding one of beads strung on a rosary; the great watch-tower at the gate, with its projecting machicolation, forming the pendent cross, the whole serving to guard the town within from the dangers of war, even as the rosary protects the city of Mansoul from the attacks of Sin and Death — though, sooth to say, since the invention of gunpowder and the Reformation, both the one and the other appear to have lost much of their former efficacy. Directly through the centre of the town runs a small stream, called the Pegnitz, "dividing the town into two nearly equal halves, named after the two great churches situated within them; the northern being termed St. Sebald's, and the southern, St. Lawrence's, side."

In the northern part of the division of St. Sebaldus rises a high hill, formed at the summit of vast rocks, on which is situated the ancient Reicheveste, or Imperial Castle, whose origin is fairly lost in the dark old days of Heathenesse. From it the traveller can obtain an admirable view of the romantic town below. In regarding it, I was irresistibly reminded of the remarkable resemblance existing between most of its buildings and the children's toys manufactured by the ingenious artisans of Nuremberg and its vicinity. In one squab little mansion, capped with peaked tower and eye-like windows, I distinctly recognized the original model of a fascinating little vermilion-colored edifice which had, long years ago, well nigh thrown me into a convulsion of delight when first extracted, one Christmas morning, from the Krisskingle stocking; while a circular building of modern date, with a primrose roof, had evidently been formed after the same model as a certain "round tower of other days" with which I had whilom delighted my juvenile optics. Well do I remember that "jolly round house," whose door on opening displayed to the astonished vision a wooden young lady with a very short waist, holding over her bonnetless head, with commendable perpendicularity, an opened parasol; while by her side an aged but (to judge from a red feather which grew from the centre of her head) apparently respectable female was busily engaged in roasting a goose at a fire, consisting of three glowing strips of tinsel. It was

a mooted question with Lady Bulwer, as to whether Shakespeare was born to write for Charles Kean, or Charles Kean to act Shakespeare; and I for my part am unable to decide whether the Dutch toy-makers of Nuremberg obtained their designs from its architects, or whether the architects copy after their toys.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

Adeline D. T Whitney, daughter of the late Enoch Train, was born in Boston, September 15, 1824, was married in the year 1843 to Mr. Seth D. Whitney, and has since resided in Milton, Mass. She published a poem, entitled Footsteps on the Seas, in 1857; Mother Goose for Grown Folks in 1859; Boys at Chequasset in 1862; Faith Gartney's Girlhood in 1863; The Gayworthys in 1865; A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life in 1866; Patience Strong's Outings in 1868; Hitherto in 1869; Real Folks in 1872.

Mrs. Whitney's first works in prose were written for young people, but, as often happens with meritorious stories of that class, the elders also found them entertaining. Her novels seem to have grown up with her youthful characters, and have steadily increased in popularity. Their success is mainly owing, as we think, to their excellent moral qualities, their freedom from morbid sentiment, and the cheerful and practical views of life and lessons of duty they present. The scenes and characters in her book are well discriminated, and the dialogues are generally spirited and suggestive. The style of writing, however, is faulty at times, owing to a choice of words that tend neither to rhetorical correctness nor to natural ease of expression. Of the sincerity, the noble instincts, the womanly refinement manifested in such novels as Hitherto and The Gayworthys, too much cannot be said. In the art of construction, too, the author shows no common skill; and (what is the first, last, and only indispensable requisite) she has the power of making her stories interesting from the beginning. With this power and this experience occasional blemishes of style look very trivial; but elderly and friendly critics, who no longer read merely for the sake of the story, wish they could avoid seeing them.

[From The Gayworthys.]

ODORS OF SANCTITY.

SUNDAY came. The old meeting-house was full of its Sabbath fragrance. Do you know what I mean? Did you ever sit — a great while ago it must have been, to be sure — in one of those family enclosures in an old-fashioned country church, whose space is railed off in roomy squares, and smell the mingled incense that goes up, on a summer day, with the prayers and praises? the tender aroma of fresh flowers, held here and there in a hand that has gathered them just the last thing at home or on the way; the odor of aromatics — of peppermints, perhaps, or nibbled cloves; the lavender and musk that breathe faintly forth from the best laces, muslins, and ribbons; to say nothing of whiffs, now and then, that betray spice-cake, and cimbals, and sage-cheese, stowed away carefully in sanctuary cupboards, under the hinge-seats, until the "nooning"?

Whatever you may think, there was nothing disagreeable about it — nothing even of coarseness or desecration — to long-accustomed nostrils, it was the very atmosphere of the Lord's Day; and the life-long, subtile association helped the people, doubtless, even in their prayers.

Little Sarah Gair found it all very delightful, contrasted with city church-going, where people shove themselves into narrow crannies, and sit with their knees against one board and their backs against another — stuck in rows, like knives in a knife-box — compressing the body, by way of expanding the soul. There was nothing Say liked better than to go to meeting in Hilbury; to sit in the corner, on the broad window-seat that came in so as to form a commodious place for two, and where Gershom was usually her companion; to listen to the full-voiced village choir, and look up with a sort of childish awe at the row of men and maidens who filled the "singing-seats," and bore part in the solemn service of praise; to glance from group to group of the crowded congregation, and, when tired of bonnets and faces within, to turn eyes and thoughts outward, where the stone slabs were planted thickly, marking the more solemn congregation of the dead; to walk round, quietly, from pew to pew in the nooning, or to go with aunt Rebecca into the churchyard, and read the names, — it didn't seem a sad, but rather a pleasant and beautiful thing, to be lying there, where neighbors and friends came up and walked meekly, and talked gently, among the green graves, — or to go with aunt Joanna to a neighbor's house, and eat cimbals, and hear the great girls talk, which was pretty much all the little girls could do on Sunday; and as for the incense we were speaking of, Say always complained to her mother, when she got back to Selport, that it "didn't ever smell like Sunday there."

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COUNTRY SOUNDS.

SHE woke there, this bright spring morning, in the old "red room." She lay, looking and listening. Listening to the sounds of arousal about the country-side; the far-off sounds that make it beautiful to listen, where such may be heard. In the city there was only the rumble and clatter just under her windows; this smothered in upon her heavily, by the close brick walls; now and then the striking of a clock, or the chiming of a bell a few streets off. Here there was all the faint sweet music that comes floating over breadth of field and forest; the wind surging in the great trees; the whistle

of the ploughman, and his cheery call to the oxen, beginning their day's work away over there where the brown furrows lay like a fine-lined carpet over the sunny side-hill; the distant singing of wood birds, and wandering notes from high up overhead; the flutter and chirp in the boughs close by; the voice and stir of domestic creatures about house and farm-yard; there were only these in all the air; no din and bustle of more complicated life to drown them; they came in pleasant alternation, and succession, and blending, telling of space, and joy, and freedom. . . .

Say had her first flitting to do; out among the chickens — dozens of little live puff-balls of golden down, with just one note of faint, tender music breathed into each; into the shed-chamber, the "play-parlor" of old, where some of the selfsame bits of pink and blue china were set up on the ledges, against the boards, where she had put them years ago; a glance out from the always-open window; a counting of little white, and black, and motley pigs, that were, at the very moment, scrambling after each other over the bit of meadow, towards the oak wood — off thither, for their day's picnic — a stroll down through the great barn between the sweet-smelling mows, and so out, at the south doors, into the spring-meadow; through this, by the gravelled cart-path, running around two sides to a bar-place in the far corner, into the old "oak orchard," away beyond, where the great, precipitous gray boulder reared itself in the midst, on the brow of the hill-field, and beside it spread the huge branches of the ancient tree that gave its name to the plantation. A rest here, and a long look over the valley, to the blue, misty hills beyond; a ride on the old apple bough, her steed in days of yore standing here, waiting still, like the enchanted horse in the Alhambran legend. Back again, after a while, more slowly; a peep into dairy and cheese-room; a delicious peeking, in the old way, at white tender curd, cut up in cubes, ready for the press; and at last, half unwillingly, an acknowledgment of the one "must" of her first, bright day of multitudinous delights — unpacking; she had all this to fill up the quick morning hours, and bring round the dinner-time, before she had really settled what to do with the day at all.

THOMAS STARR KING.

Thomas Starr King was born in the city of New York, December 16, 1824. His father was a clergyman, and had several places of residence during the author's boyhood, among which were Portsmouth, N. H., and Charlestown, Mass. He was a precocious scholar, and began at an early age to fit himself for college, but was unable to go on with his course of education on account of the straitened circumstances and failing health of his father. When his father died, the young man, then only fifteen years of age, went into a dry goods store, and aided in the support of the family. All branches of study seemed to be in his own province. He learned modern languages, read metaphysical philosophy with avidity, and rambled through literatures as through pleasant gardens. He taught school for a time while still in his minority, served a while as a clerk at the navy-yard, and in his twenty-first year was ordained a minister of the Universalist denomination in Charlestown, in the church where his father had preached. About two years later (1848) he became pastor of the Hollis Street church, in Boston. His chief energies were given to his sermons, lectures, and public addresses. His temper was enthusiastic, his manners animated and graceful, and the expression of his ideas naturally oratorical. In a very few years he became widely known and admired.

In April, 1860, he removed from Boston to San Francisco, to become pastor of the Unitarian church. His labors were not confined to his parish nor to religious teaching. The rebellion having broken out, there was a severe struggle in California between the friends of the Union on the one side, and the friends of secession and of a separate empire on the Pacific coast on the other. Mr. King entered into this contest with all the ardor of his nature, and addressed the people throughout the state. It is believed that his efforts were greatly instrumental in maintaining the sentiment of patriotism, and binding that remote region to the fortunes of the Federal Union. The value of such a service at that critical period cannot be over-estimated. He was never a very robust person, and his constant activity wore upon him, until, in the prime of his life, he yielded to a sudden attack of diphtheria. He died March 4, 1864.

Mr. King was an enthusiastic lover of the picturesque in nature, and was as fond as Ruskin of reproducing scenery by elaborate word-pictures. The White Mountains particularly were his delight. They appeared to have been his by right of discovery, or pre-emption at least. Year after year during his summer vacations he explored valleys and gorges, and scaled precipices and peaks, until he was more familiar with the region than the natives themselves. He published in a handsome quarto volume, in 1859, The White Hills, their Legends, Landscapes, and Poetry. The work is well illustrated from drawings by the late M. G. Wheelock. It is the most *complete* work of the kind in existence. It contains not only the necessary topographical information, but a great many descriptive passages of rare beauty, and a magazine of apposite quotations besides. A volume of selections from his public speeches was published in 1865, but no proper collection of his miscellanies has yet been made. A brief but exceedingly interesting biography of him was published by Mr. Richard Frothingham, of Charlestown, in 1865.

[From The White Hills.]

THE SACO VALLEY.

"WHEN the lofty and barren mountain," says a legend I have somewhere read, "was first upheaved into the sky, and from its elevation looked down on the plains below, and saw the valley and the less elevated hills covered with verdant and fruitful trees, it sent up to Brahma something like a murmur of complaint, — 'Why thus

barren? why these scarred and naked sides exposed to the eye of man?' And Brahma answered, 'The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. *More verdure would be less light.* Thou shalt share in the azure of heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of a summer's sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us.'

"So was the mountain dowered. And so too," adds the legend, "have the loftiest minds of men been in all ages dowered. To lower elevations have been given the pleasant verdure, the vine, and the olive. Light, light alone, — and the deep shadow of the passing cloud, — these are the gifts of the prophets of the race."

The glory of the mountains is *color*. A great many people think that they see all there is to be seen of the White Hills in one visit. Have they not been driven from Conway to the Notch, and did they not have an outside seat on the stage on a clear day? Have they not seen the Glen when there were no clouds, and ascended Mount Washington, and devoted a day and a half to Franconia, and crossed Winnipiseogee on their way home? At any rate, if they have staid a week in one spot, they cannot understand why they may not be said to have exhausted it; and if they have passed one whole season in a valley, it might seem to them folly to go to the same spot the next year. . . .

But what if you could go into a gallery where the various sculpture took different attitudes every day? where a Claude or a Turner was present and changed the sunsets on his canvas, shifted the draperies of mist and shadow, combined clouds and meadows and ridges in ever-varying beauty, and wiped them all out at night? . . .

Would one visit, then, enable a man to say that he had seen the gallery? Would one season be sufficient to drain the interest of it? Thus the mountains are ever changing. They are never two days the same. The varying airs of summer, the angles at which, in different summer months, the light strikes them, give different general character to the landscapes which they govern. And then, when we think of the perpetual frolic of the sun blaze and the shadow upon them, never twice alike; the brilliant scarfs into which the mists that stripe or entwine them are changed; the vivid splendors that often flame upon them at evening, —

> Like the torrents of the sun
> Upon the horizon walls;

the rich, deep, but more vague and modest hues, which we try in vain to bring under definition, that glow upon them in different airs;

and the evanescent tints that touch them only now and then in a long season, as though they were something too rare and pure to be shown for more than a moment to dwellers of the earth, and then only as a hint of what may be displayed in diviner climes,— we see that it is the landscape-eye alone, and the desire to cultivate it, which is needed to make the mountains, from any favorable district such as North Conway, an undrainable resource and joy.

Those who seek a sort of melo-dramatic astonishment by the height of their peaks and the gloomy menace of sheer and desolate walls, will be disappointed at first, and will not find that the mountains "grow upon them." But it is not so with color. That is a perpetual surprise. The glory of that, even upon the New Hampshire mountains, cannot be exaggerated. They should be sought for their pomp far more than for their configuration. . . .

The inexperienced eye has no conception of the affluent delight that is kindled by the opulence of pure and tender colors on the mountains. A ramble by the banks of the Saco, in North Conway, or along the Androscoggin below Gorham, will often yield from this cause what we may soberly call rapture of vision. A great many persons, in looking around from Artist's Hill, would say at first that green, and blue, and white, and gray, in the foliage, the grass, the sky, the clouds, and the mountains, were the only colors to be noticed, and these in wide, severely-contrasted masses. We should go entirely beyond their appreciation in speaking of the light-brown and olive plateaus rising from the wide flats of meadow green, the richer and more subtle hues on the darker belt of lower hills, the sheeny spaces of pure sunshine upon smooth slopes or level sward, the glimmer of pearly radiance upon pools of aerial sapphire brought from the distant mountains in the wandering Saco, the blue and white mistiness from clouds and distant air gleaming in the chasms of brooks fresh from the cool top of Kearsarge, and the gold or silver glances of light upon knolls or smooth boulders scattered here and there upon the irregular and tawny ground, and upon the house-roofs beyond. Yet let a man who thinks these particulars are imaginary hold his head down, and thus reverse his eyes, and then say whether the delicacy and variety of hues are exaggerated in such a statement. There are those who have such a perception of colors with their eyes upright. And they will know that the tints just noted are only hints of a great color-symphony to be wrought out upon the wide landscape. They know how the rich or sombre passages of shade, and the olive strips and slaty breadths of dark-

ness, will be transformed in some glorious afternoon, when the landscape assumes its full pomp, into masses of more ethereal gloom, and made magnificent by the intermixture of gorgeous tones of purples, emeralds, and russets with cloudy azure and subtle gray along the second part of the mountain outworks. They know how those flecks of pearl and sapphire upon the meadow will mingle and spread with shifting azure and amethyst upon the lower parts of the great mountains; and how the spaces of sunshine, the blue and white mistiness, and the golden and silver glances of light, will assume new beauty and larger proportions amid the gleaming hues of the looming azure ridge, the waving gray and purple of cloud-enwrapped peak, the tender flashes of changeful light and tint in sky and cloud, and the tremulous violet and aerial orange of the mysterious ravines, with their wondrous sloping arras, on whose striped folds, inwrought with gold and silver upon pale emerald ground, are, one might think, the mystical signs of some weird powers that work from within the earth.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

James Bayard Taylor was born in Kennett Square, Chester Co., Penn., January 11, 1825. He became an apprentice in a printing office in his native county at seventeen years of age, and was a contributor of verses to the newspapers. A collection of these early poems, entitled Ximena, was published in 1844, after which he went to Europe, and travelled over the country mostly as a pedestrian. On his return he published an account of his tour, entitled Views Afoot, or Europe as seen with Knapsack and Staff. He subsequently wrote for the Literary World, and for the New York Tribune. He became in time one of the editors and proprietors of the Tribune, and contributed afterwards to its columns accounts of his many journeys. The titles of his books will show the many countries he has visited. In 1849 he published El Dorado, an account of a trip to California and Mexico; in 1853 (1) Journey to Central Africa; (2) Lands of the Saracen; (3) Visit to India, China, Loo-Choo, and Japan. These three volumes record his observations in a series of voyages and travels extending to fifty thousand miles. In 1857 he published Northern Travel, an account of a tour through Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland. In 1859 appeared a work on Greece and Russia.

His literary labors have not been confined to travels. A list of his works will show his unwearied industry in other departments. He published Rhymes of Travel in 1848; a Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs in 1851; Poems of the Orient in 1854; Poems of Home and Travel in 1855. This last volume contained only such poems as the author then wished to acknowledge. Since then have appeared At Home and Abroad (1859), and a second series (1862); The Poet's Journal (1862); Hannah Thurston, a novel (1863); The Fortunes of John Godfrey (1864); The Story of Kennett (1866); Picture of St. John (1866); Colorado, a Summer Trip (1867); Frithiof's Saga (1867); Byways of Europe (1869); The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln (1869); A new translation of Goethe's Faust (1870). He has also edited a Cyclopædia of Modern Travel, which commenced in 1856. Were it only for his active life of enterprise and for the additions he has made to our knowledge, Mr. Taylor should

be held in grateful esteem. His positive merits as a writer, however, deserve a warmer recognition. His descriptions are clearly and vividly portrayed, and his books are weighted with but little of the ordinary traveller's burden of unimportant personal details. They are interesting as mere narratives, and of permanent value for the facts they record. His Oriental poems have a natural warmth of color and vivacity of expression. He will be chiefly remembered, however, among poets, for his faithful and admirable translation of Faust, a work that testifies to his skill, poetic feeling, and mastery of expression.

[From Greece and Russia.]

THE HAUNTS OF THE MUSES.

We left Athens, on the 13th of April, for a journey to Parnassus and the northern frontier of Greece. The company consisted of François, Braisted, and myself, and Ajax, and Themistocles, our *agoyats*, or grooms. It was a teeming, dazzling day, with light scarfs of cloud-crape in the sky, and a delicious breeze from the west blowing through the pass of Daphne. The Gulf of Salamis was pure ultramarine, covered with velvety bloom, while the island and Mount Kerata swam in transparent pink and violet tints. Greece, on such a day, is living Greece again. The soul of ancient Art and Poetry throbs in the splendid air, and pours its divinest light upon the landscape.

Crossing the sacred plain of Eleusis for the fourth time in my Grecian journeys, our road entered the mountains — lower off shoots Cithæron, which divides the plain from that of Bœotia. They are now covered with young pines to the very summits, and François directed my attention to the rapidity with which the mountains were becoming wooded since destruction of young trees has been prohibited by law. The agricultural prosperity of the country, in many districts, depends entirely on the restoration of the lost forests. The sun was intensely hot in the close glens, and we found the shade of the old Cithæronian pines very grateful. We met a straggling company of lancers returning from the Thessalian frontier, and many travellers in the course of the afternoon. Among the baggage animals following the lancers we were surprised to find Pegasus and Bellerophon, the lean horses which had carried us through the Peloponnesus; and soon after Aristides himself resplendent in clean Easter garments. He was greatly disappointed at seeing us under way, as he intended to carry us to the Mount of Song on his own winged steeds.

Towards evening we descended into the valley of the Eleusinian Cephissus, at the foot of Cithæron, passing the remains of an ancient tower twenty feet high. At sunset, when the sky had become over-

cast and stormy, we reached the solitary khan of Casa, at the foot of a rocky, precipitous hill, crowned by the Acropolis of Œnoë, and were heartily glad to find shelter in the windy building from the more violent wind outside. . . .

We awoke to a cloudless sky, and after coffee climbed the hill of Œnoë, or Eleutheria, whichever it may be. I suppose Leake is most likely to be right, and so I shall call it Œnoë. A hard pull of fifteen minutes brought us to the lower part of the wall, which is composed of blocks of gray conglomerate limestone — the native rock of the hill. The walls are eight feet thick, and strengthened by projecting square towers. . . .

The walls are better preserved than any I saw in Greece. They date from the time of Alexander the Great. The position of the place, among the wild peaks of Cithæron, makes it one of the most picturesque ruins of the country. We now climbed the main ridge of the mountains, and in less than an hour reached the highest point — whence the great Bœotian plain suddenly opened to our view.

In the distance gleamed Lake Copaïs, and the hills beyond the snowy top of Parnassus lifted clear and bright above the morning vapors ; and at last, as we turned a shoulder of the mountain in descending, the streaky top of Helicon appeared on the left, completing the classic features of the landscape. . . . I then turned my horse's head towards Thebes, which we reached in two hours. . . .

The site of the town is superb : both Helicon and Parnassus tower in the south and west, and even a corner of Pentelicus is visible. While I sat beside the old tower, sketching the Mountain of the Sphinx, a Theban eagle — the spirit of Pindar — soared slowly through the blue depths above. The memories of Pindar and Epaminondas consecrate the soil of Thebes, though she helped to ruin Greece by her selfish jealousy of Athens. It is not an accidental circumstance that she has so utterly disappeared, while the Propylæa, of the Athenian Acropolis, which Epaminondas threatened to carry off, still stand — and may they stand forever ! . . .

The next morning we rode down from the Cadmeion, and took the highway to Livadia, leading straight across the Bœotian plain. It is one of the finest alluvial bottoms in the world, a deep, dark vegetable mould, which would produce almost without limit, were it properly cultivated. Before us, blue and dark under the weight of clouds, lay Parnassus, and far across the immense plain the blue peaks of Mount Œta. In three hours we reached the foot of Helicon, and looked up at the streaks of snow which melt into the Fountain

of the Muses. Presently a stream, as limpid as air, issued from the cleft of the mountain. *O fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro*, I exclaimed; but it was diviner than the Bandusian wave, which gurgled its liquid dactyls over marble pebbles. Ajax and Themistocles had halted in the shade of a garden on the bank; François was unpacking his saddle-bags; so I leaped from Erato, my mare, knelt among asphodels, and drank. The water had that sweetness and purity which make you seem to inhale rather than drink it. The palate swam in the delicious flood with a delight which acknowledged no satiety. What is this? I said, as I lifted up my head: can it be the Muses' Fountain coming down from yonder mountain? Whence this longing unsuppressed in my breast — this desire that is springing to be singing? My veins are on fire — give me a lyre! "I'll beat Apollo all hollow."

"Pshaw," said François, who had just taken a draught. "He now can drink, who chooses, at the Fountain of the Muses. Why you know the gods and goddesses, and the nymphs in scanty bodices, are now no more detected in the shrines to them erected. That was a superstition unworthy a man of your position. To such illusions you're no dupe; this water's very good for soup."

"Sound the hewgag, beat the tonjon," exclaimed Braïsted, who had not been thirsty; "I believe you are both crazy."

But the mare, Erato, who had taken long draughts from the stream, whinnied, whisked her tail, and galloped off one line of hexameter after another as we continued our journey.

So I devoutly testify that Helicon is not yet dry, and the Fountain of the Muses retains its ancient virtue.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

Richard Henry Stoddard was born in Hingham, Mass., in July, 1825. He removed to New York city in early youth, and in 1848 became a contributor to the periodical press. A collection of his poems, entitled Footprints, was published in 1849, and another in 1852. He has also written Adventures in Fairy Land, a series of tales; Songs of Summer; Town and Country: Loves and Heroines of the Poets; The King's Bell; Putnam the Brave; Alexander von Humboldt (a convenient *résumé* of his life, travels, and works); Abraham Lincoln, an ode; the Book of the East. Besides, he has edited various selections from the poets, ancient and modern. His last volume, Book of the East, from which our selections have been made, shows the poet attaining to a fuller and fairer expression of thought. There were promising glimpses and suggestions in his earlier poems, but his art had not then learned to conceal art. The lines seemed labored and obscure, so that the most sympathetic reader might be in doubt as to what was intended by them. These later verses can be commended without reservation, as exhibiting genuine feeling and poetic power.

ADSUM.

(December 23–24, 1863.)

I.

THE Angel came by night,
(Such angels still come down!)
And like a winter cloud
Passed over London town;
Along its lonesome streets,
Where Want had ceased to weep,
Until it reached a house
Where a great man lay asleep;—
The man of all his time
Who knew the most of men,—
The soundest head and heart,
The sharpest, kindest pen.
It paused beside his bed,
And whispered in his ear;
He never turned his head,
But answered, "I am here."

II.

Into the night they went.
At morning, side by side,
They gained the sacred Place
Where the greatest Dead abide;
Where grand old Homer sits
In godlike state benign;
Where broods in endless thought
The awful Florentine;
Where sweet Cervantes walks,
A smile on his grave face;
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
The wisest of his race;
Where Goethe looks through all
With that calm eye of his;
Where — little seen but Light —
The only Shakespeare is!
When the new Spirit came,
They asked him, drawing near,
"Art thou become like us?"
He answered, "I am here."

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

NOT what we would, but what we must,
Makes up the sum of living;
Heaven is both more and less than just
In taking and in giving.
Swords cleave to hands that sought the plough,
And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
Have worn its stony highways,
Familiar with its loneliest street, —
Its ways were never my ways.
My cradle was beside the sea,
And there, I hope, my grave will be.

Old homestead! in that old gray town
Thy vane is seaward blowing;
Thy slip of garden stretches down
To where the tide is flowing;
Below they lie, their sails all furled,
The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house,
Inland with pines beside it;
Some peach trees, with unfruitful boughs,
A well, with weeds to hide it:
No flowers, or only such as rise
Self-sown — poor things! — which all despise.

Dear country home! can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
The window-vines that clamber yet,
Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian pipe?

Happy the man who tills his field,
Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fulness yield,
Hap what may to his neighbor.

Well days, sound nights — O, can there be
A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
For both the best, the strongest,
That with the earliest race began,
And hast outlived the longest;
Their cities perished long ago;
Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels too will fall;
If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all,
And feed the unborn nations!
Yes, and the swords that menace now
Will then be beaten to the plough.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

John Williamson Palmer was born in Baltimore, Md., April 4, 1825. He received a liberal education, and studied medicine at a school in Philadelphia. He went to California in the midst of the excitement that followed the discovery of gold, and was city physician of San Francisco in 1849. Having made a voyage to China in 1852, he was engaged, while at Hong Kong, as surgeon on the *Phlegethon*, one of the East India Company's war steamers, and served through a campaign in Burmah. On his return to this country he published an account of his experiences, entitled The Golden Dagon, or Up and Down the Irrawaddi. He was a contributor to Putnam's, Harper's, and the Atlantic Monthly, and to the New York Tribune, and other periodicals. His papers in the Atlantic, mostly upon traits of Oriental life, were exceedingly spirited, faithful, and picturesque studies. His skill as an artist is unexcelled, and the accuracy of his descriptions is vouched for by all who have lived in the East. He wrote a comedy called The Queen's Heart, which was produced in Boston in 1858 with flattering success. The New and the Old appeared in 1859. In this work the characteristics of the miners, and of the motley elements that had congregated in California, were set forth with graphic power. These sketches were the first attempts to portray that new and exceptional phase of society. In the same year he translated Michelet's L'Amour. In 1860 he published Folk Songs, an admirable collection of popular poetry. During the late civil war he was engaged in other than literary pursuits, being warmly attached to the cause of the South, and serving it as best he could. In 1867 he published a second compilation, entitled The Poetry of Compliment and Courtship.

Dr. Palmer resides in Baltimore, and has been recently editor of a weekly paper there. His wife, Henrietta Lee Palmer, has written a work called The Heroines of Shakespeare, a series of studies of female character, published in an elegant style by the Messrs. Appleton, of New York.

[From the Atlantic Monthly, June, 1858.]

ASIRVADAM THE BRAHMIN.

SIMPLICITY, convenience, decorum, and picturesqueness distinguish the costume of Asirvadam the Brahmin. Three yards of yard-wide fine cotton envelop his loins in such a manner that, while one end hangs in graceful folds in front, the other falls in a fine distraction behind. Over this, a robe of muslin or piña cloth — the latter in peculiar favor by reason of its superior purity for high-caste wear — covers his neck, breast, and arms, and descends nearly to his ankles. Asirvadam borrowed this garment from the Mussulman; but he fastens it on the left side, which the follower of the Prophet never does, and surmounts it with an ample and elegant waistband beside the broad Romanesque mantle that he tosses over his shoulder with such a senatorial air. His turban, also, is an innovation, — not proper to the Brahmin, — pure and simple, but, like the robe, adopted from the Moorish wardrobe for a more imposing appearance in Sahib society. It is formed of a very narrow strip, fifteen or twenty yards long, of fine stuff, moulded to the orthodox shape and size by wrapping it, while wet, on a wooden block; having been hardened in the sun, it is worn like a hat. As for his feet, Asirvadam, uncompromising in externals, disdains to pollute them with the touch of leather. Shameless fellows, Brahmins though they be, of the sect of Vishnu, go about without a blush in thonged sandals, made of abominable skins; but Asirvadam, strict as a Gooroo when the eyes of his caste are upon him, is immaculate in wooden clogs.

In ornaments his taste, though somewhat grotesque, is by no means lavish. A sort of stud or button, composed of a solitary ruby, in the upper rim of the cartilage of either ear, a chain of gold, curiously wrought, and intertwined with a string of small pearls, around his neck, a massive bangle of plain gold on his arm, a richly jewelled ring on his thumb, and others, broad and shield-like, on his toes, complete his outfit in these vanities.

As often as Asirvadam honors us with his morning visit of business or ceremony, a slight yellow line, drawn horizontally between his eyebrows, with a paste composed of ground sandal-wood, denotes that he has purified himself externally and internally by bathing and prayers. To omit this, even by the most unavoidable chance to appear in public without it, were to incur a grave public scandal; only excepting the season of mourning, when, by an expressive

Oriental figure, the absence of the caste-mark is accepted for the token of a profound and absorbing sorrow, which takes no thought even for the customary forms of decency. . . .

When Asirvadam was but seven years old he was invested with the triple cord by a grotesque, and in most respects absurd, extravagant, and expensive ceremony, called the *Upanayana*, or Introduction to the Sciences, because none but Brahmins are freely admitted to their mysteries. This triple cord consists of three thick strands of cotton, each composed of several finer threads. These three strands, representing Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, are not twisted together, but hang separately from the left shoulder to the right hip. The preparation of so sacred a badge is intrusted to none but the purest hands, and the process is attended with many imposing ceremonies. Only Brahmins may gather the fresh cotton; only Brahmins may card, and spin, and twist it; and its investiture is a matter of so great cost, that the poorer brothers must have recourse to contributions from the pious of their caste to defray the exorbitant charges of priests and masters of ceremonies.

It is a noticeable fact in the natural history of the always insolent Asirvadam, that, unlike Shatriya the warrior, Vaishya the cultivator, or Soodra the laborer, he is not born into the full enjoyment of his honors, but, on the contrary, is scarcely of more consideration than a Pariah, until by the *Upanayana* he has been admitted to his birthright. Yet, once decorated with the ennobling badge of his order, our friend became from that moment something superior, something exclusive, something supercilious, arrogant, exacting, — Asirvadam, the high Brahmin, — a creature of wide strides without awkwardness, towering airs without bombast, Sanscrit quotations without pedantry, florid phraseology without hyperbole, allegorical illustrations and proverbial points without sententiousness, fanciful flights without affectation, and formal strains of compliment without offensive adulation. . . .

Asirvadam has choice of a hundred callings, as various in dignity and profit as they are numerous. Under native rule he makes a good cooly, because the officers of the revenue are forbidden to search a Brahmin's baggage, or anything that he carries. He is an expeditious messenger, for no man may stop him; and he can travel cheaply, for whom there is free entertainment on every road. In financial straits he may teach dancing to nautch-girls; or he may play the mountebank or the conjurer, and, with a stock of mantras and charms, proceed to the curing of murrain in cattle, pip in chick-

ens, and short-windedness in old women, at the same time telling fortunes, calculating nativities, finding lost treasure, advising as to journeys and speculations, and crossing out crosses in love for any pretty dear who will cross the poor Brahmin's palm with a rupee. He may engage in commercial pursuits ; and, in that case, his bulling and bearing at the opium sales will put Wall Street to the blush. He may turn his attention to the healing art ; and allopathically, homœopathically, hydropathically, electropathically, or by any other path, run a muck through many heathen hospitals. The field of politics is full of charms for him, the church invites his taste and talents, and the army tempts him with opportunities for intrigue, — but, whether in the shape of Machiavelisms, miracles, or mutinies, he is forever making mischief; whether as messenger, dancing-master, conjurer, fortune-teller, speculator, mountebank, politician, priest, or Sepoy, he is ever the same Asirvadam the Brahmin, — sleekest of lackeys, most servile of sycophants, expertest of tricksters, smoothest of hypocrites, coolest of liars, most insolent of beggars, most versatile of adventurers, most inventive of charlatans, most restless of schemers, most insidious of Jesuits, most treacherous of confidants, falsest of friends, hardest of masters, most arrogant of patrons, cruelest of tyrants, most patient of haters, most insatiable of avengers, most gluttonous of ravishers, most infernal of devils, — pleasantest of fellows.

Superlatively dainty as to his fopperies of orthodoxy, Asirvadam is continually dying of Pariah roses in aromatic pains of caste. If, in his goings and comings, one of the "lilies of Nelufar" should chance to stumble upon a bit of bone or rag, a fragment of a dish, or a leaf from which some one has eaten ; should his sacred raiment be polluted by the touch of a dog or a Pariah, — he is ready to faint, and only a bath can revive him. He may not touch his sandals with his hand, nor repose in a strange seat, but is provided with a mat, a carpet, or an antelope's skin, to serve him for a cushion in the houses of his friends. With a kid glove you may put his respectability in peril, and with your patent-leather pumps affright his soul within him. To him a pocket-handkerchief is a sore offence, and a tooth-pick monstrous. All the Vedas could not save the Giaour who "chews," nor burnt brandy, though the Seven Penitents distilled it, purify the mouth that a tooth-brush has polluted. Beware how you offer him a wafered letter; and when you present him with a copy of your travels, let it be bound in cloth.

ROSE TERRY.

Rose Terry was born in the town of Hartford, Conn., February 17, 1827, and has always lived in the immediate neighborhood of her birthplace. She wrote a number of admirable stories and sketches for the Atlantic Monthly, in which she displayed a keen observation of character, a nice perception of humor, and admirable descriptive powers. Those who are familiar with the early numbers of the Atlantic will recall Ann Potter's Lesson, Sally Parsons's Duty, Turkey Tracks, and others, as among the most genuine and life-like pictures of country life in this age of descriptive writing. Miss Terry shares with Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Trowbridge the honor of making the most natural and amusing sketches of the rustic Yankees, male and female. She published a volume of poems in 1861 which evince a delicate sense of the beautiful in nature, a tender and rather melancholy feeling, and a sweet and melodious style of versification. Both the poems and the stories convey an impression of a refined and lovely nature.

EXOGENESIS.

THE curving beach and shining bay
Stretch from the cliff-foot far away,
Where sailing dreams of ships go by
And trace their spars against the sky.
A belt of woodland dense and dark,
The distant beacon's flashing spark,
The moth-white sails that wing-and-wing
Up from the purple ocean spring; —
One and all, in the perfect hour,
Open to life its perfect flower;
Though the ardent rose is dim and dead,
Though the cool Spring-daisies all are fled,
The lily unfolds its tintless calm
And the golden anthers are spiced with balm.

Come, my soul, from thy silent cell!
Know the healing of Nature's spell.
The soft, wild waves, that rush and leap,
Sing one song from the hoary deep;
The south-wind knows its own refrain
As it speeds the cloud o'er heaven's blue main.
"Lose thyself, thyself to win:
Grow from without thee, not within."

Leave thy thought and care alone,
Let the dead for the dead make moan;
Gather from earth and air and sea
The pulseless peace they keep for thee,

Ring on ring of sight and sound
Shall hide thy heart in a calm profound, —
Where the works of men and the ways of earth
Shall never enter with tears or mirth,
And the love of kind shall kinder be
From nature than humanity.

DECEMBER XXXI.

THERE goes an old Gaffer over the hill,
Thieving, and old, and gray;
He walks the green world his wallet to fill,
And carries good spoil away.

Into his bag he popped a king;
After him went a friar,
Many a lady, with gay gold ring,
Many a knight and squire.

He carried my true love far away,
He stole the dog at my door;
The wicked old Gaffer, thieving and gray,
He'll never come by any more.

My little darling, white and fair,
Sat in the door and spun;
He caught her fast by her silken hair,
Before the child could run.

He stole the florins out of my purse,
The sunshine out of mine eyes;
He stole my roses, and, what is worse,
The gray old Gaffer told lies.

He promised fair when he came by,
And laughed as he slipped away,
For every promise turned out a lie;
But his tale is over to-day.

Good by, old Gaffer! you'll come no more;
You've done your worst for me.
The next gray robber will pass my door;
There's nothing to steal or see!

THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest-trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river-shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh;
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall:
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

John Townsend Trowbridge was born in the town of Ogden, in Western New York, September 18, 1827. His father had moved with his family there a short time before, crossing the Genesee River on the ice, in an ox-sled, near where the city of Rochester now stands. There was no bridge then, and only one house. The boy received a common school education, and studied at home also, applying himself to French first and Latin and German afterwards. When he was sixteen years old his father died, and he thenceforward worked on the farm and taught school winters until he was nineteen, when he went to New York alone, where he had neither friend nor acquaintance. He had intended to write for a livelihood, and soon became known to Major M. M. Noah, then an editor of a weekly paper, who gave him some encouragement. His earnings were small, and he had some severe but useful experiences: days of hard labor, a garret to sleep in, and often only a crust to eat. To add to his bitter disappointments, he had the pain of seeing some of his productions printed and praised in a certain magazine, while the remuneration for them that he had counted upon to save himself from hunger was as inaccessible as the pot of gold buried under the end of a rainbow. He was not the only poor author of twenty years ago who made the discovery that the editorial "den" of that magazine was a sort of a Cave of Cacus; no footsteps (of the paymaster) ever leading out of it. He found friends at last, where friends are oftenest found, among people of the humbler sort, and he breathed freer. He removed to Boston in 1848, and had further experience with editors of "literary" papers, of which his novel, Martin Merrivale, gives some comical hints. He had written some tales of his early life on the frontier, and he now found a publisher for them. Father Brighthopes, Burrcliff, and a few other stories appeared in rapid succession (1853) with the name of Paul Creyton as author. They were written for young people, but they were read by all classes. They were immediately popular, and the young author had the precious satisfaction of learning that his future was secure, because his works had a commercial value. His next work was Martin Merrivale (1854), a novel that possessed undoubted merit, and contained some most suggestive pictures. As a whole, it did not impress the public favorably. He visited Europe in 1855-6, and passed a year in France and Italy. Neighbor Jackwood, one of his most popular novels, was written while he was abroad. Next came The Old Battle-Ground in 1859; and Cudjoe's Cave, a novel founded on the adventures of an escaped slave, in 1863. Coupon Bonds is a story of rural New England life, with many realistic touches and comic situations. After the war was over he visited the Southern States, and wrote a work, entitled The South, a large volume of six hundred pages.

Mr. Trowbridge is equally well known by his poetical writings. He contributed a number of poems to the Atlantic Monthly years ago, which drew the attention of thoughtful readers. Later he put into verse several stories of Yankee character, of which he is one of the most original delineators, and he was quite as successful as he had formerly been in prose. His most popular poem, The Vagabonds, was originally published in the Atlantic in 1863, and has since appeared in book form, with illustrations by Darley. It is a dramatic sketch, clearly conceived, sharply drawn, full of deep feeling, and conveying a warning lesson.

Mr. Trowbridge resides at Arlington, Mass., and occupies his time in literary pursuits. He is the editor of the juvenile magazine, Our Young Folks. His works are published by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co.

[From Coupon Bonds.]

THE TROUBLES OF MR. AND MRS. DUCKLOW.

[Mr. and Mrs. Ducklow are nervously anxious about some bonds which they have secretly purchased with money that should have been given to their adopted son, Reuben, a soldier, with a young family, who has sacrificed his health and his pecuniary prospects in

the service of his country (1861–4). Going to visit him, on the morning after his return home, the careful couple leave their house in charge of Taddy, another adopted son, the bonds being concealed under the sitting-room carpet. Mrs. Ducklow remains at Reuben's, while Mr. Ducklow sets out to drive to the Railroad station for the sick soldier's trunk.]

MR. DUCKLOW had scarcely turned the corner of the street, when looking anxiously in the direction of his homestead, he saw a column of smoke. It was directly over the spot where he knew his house to be situated. He guessed at a glance what had happened. The frightful catastrophe he foreboded had befallen. Taddy had set the house afire.

"Them bonds! them bonds!" he exclaimed, distractedly. He did not think so much of the house: house and furniture were insured; if they were burned, the inconvenience would be great indeed, and at any other time the thought of such an event would have been a sufficient cause for trepidation, — but now his chief, his only anxiety was the bonds. They were not insured. They would be a dead loss. And what added sharpness to his pangs, they would be a loss which he must keep a secret, as he had kept their existence a secret — a loss which he could not confess, and of which he could not complain. Had he not just given his neighbors to understand that he held no such property? And his wife — was she not at that very moment, if not serving up a lie on the subject, at least paring the truth very thin indeed?

"A man would think," observed Ferring, "that Ducklow had some o' them bonds on his hands, and got scaret, he took such a sudden start. He has, hasn't he, Mrs. Ducklow?"

"Has what?" said Mrs. Ducklow, pretending ignorance.

"Some o' them cowpon bonds. I ruther guess he's got some."

"You mean Gov'ment bonds? Ducklow got some? 'Tain't at all likely he'd spec'late in them, without saying something to *me* about it! No, he couldn't have any without my knowing it, I'm sure!"

How demure, how innocent she looked, plying her knitting-needles, and stopping to take up a stitch! How little at that moment she knew of Ducklow's trouble, and its terrible cause!

Ducklow's first impulse was to drive on and endeavor at all hazards to snatch the bonds from the flames. His next was, to return and alarm his neighbors, and obtain their assistance. But a minute's delay might be fatal; so he drove on, screaming, "Fire! fire!" at the top of his voice.

But the old mare was a slow-footed animal; and Ducklow had no whip. He reached forward and struck her with the reins.

"Git up! git up! — Fire! fire!" screamed Ducklow. "O, them bonds! them bonds! Why didn't I give the money to Reuben? Fire! fire! fire!"

By dint of screaming and slapping, he urged her from a trot into a gallop, which was scarcely an improvement as to speed, and certainly not as to grace. It was like the gallop of an old cow. "Why don't ye go 'long!" he cried, despairingly.

Slap, slap! He knocked his own hat off with the loose ends of the reins. It fell under the wheels. He cast one look behind, to satisfy himself that it had been very thoroughly run over and crushed into the dirt, and left it to its fate.

Slap, slap! "Fire, fire!" Canter, canter, canter! Neighbors looked out of their windows, and, recognizing Ducklow's wagon and old mare in such an astonishing plight, and Ducklow himself, without his hat, rising from his seat, and reaching forward in wild attitudes, brandishing the reins, at the same time rending the azure with yells, thought he must be insane.

He drove to the top of the hill, and looking beyond, in expectation of seeing his house wrapped in flames, discovered that the smoke proceeded from a brush-heap which his neighbor Atkins was burning in a field near by.

The revulsion of feeling that ensued was almost too much for the excitable Ducklow. His strength went out of him. For a little while there seemed to be nothing left of him but tremor and cold sweat. Difficult as it had been to get the old mare in motion, it was now even more difficult to stop her.

"Why! what has got into Ducklow's old mare? She's running away with him! Who ever heard of such a thing!" And Atkins, watching the ludicrous spectacle from his field, became almost as weak from laughter as Ducklow was from the effects of fear.

At length Ducklow succeeded in checking the old mare's speed, and in turning her about. It was necessary to drive back for his hat. By this time he could hear a chorus of shouts, "Fire! fire! fire!" over the hill. He had aroused the neighbors as he passed, and now they were flocking to extinguish the flames.

"A false alarm! a false alarm!" said Ducklow, looking marvellously sheepish, as he met them. "Nothing but Atkins's brush-heap!"

"Seems to me you ought to have found that out 'fore you raised all creation with your yells!" said one hyperbolical fellow. "You looked like the Flying Dutchman! This your hat? I thought 'twas

a dead cat in the road. No fire, no fire!" — turning back to his comrades, — "only one of Ducklow's jokes."

Nevertheless, two or three boys there were who would not be convinced, but continued to leap up, swing their caps, and scream, "Fire!" against all remonstrance. Ducklow did not wait to enter into explanations, but, turning the old mare about again, drove home amid the laughter of the bystanders and the screams of the misguided youngsters. As he approached the house, he met Taddy rushing wildly up the street.

"Thaddeus! Thaddeus! Where ye goin', Thaddeus?"

"Goin' to the fire!" cried Taddy.

"There isn't any fire, boy!"

"Yes, there is! Didn't ye hear 'em? They've been yellin' like fury."

"It's nothin' but Atkins's brush."

"That all?" And Taddy appeared very much disappointed. "I thought there was goin' to be some fun. I wonder who was such a fool as to yell fire jest for a darned old brush-heap!"

Ducklow did not inform him.

"I've got to drive over to town and git Reuben's trunk. You stand by the mare while I step in and brush my hat."

Instead of applying himself at once to the restoration of his beaver, he hastened to the sitting-room, to see that the bonds were safe.

"Heavens and 'arth!" said Ducklow.

The chair, which had been carefully planted in the spot where they were concealed, had been removed. Three or four tacks had been taken out, and the carpet pushed from the wall. There was straw scattered about. Evidently Taddy had been interrupted, in the midst of his ransacking, by the alarm of fire. Indeed, he was even now creeping into the house to see what notice Ducklow would take of these evidences of his mischief.

In great trepidation the farmer thrust in his hand here and there, and groped, until he found the envelope precisely where it had been placed the night before, with the tape tied around it, which his wife had put on to prevent its contents from slipping out and losing themselves. Great was the joy of Ducklow. Great also was the wrath of him, when he turned and discovered Taddy.

"Didn't I tell you to stand by the old mare?"

"She won't stir," said Taddy, shrinking away again.

"Come here!" and Ducklow grasped him by the collar. "What have you been doin'? Look at that!"

"'Twan't me!" beginning to whimper, and ram his fists into his eyes.

"Don't tell me't wan't you!" Ducklow shook him till his teeth chattered. "What was you pullin' up the carpet for?"

"Lost a marble!" snivelled Taddy.

"Lost a marble! Ye didn't lose it under the carpet — did ye? Look at all that straw pulled out!" shaking him again.

"Didn't know but it might 'a' got under the carpet, marbles roll so," explained Taddy, as soon as he could get his breath.

"Wal, sir!" Ducklow administered a resounding box on his ear. "Don't you do such a thing again, if you lose a million marbles!"

"Hain't got a million!" Taddy wept, rubbing his cheek. "Hain't got but four! Won't ye buy me some to-day?"

"Go to that mare, and don't you leave her again till I come, or I'll *marble* ye in a way you won't like!"

Understanding, by this somewhat equivocal form of expression, that flagellation was threatened, Taddy obeyed, still feeling his smarting and burning ear.

Ducklow was in trouble. What should he do with the bonds? The floor was no place for them, after what had happened; and he remembered too well the experience of yesterday to think for a moment of carrying them about his person. With unreasonable impatience, his mind reverted to Mrs. Ducklow.

"Why ain't she to home? These women are forever a-gaddin'! I wish Reuben's trunk was in Jericho!"

Thinking of the trunk reminded him of one in the garret, filled with old papers of all sorts, — newspapers, letters, bills of sale, children's writing-books, — accumulations of the past quarter of a century. Neither fire, nor burglar, nor ransacking youngster had ever molested those ancient records during all those five and twenty years. A bright thought struck him.

"I'll slip the bonds down into that wuthless heap o' rubbish, where no one 'ud ever think o' lookin' for 'em, and resk 'em."

Having assured himself that Taddy was standing by the wagon, he paid a hasty visit to the trunk in the garret, and concealed the envelope, still bound in its band of tape, among the papers. He then drove away, giving Taddy a final charge to beware of setting anything afire.

He had driven about half a mile when he met a peddler. There was nothing unusual or alarming in such a circumstance, surely; but as Ducklow kept on, it troubled him.

"He'll stop to the house now, most likely, and want to trade. Findin' nobody but Taddy, there's no knowin' what he'll be tempted to do. But I ain't a-goin' to worry. I'll defy anybody to find them bonds. Besides, she may be home by this time. I guess she'll hear of the fire-alarm, and hurry home: it'll be jest like her. She'll be there, and — trade with the peddler?" thought Ducklow, uneasily. Then a frightful fancy possessed him. "She has threatened two or three times to sell that old trunkful of papers. He'll offer a big price for 'em, and ten to one she'll let him have 'em. Why *didn't* I think on't? What a stupid blunderbuss I be!"

As Ducklow thought of it, he felt almost certain that Mrs. Ducklow had returned home, and that she was bargaining with the peddler at that moment. He fancied her smilingly receiving bright tinware for the old papers; and he could see the tape-tied envelope going into the bag with the rest! The result was, that he turned about and whipped the old mare home again in terrific haste, to catch the departing peddler.

Arriving, he found the house as he had left it, and Taddy occupied in making a kite-frame.

"Did that peddler stop here?"

"I hain't seen no peddler."

"And hain't yer Ma Ducklow been home, neither?"

"No."

And with a guilty look, Taddy put the kite-frame behind him.

Ducklow considered. The peddler had turned up a cross-street: he would probably turn down again and stop at the house, after all: Mrs. Ducklow might by that time be at home: then the sale of old papers would be very likely to take place. Ducklow thought of leaving word that he did not wish any old papers in the house to be sold, but feared lest the request might excite Taddy's suspicions.

"I don't see no way but for me to take the bonds with me," thought he, with an inward groan.

He accordingly went to the garret, took the envelope out of the trunk, and placed it in the breast-pocket of his overcoat, to which he pinned it, to prevent it by any chance from getting out. He used six large, strong pins for the purpose, and was afterwards sorry he did not use seven.

"There's suthin' losin' out of yer pocket!" bawled Taddy, as he was once more mounting the wagon.

Quick as lightning, Ducklow clapped his hand to his breast. In doing so he loosed his hold of the wagon-box and fell, raking his shin badly on the wheel.

"Yer side-pocket! It's one o' yer mittens!" said Taddy.

"You rascal! how you scared me!"

Seating himself in the wagon, Ducklow gently pulled up his trousers-leg to look at the bruised part.

"Got anything in yer boot-leg to-day, Pa Ducklow?" asked Taddy, innocently.

"Yes, a barked shin!—all on your account, too! Go and put that straw back, and fix the carpet; and don't ye let me hear ye speak of my boot-leg again, or I'll *boot-leg* ye!"

So saying, Ducklow departed.

Instead of repairing the mischief he had done in the sitting-room, Taddy devoted his time and talents to the more interesting occupation of constructing his kite-frame. He worked at that, until Mr. Grantley, the minister, driving by, stopped to inquire how the folks were.

"Ain't to home: may I ride?" cried Taddy, all in a breath.

Mr. Grantley was an indulgent old gentleman, fond of children; so he said, "Jump in;" and in a minute Taddy had scrambled to a seat by his side.

And now occurred a circumstance which Ducklow had foreseen. The alarm of fire had reached Reuben's; and although the report of its falseness followed immediately, Mrs. Ducklow's inflammable fancy was so kindled by it that she could find no comfort in prolonging her visit.

"Mr. Ducklow'll be going for the trunk, and I *must* go home and see to things, Taddy's *such* a fellow for mischief! I can foot it; I shan't mind it."

And off she started, walking herself out of breath in her anxiety.

She reached the brow of the hill just in time to see a chaise drive away from her own door.

"Who *can* that be? I wonder if Taddy's there to guard the house! If anything should happen to them bonds!"

Out of breath as she was, she quickened her pace, and trudged on, flushed, perspiring, panting, until she reached the house.

"Thaddeus!" she called.

No Taddy answered. She went in. The house was deserted. And lo! the carpet torn up, and the bonds abstracted!

Mr. Ducklow never would have made such work, removing the bonds. Then somebody else must have taken them, she reasoned.

"The man in the chaise!" she exclaimed, or rather made an effort to exclaim. succeeding only in bringing forth a hoarse, gasping sound. Fear dried up articulation. *Vox faucibus hæsit.*

And Taddy? He had disappeared; been murdered, perhaps — or gagged and carried away by the man in the chaise.

Mrs. Ducklow flew hither and thither (to use a favorite phrase of her own), "like a hen with her head cut off;" then rushed out of the house, and up the street, screaming after the chaise, —

"Murder! murder! Stop thief! stop thief!"

She waved her hands aloft in the air frantically. If she had trudged before, now she trotted, now she cantered; but if the cantering of the old mare was fitly likened to that of a cow, to what thing, to what manner of motion under the sun, shall we liken the cantering of Mrs. Ducklow? It was original; it was unique; it was prodigious. Now, with her frantically waving hands, and all her undulating and flapping skirts, she seemed a species of huge, unwieldy bird attempting to fly. Then she sank down into a heavy, dragging walk, — breath and strength all gone, — no voice left even to scream murder. Then the awful realization of the loss of the bonds once more rushing over her, she started up again. "Half running, half flying, what progress she made!" Then Atkins's dog saw her, and, naturally mistaking her for a prodigy, came out at her, bristling up and bounding and barking terrifically.

"Come here!" cried Atkins, following the dog. "What's the matter? What's to pay, Mrs. Ducklow?"

Attempting to speak, the good woman could only pant and wheeze.

"Robbed!" she at last managed to whisper, amid the yelpings of the cur that refused to be silenced.

"Robbed? How? Who?"

"The chaise. Ketch it."

Her gestures expressed more than her words; and Atkins's horse and wagon, with which he had been drawing out brush, being in the yard near by, he ran to them, leaped to the seat, drove into the road, took Mrs. Ducklow aboard, and set out in vigorous pursuit of the slow two-wheeled vehicle.

"Stop, you, sir! Stop, you, sir!" shrieked Mrs. Ducklow, having recovered her breath by the time they came up with the chaise.

It stopped, and Mr. Grantley, the minister, put out his good-natured, surprised face.

"You've robbed my house! You've took —"

Mrs. Ducklow was going on in wild, accusatory accents, when she recognized the benign countenance.

"What do you say? I have robbed you?" he exclaimed, very much astonished.

"No, no! not you! You wouldn't do such a thing!" she stammered forth, while Atkins, who had laughed himself weak at Mr. Ducklow's plight earlier in the morning, now laughed himself into a side-ache at Mrs. Ducklow's ludicrous mistake. "But did you — did you stop at my house? Have you seen our Thaddeus?"

"Here I be, Ma Ducklow!" piped a small voice; and Taddy, who had till then remained hidden, fearing punishment, peeped out of the chaise from behind the broad back of the minister.

"Taddy! Taddy! how came the carpet — "

"I pulled it up, huntin' for a marble," said Taddy, as she paused, overmastered by her emotions.

"And the — the thing tied up in a brown wrapper?"

"Pa Ducklow took it."

"Ye sure?"

"Yes; I seen him!"

"O, dear!" said Mrs. Ducklow, "I never was so beat! Mr Grantley, I hope — excuse me — I didn't know what I was about! Taddy, you notty boy, what did you leave the house for? Be ye quite sure yer Pa Ducklow — "

Taddy repeated that he was quite sure, as he climbed from the chaise into Atkins's wagon. The minister smilingly remarked that he hoped she would find no robbery had been committed, and went his way. Atkins, driving back, and setting her and Teddy down at the Ducklow gate, answered her embarrassed "Much obleeged to ye," with a sincere "Not at all," considering the fun he had had a sufficient compensation for his trouble. And thus ended the morning's adventures, with the exception of an unimportant episode, in which Taddy, Mrs. Ducklow, and Mrs. Ducklow's rattan were the principal actors.

[From The Atlantic Monthly, March, 1858.]

BEAUTY.

FOND lover of the Ideal Fair,
My soul, eluded everywhere,
Is lapsed into a sweet despair.

Perpetual pilgrim, seeking ever,
Baffled, enamoured, finding never;
Each morn the cheerful chase renewing,
Misled, bewildered, still pursuing;
Not all my lavished years have bought
One steadfast smile from her I sought,

But sidelong glances, glimpsing light,
A something far too fine for sight,
Veiled voices, far-off thridding strains,
And precious agonies and pains:
Not love, but only love's dear wound
And exquisite unrest I found.

At early morn I saw her pass
The lone lake's blurred and quivering glass;
Her trailing veil of amber mist
The unbending beaded clover kissed;
And straight I hasted to waylay
Her coming by the willowy way; —
But, swift companion of the Dawn,
She left her footprints on the lawn,
And, in arriving, she was gone.
Alert I ranged the winding shore;
Her luminous presence flashed before;
The wild-rose and the daisies wet
From her light touch were trembling yet;
Faint smiled the conscious violet;
Each bush and brier and rock betrayed
Some tender sign her parting made;
And when far on her flight I tracked
To where the thunderous cataract
O'er walls of foamy ledges broke,
She vanished in the vapory smoke.

To-night I pace this pallid floor,
The sparkling waves curl up the shore,
The August moon is flushed and full;
The soft, low winds, the liquid lull,
The whited, silent, misty realm,
The wan-blue heaven, each ghostly elm,
All these, her ministers, conspire
To fill my bosom with the fire
And sweet delirium of desire.
Enchantress! leave thy sheeny height,
Descend, be all mine own this night,
Transfuse, enfold, entrance me quite!
Or break thy spell, my heart restore,
And disenchant me evermore!

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Charles Dudley Warner was born in Plainfield, Mass., September 12, 1829. He attended a seminary in Cazenovia, N. Y., and was afterwards graduated at Hamilton College in 1851. He spent a couple of years on the western frontier with a surveying party; afterwards studied law and was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia. He practised his profession for a time at Chicago, and in 1860 removed to Hartford, Conn., where he has since resided. He became connected with the Evening Press, as an assistant editor, and afterwards with the Courant. He was a contributor to Putnam's Monthly and the Knickerbocker Magazine, and in 1870 wrote a series of sketches for the Hartford Courant, entitled My Summer in a Garden, since collected in a volume. He has written another series of sketches, or essays rather, for Scribner's Monthly, entitled Back Log Studies. A volume of his notes of travel (made in 1863) was published in 1872, with the title of Saunterings.

Mr. Warner is a humorist of an original character. He is a trifle too fond of puns, of verbal quibbles rather, — for a pun that strikes out a spark of wit in the clash of double meanings we hold to be praiseworthy, in spite of Dr. Johnson and Bulwer Lytton, — and he gives prominence to political and personal allusions which will soon require notes for their elucidation, when some of the persons in office are forgotten. But the fun of his views of nature is genuine; the garden experiences bear re-reading, which is the proof of their quality. In the case of many books of comic intention a single glance takes in the proffered jokes; the wit is exhaled, and the pages are thenceforth as stale as exploitred conundrums. The works of the true humorist renew their freshness, and, like our author's garden, though often traversed, are dewy and fragrant with each new day.

The Back-Log Studies promise to be equally charming; they have a deeper vein of thought, and the touches of sentiment that give to humor its natural relief.

MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN.

THE love of dirt is among the earliest of passions, as it is the latest. Mud pies gratify one of our first and best instincts. So long as we are dirty we are pure. Fondness for the ground comes back to a man after he has run the round of pleasure and business, eaten dirt, and sown wild oats, drifted about the world, and taken the wind of all its moods. The love of digging in the ground (or of looking on while he pays another to dig) is as sure to come back to him as he is sure, at last, to go under the ground, and stay there. To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds, and watch their renewal of life, — this is the commonest delight of the race, the most satisfactory thing a man can do.

Let us celebrate the soil. Most men toil that they may own a piece of it; they measure their success in life by their ability to buy it. It is alike the passion of the *parvenu* and the pride of the aristocrat. Broad acres are a patent of nobility; and no man but feels more of a man in the world if he have a bit of ground that he can call his own. However small it is on the surface, it is four thousand miles deep; and that is a very handsome property. And there is a

great pleasure in working in the soil, apart from the ownership of it. The man who has planted a garden feels that he has done something for the good of the world. He belongs to the producers. It is a pleasure to eat of the fruit of one's toil, if it be nothing more than a head of lettuce or an ear of corn. One cultivates a lawn even with great satisfaction, for there is nothing more beautiful than grass and turf in our latitude. The tropics may have their delights, but they have not turf; and the world without turf is a dreary desert. The original garden of Eden could not have had such turf as one sees in England. The Teutonic races all love turf: they emigrate in the line of its growth.

To dig in the mellow soil — to dig moderately, for all pleasure should be taken sparingly — is a great thing. One gets strength out of the ground as often as one really touches it with a hoe. Antæus (this is a classical article) was no doubt an agriculturist; and such a prize-fighter as Hercules could not do anything with him till he got him to lay down his spade, and quit the soil. It is not simply beets, and potatoes, and corn, and string-beans that one raises in his well-hoed garden: it is the average of human life. There is life in the ground; it goes into the seeds; and it also, when it is stirred up, goes into the man who stirs it. The hot sun on his back as he bends to his shovel and hoe, or contemplatively rakes the warm and fragrant loam, is better than much medicine. The buds are coming out on the bushes round about; the blossoms of the fruit-trees begin to show; the blood is running up the grape-vines in streams; you can smell the wild flowers on the near bank; and the birds are flying, and glancing, and singing everywhere. To the open kitchen door comes the busy housewife to shake a white something, and stands a moment to look, quite transfixed by the delightful sights and sounds. Hoeing in the garden on a bright, soft May day, when you are not obliged to, is nearly equal to the delight of going trouting.

Blessed be agriculture! if one does not have too much of it. All literature is fragrant with it, in a gentlemanly way. At the foot of the charming olive-covered hills of Tivoli, Horace (not he of Chappaqua) had a sunny farm: it was in sight of Hadrian's villa, who did landscape gardening on an extensive scale, and probably did not get half as much comfort out of it as Horace did from his more simply tilled acres. We trust that Horace did a little hoeing and farming himself, and that his verse is not all fraudulent sentiment. In order to enjoy agriculture, you do not want too much of it, and you

want to be poor enough to have a little inducement to work moderately yourself. Hoe while it is spring, and enjoy the best anticipations. It is not much matter if things do not turn out well.

. . . . . .

This matter of vegetable rank has not been at all studied as it should be. Why do we respect some vegetables, and despise others, when all of them come to an equal honor or ignominy on the table? The bean is a graceful, confiding, engaging vine; but you never can put beans into poetry, nor into the highest sort of prose. There is no dignity in the bean. Corn, which in my garden grows alongside the bean, and, so far as I can see, with no affectation of superiority, is, however, the child of song. It waves in all literature. But mix it with beans, and its high tone is gone. Succotash is vulgar. It is the bean in it. The bean is a vulgar vegetable, without culture, or any flavor of high society among vegetables. Then there is the cool cucumber, like so many people — good for nothing when it is ripe, and the wildness has gone out of it. How inferior in quality it is to the melon, which grows upon a similar vine, is of a like watery consistency, but is not half so valuable! The cucumber is a sort of low comedian in a company where the melon is a minor gentleman. I might also contrast the celery with the potato. The associations are as opposite as the dining-room of the duchess and the cabin of the peasant. I admire the potato, both in vine and blossom; but it is not aristocratic.

The lettuce is to me a most interesting study. Lettuce is like conversation: it must be fresh and crisp, so sparkling that you scarcely notice the bitter in it. Lettuce, like most talkers, is, however, apt to run rapidly to seed. Blessed is that sort which comes to a head, and so remains, like a few people I know; growing more solid, and satisfactory, and tender at the same time, and whiter at the centre, and crisp in their maturity. Lettuce, like conversation, requires a good deal of oil, to avoid friction, and keep the company smooth: a pinch of Attic salt, a dash of pepper, a quantity of mustard and vinegar, by all means, but so mixed that you will notice no sharp contrasts, and a trifle of sugar.* You can put anything, and the more things the better, into salad, as into a conversation, but everything depends upon the skill of mixing. I feel that I am in the best society when I am with lettuce. It is in the select circle of vegetables. The tomato appears well on the table; but you do not want to ask its origin. It is a most agreeable *parvenu*. Of course

* Against the heresy of sugar I protest. — EDITOR.

I have said nothing about the berries. They live in another and more ideal region ; except, perhaps, the currant. Here we see that, even among berries, there are degrees of breeding. The currant is well enough, clear as truth, and exquisite in color ; but I ask you to notice how far it is from the exclusive *hauteur* of the aristocratic strawberry, and the native refinement of the quietly elegant raspberry.

HELEN (FISKE) HUNT.

Helen (Fiske) Hunt, daughter of the late Professor Nathan W. Fiske, of Amherst College, was born in Amherst, Mass., in 1831. She was married to Major Edward B. Hunt, U. S. A., an eminent officer of engineers, and assistant professor at West Point, who was killed in 1863 by a premature explosion while experimenting with a submarine battery of his own invention. Mrs. Hunt resides at Newport, R. I. She has published a volume of poems, called Verses by H. H. (1871), and a collection of foreign sketches, entitled Bits of Travel (1872). The prose sketches are singularly fresh, suggestive, and charming. They appear to consist of the brilliant passages of the author's note-book, with the details of the itinerary omitted. The poems are deserving of a careful analysis. They have a marked individuality, saving only the occasional resemblances to Emerson, which hardly any thoughtful poet of our time can avoid. The topics chosen and the mode of treatment show an original and powerful mind. The marvellous subtilty of thought challenges the reader's undivided attention in his best moments, while the analogies between the outer and inner world touch his soul with perpetual surprises. Some of the poems are too weighty with meaning to admit of free and melodious movement. Excepting Mrs. Browning, it is doubtful whether any woman, at least in our day, has written poetry so informed with spiritual truth, so free from all extraneous elements, so glowing with the highest beauty.

[From Bits of Travel.]

A MAY-DAY IN ALBANO.

We went Maying on donkeys, and we found more flowers than could have been picked in a month. What a May-day for people who had all their lives before gone Maying in india-rubbers, and an east wind, on the Atlantic coast of America ; had been glad and grateful over a few saxifrages and houstonias, and knelt in ecstasy if they found a shivering clump of dog-tooth violets !

Our donkey man looked so like a New Englander that I have an uncomfortable curiosity about him : slim, thin, red-haired, freckled, blue-eyed, hollow-chested, I believe he had run away in his youth from Barnstable, and drifted to the shores of the Alban Lake. I watched him in vain to discover any signs of his understanding our conversation, but I am sure I heard him say "gee" to the donkeys.

The donkey boy, too, had New England eyes, honest dark blue

gray, with perpetual laugh in them. It was for his eyes I took him along, he being as superfluous as a fifth leg to the donkey. But when he danced up and down with bare feet on the stones in front of the hotel door, and twisted and untwisted his dirty little fingers in agony of fear lest I should say no, all the while looking up into my face with a hopeful, imploring smile, so like one I shall never see again, I loved him, and engaged him then and there always to walk by my donkey's nose so long as I rode donkeys in Albano. I had no sooner done this than, presto, my boy disappeared, and all I could see in his stead was a sort of human pin-wheel, with ten dangerous toes for spokes, flying round and round by my side. What a pleased Italian boy, aged eleven, can do in the way of revolving somersets passes belief, even while you are looking at it. But in a moment he came down right end up, and, with the air of a mature protector, took my donkey by the rope, and off we went.

I never find myself forming part of a donkey, with a donkey man in rear, without being reminded of all the pictures I have seen of the "Flight into Egypt," and being impressed anew with a sense of the terrible time that Holy Family must have had trying to make haste on such kind of animal: of all beasts, to escape from a hostile monarch on! And one never pities Joseph any more for having to go on foot; except for the name of the thing, walking must always be easier. . . .

On the left hand you look down into the mystic lake, which is always dark and troubled, no matter how blue the sky; never did I see a smile or a placid look of rest on the Alban Lake. Doubtless it is still linked with fates and oracles we do not know. On the right hand the hill stretches up, sometimes sharply in cliffs, sometimes in gentle slopes with moist hollows full of ivies and ferns; everywhere are flowers in clusters, beds, thickets. It seemed paltry to think of putting a few into a basket, hopeless to try to call the roll of their names. . . .

The holly was in blossom, and the white-thorn, and huge bushes of yellow-broom swung out across our path at every turn; we thought they must light it up at night. Here and there were communities of crimson cyclamens, that most bewildering of all Italy's flowers; "mad violets" the Italians call them, and there is a pertinence in that name. They hang their heads and look down as if no violet could be more shy, but all the while their petals turn back like the ears of a vicious horse, and their whole expression is of the most fascinating mixture of modesty and mischief. Always with the cyc-

lamens we found the forget-me-nots, nodding above the fringing canopies of blue; also the little flower that the Italians call forget-me-not, which is the tiniest of things, shaped like our forget-me-not, but of a pale purple color. Dandelions there were too, and buttercups, warming our hearts to see; we would not admit that they were any more golden than under the colder sun where we had first picked them. . . .

Now I come with shamefacedness to speak of the flowers whose names I did not know. What brutish people we are, even those of us who think we love Nature well, to live our lives out so ignorant of her good old families! We are quite sure to know the names and generations of hundreds of insignificant men and women, merely because they go to our church, or live in our street; and we should feel ourselves much humiliated if we were not on what is called "speaking terms" with the best people wherever we go. But we are not ashamed to spend summer after summer face to face with flowers, and trees, and stones, and never so much as know them by name. I wonder they treat us so well as they do, provide us with food and beauty so often, poison us so seldom. It must be only out of the pity they feel, being diviner than we. . . .

As we came out of the woods upon the craggy precipices near the convent, we found the rocks covered with purple and pink thyme. The smell of it, crushed under the donkey's hoofs, was delicious. Somebody was homesick enough to say that it was like going across a New England kitchen the day before Thanksgiving, and spilling the sweet marjoram. . . .

As we came down the mountain the sunset lights kindled the whole Campagna into a flaming sea. The Mediterranean beyond seemed, by some strange optical effect, to be turned up around the horizon like a golden rim holding the misty sea. The lake looked darker and darker at every step of our descent. Mount Soracte stood clear cut against the northern sky, and between us and it went up the smoke of that enchantress, Rome, the great dome of St. Peter's looming and fading and looming and fading again through the yellow mist like a gigantic bubble, as the power of the faith it represents has loomed, and faded, and loomed, through all the ages.

THOUGHT.

O MESSENGER, art thou the king, or I?
Thou dalliest outside the palace gate
Till on thine idle armor lie the late
And heavy dews: the morn's bright, scornful eye
Reminds thee; then, in subtle mockery,
Thou smilest at the window where I wait,
Who bade thee ride for life. In empty state
My days go on, while false hours prophesy
Thy quick return; at last, in sad despair,
I cease to bid thee, leave thee free as air;
When lo! thou stand'st before me glad and fleet,
And lay'st undreamed-of treasures at my feet.
Ah! messenger, thy royal blood to buy
I am too poor. Thou art the king, not I.

"DOWN TO SLEEP."

NOVEMBER woods are bare and still;
  November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
  The morning's snow is gone by night;
  Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
  Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts, and shapes, and spreads;
  I never knew before how much
  Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
  Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
  Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
  I hear their chorus of "good night;"
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still;
  November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
  Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
  Some warm, soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

DISTANCE.

O SUBTILE secret of the air,
Making the things that are not, fair
Beyond the things that we can reach
And name with names of clumsy speech;
By shadow-worlds of purple haze
The sunniest of sunny days
Outweighing in our hearts' delight;
Opening the eyes of blinded sight;
Holding an echo in such hold,
Bidding a hope such wings unfold,
That present sounds and sights between
Can come and go, unheard, unseen, —
O subtile secret of the air,
Heaven itself is heavenly fair
By help of thee! The saints' good days
Are good, because the good Lord lays
No bound of shore along the sea
Of beautiful Eternity.

APRIL.

Robins call robins in tops of trees ;
Doves follow doves, with scarlet feet ;
Frolicking babies, sweeter than these,
Crowd green corners where highways meet.

Violets stir and arbutus wakes,
Claytonia's rosy bells unfold ;
Dandelion through the meadow makes
A royal road, with seals of gold.

Golden, and snowy, and red the flowers,
Golden, and snowy, and red in vain ;
Robins call robins through sad showers ;
The white dove's feet are wet with rain.

For April sobs while these are so glad,
April weeps while these are so gay, —
Weeps like a tired child who had,
Playing with flowers, lost its way.

THE WAY TO SING.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they ;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.
No messenger to run before,
Devising plan ;
No mention of the place or hour
To any man ;
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear ;
No different voice, no new delays,
If steps draw near.

"What bird is that? Its song is good."
And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood,
In glad surprise ;
Then late at night, when by his fire
The traveller sits,
Watching the flame grow brighter, higher,
The sweet song flits
By snatches through his weary brain
To help him rest ;
When next he goes that road again,
An empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh,
"Ah me ! last spring
Just here I heard, in passing by,
That rare bird sing ! "

But while he sighs, remembering
How sweet the song,
The little bird, on tireless wing,
Is borne along
In other air, and other men
With weary feet,
On other roads, the simple strain
Are finding sweet.
The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they ;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

Elizabeth Akers Allen was born in the town of Strong, Franklin County, Me., October 9, 1832. She was married in 1860 to Paul Akers, the sculptor, who died within less than a year afterwards. She is now the wife of Mr. E. M. Allen, of New York. Her first efforts in verse were published with the *nom de plume* of Florence Percy, and had a wide popularity through the newspapers. A volume of her poems was published in 1867, by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. They have undoubted merits, being full of tender feeling, without any tinge of morbidness, and touched here and there with high lights of vivid imagery and picturesque epithets. Notice this picture of chestnut blossoms: —

"Lanterned with white the chestnut branches wave."

And the plaintive song of the wild bird: —

"Filling with his sweet trouble all the air."

Observe the effect of the church windows: —

"Where through the windows melts the unwilling light,
And in its passage learns their gorgeous stain,
Then bars the gloom with hues all rainbow bright,
As human souls grow beautiful through pain."

See this glimpse of the camp: —

"The darkened hills
Mushroomed with tents."

If, besides the specimens printed here, our readers would see instances of the author's power, especially in pathetic description, let them turn to her volume, and read The Sparrow at Sea, and Left Behind.

AMONG THE LAURELS.

THE sunset's gorgeous dyes
Paled slowly from the skies,
And the clear heaven was waiting for the stars,
As side by side we strayed
Along a sylvan glade,
And found our pathway crossed by rustic bars.

Beyond the barrier lay
A green and tempting way,
Arched with fair laurel trees, a-bloom and tall,
Their cups of tender snow
Edged with a rosy glow,
And warm, sweet shadows trembling over all.

The chestnuts sung and sighed,
The solemn oaks replied,

And distant pine trees crooned in cradling tones ;
While music low and clear
Gushed from the darkness near,
Where a shy brook went tinkling over stones.

Soft mosses, damp and sweet,
Allured our waiting feet,
And brambles veiled their thorns with treacherous bloom ;
While tiny flecks of flowers,
Which owned no name of ours,
Added their mite of beauty and perfume.

And hark ! a hidden bird,
To sudden utterance stirred,
As by a wondrous love too great to bear
With voiceless silence long,
Burst into passionate song,
Filling with his sweet trouble all the air.

Then one, whose eager soul
Could brook no small control,
Said, "Let us thread this pleasant path, dear friend:
If thus the way can be
So beautiful to see,
How much more beautiful must be the end !

"Follow ! this solitude
May shrine the haunted wood,
Storied so sweetly in romance and rhyme, —
Secure from human ill,
And rarely peopled still
By Fauns and Dryads of the olden time.

"A spot of hallowed ground
By mortal yet unfound,
Sacred to nymph and sylvan deity, —
Where foiled Apollo glides,
And bashful Daphne hides
Safe in the shelter of her laurel tree !"

"Forbear!" the other cried, —
"O, leave the way untried!
Those joys are sweetest which we only guess;
And the impatient soul,
That seeks to grasp the whole,
Defeats itself by its own eagerness.

"Let us not rudely shake
The dew-drop from the brake
Fringing the borders of this haunted dell;
All the delights which are —
The present and the far —
Lose half their charm by being known too well!

"And he mistakes who tries
To search all mysteries, —
Who leaves no cup undrained, no path untracked;
Who seeks to know too much
Brushes with ruthless touch
The bloom of Fancy from the brier of Fact.

"Keep one fair myth aloof
From hard and actual proof, —
Preserve some dear delusions as they seem;
Since the reality,
How bright soe'er it be,
Shows dull and tame beside our marvellous dream.

"Leave this white page unscored,
This rare realm unexplored,
And let dear Fancy roam there as she will:
Whatever page we turn,
However much we learn,
Let there be something left to dream of still!"

Wherefore, for aught we know,
The golden apples grow
In the green vale to which that pathway leads;
The spirits of the wood
Still haunt its solitude,
And Pan sits piping there among the reeds!

IN THE DEFENCES.

ALONG the ramparts which surround the town
I walk with evening, marking all the while
How night and autumn, closing softly down,
Leave on the land a blessing and a smile.

In the broad streets the sounds of tumult cease,
The gorgeous sunset reddens roof and spire,
The city sinks to quietude and peace,
Sleeping, like Saturn, in a ring of fire;

Circled with forts whose grim and threatening walls
Frown black with cannon, whose abated breath
Waits the command to send the fatal balls
Upon their errands of dismay and death.

And see, directing, guiding, silently
Flash from afar the mystic signal lights,
As gleamed the fiery pillar in the sky
Leading by night the wandering Israelites.

The earthworks, draped with summer weeds and vines,
The rifle-pits, half hid with tangled brier,
But wait their time; for see, along the lines
Rise the faint smokes of lonesome picket-fires,

Where sturdy sentinels on silent beat
Cheat the long hours of wakeful loneliness
With thoughts of home, and faces dear and sweet,
And, on the edge of danger, dream of bliss.

Yet at a word, how wild and fierce a change
Would rend and startle all the earth and skies
With blinding glare, and noises dread and strange,
And shrieks, and shouts, and deathly agonies!

But now how tranquilly the golden gloom
Creeps up the gorgeous forest slopes, and flows

Down valleys blue with fringy aster-bloom, —
An atmosphere of safety and repose.

Against the sunset lie the darkening hills
Mushroomed with tents, the sudden growth of war;
The frosty autumn air, that blights and chills,
Yet brings its own full recompense therefor.

Rich colors light the leafy solitudes,
And far and near the gazer's eyes behold
The oak's deep scarlet, warming all the woods,
And spendthrift maples scattering their gold.

The pale beech shivers with prophetic woe,
The towering chestnut ranks stand blanched and thinned,
Yet still the fearless sumac dares the foe,
And waves its bloody guidons in the wind.

Where mellow haze the hill's sharp outline dims,
Bare elms, like sentinels, watch silently,
The delicate tracery of their slender limbs
Pencilled in purple on the saffron sky.

The failing grasshopper chirps faint and shrill,
The cricket calls, in mossy covert hid,
Cheery and loud, as stoutly answering still
The soft persistence of the katydid.

The hum of voices, and the careless laugh
Of cheerful talkers, fall upon the ear;
The flag flaps listlessly adown its staff;
And still the katydid pipes loud and near.

And now from far the bugle's mellow throat
Pours out, in rippling flow, its silver tide;
And up the listening hills the echoes float
Faint and more faint, and sweetly multiplied.

Peace reigns; not now a soft-eyed nymph that sleeps
Unvexed by dreams of strife or conqueror,

But Power, that, open-eyed and watchful, keeps
Unwearied vigil on the brink of war.

Night falls; in silence sleep the patriot bands;
The tireless cricket yet repeats its tune,
And the still figure of the sentry stands
In black relief against the low, full moon.

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

John James Piatt was born at Milton, Ind., March 1, 1835. He was educated at the High School in Columbus, O., and at Kenyon College. He contributed verses in 1858 to the Louisville Journal, and in 1859 to the Atlantic Monthly. In conjunction with Mr. W. D. Howells, he published, in 1860, Poems of Two Friends. In 1863 appeared Nests at Washington, a volume of poems written partly by himself and partly by his wife, Mrs. Sarah M. B. Piatt. In 1868 he published Western Windows and Other Poems; in 1871 Landmarks and Other Poems.

Mr. Piatt writes with force and becoming dignity. He shows a poet's appreciation and feeling in his subjects and illustrations, but his thoughts struggle sometimes with the restraints of rhythm. We feel sure that his vision is clear even when he has not attained to a full and fitting expression. He has drawn his inspiration from the scenes with which he has been familiar; he has not been an imitator in construction, nor has he decked his verses with pictorial words used at second hand. His poems are totally unlike the products of the Atlantic coast; they have a racy flavor of their own, and are a positive addition to our national literature.

[From Western Windows.]

THE MORNING STREET.

Alone I walk the morning street,
Filled with the silence vague and sweet:
All seems as strange, as still, as dead
As if unnumbered years had fled,
Letting the noisy Babel lie
Breathless and dumb against the sky;
The light wind walks with me alone
Where the hot day flame-like was blown,
Where the wheels roared, the dust was beat;
The dew is in the morning street.

Where are the restless throngs that pour
Along this mighty corridor
While the noon shines? — the hurrying crowd
Whose footsteps make the city loud —
The myriad faces — hearts that beat
No more in the deserted street?

Those footsteps in their dreaming maze
Cross thresholds of forgotten days ;
Those faces brighten from the years
In rising suns long set in tears ;
Those hearts — far in the Past they beat,
Unheard within the morning street.

A city of the world's gray prime,
Lost in some desert far from Time,
Where noiseless ages, gliding through,
Have only sifted sand and dew —
Yet a mysterious hand of man
Lying on all the haunted plan,
The passions of the human heart
Quickening the marble breast of Art —
Were not more strange to one who first
Upon its ghostly silence burst
Than this vast quiet where the tide
Of life, upheaved on either side,
Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat
With human waves the morning street.

Ay, soon the glowing morning flood
Breaks through the charméd solitude :
This silent stone, to music won,
Shall murmur to the rising sun ;
The busy place, in dust and heat,
Shall rush with wheels and swarm with feet ;
The Arachne-threads of Purpose stream
Unseen within the morning gleam ;
The life shall move, the death be plain ;
The bridal throng, the funeral train,
Together, face to face, shall meet
And pass within the morning street.

[From Landmarks and Other Poems.]

THE PEACH-BLOSSOMS.

SENT TO ME IN THE CITY, WITH THE WORDS, "IT IS SPRING."

IT was a gentle gift to send,
This thought in blossoms from a friend :
Within my city room

I seem to breathe the country air,
While April's kisses everywhere
Start Earth's brown cheeks to bloom.

O, beautiful the welcome sight!
(Flushing my paper as I write,
My words seem blossoming!)
The lovely lighted snow that falls
Rosy around the cŏttage walls,
A miracle of spring!

Dream-like, I hear the sunny hum
Of swarming bees; low voices come,
Familiar, close, and dear;
I hardly know if I am there,
Or, shutting out the noisy air,
Those birds are singing here!

To the dry city's restless heart
What tender influence ye impart,
My blossoms, soft and wild!
Ah, from this barren cell I feel
Your subtle wand, enchanting, steal
Me to the Past — a child!

A child whose laughter-lighted face
Breaks from some happy door, a-chase
For new-winged butterflies;
The wind, how merrily, takes his hair! —
Sing, birds, and keep him ever there
With world-forgetting eyes!

Most gracious miracle of spring
That gives the dead tree blossoming
Its resurrection hour!
Lo! Memory lifts her wizard bough
(That seemed as bare and barren), now
Within my soul in flower!

HARRIET ELIZABETH PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Harriet Elizabeth (Prescott) Spofford was born in Calais, Me., April 3, 1835. She was married in 1865 to Richard S. Spofford, Esq., a lawyer of Newburyport, Mass. She was early distinguished by her literary ability. She contributed a story, entitled In a Cellar, to the Atlantic Monthly in its first year of publication, which was greatly admired for its vivacity, its insight into character, and its brilliant dialogue. In 1859 she published a story called Sir Rohan's Ghost, which displayed a remarkable talent for description, but was rather too sombre in character for the popular taste. In 1863 she collected a series of tales which she had written for the magazines, entitled The Amber Gods, and Other Stories. Azarian followed in 1864. The Thief in the Night, a short but powerful novelette, was published in 1872. She has also written many poems, sketches, and stories that remain uncollected.

If any one were called on to select the most original, vivid, and most artistically wrought stories of our time, Mrs. Spofford's would be named among the first. There are no better specimens of what a story for a magazine should be than In a Cellar and Yet's Christmas Box. Her writings manifest a supreme sense of beauty, a revelling delight in color, in music, and in all the luxuries of sense. They show also a wide range of reading, especially of poetry, a knowledge of human nature, and of the capacity of sensitive souls for pain as well as for enjoyment. These brilliant fantasies, which would seem to have been conceived and born in a flash of enthusiasm, are but glimpses of what we might expect if the same powers were spent upon a longer and more carefully planned work. Perhaps the mood would not last long enough! It *might* be the good fortune of a book to represent a cycle of the author's thought and experience, — to begin with life's hyacinths, to flourish with its roses, to wear the autumnal splendor of its salvias, and end with the lasting verdure of its mountain pines. Only, one would need to consider whether the point of view were not changing while the work was being completed; otherwise the novel or poem might be in the condition of an old cathedral which needs new basement stones before the last pinnacles have pierced the sky.

[From Yet's Christmas-Box, published in Harper's Magazine for April, 1860.]

A RACE FOR LIFE WITH A TIDE BY THE BAY OF FUNDY.

[Miss Henrietta Yuler, whose name was abbreviated to "Yet," was a governess in the family of Madame Van Voorst. She had walked across a beach at the head of the Bay of Fundy, and was returning when she was overtaken by the tide. She was saved by the courage of a grandson of Madame Van Voorst's, known in the family as "Van."]

THE long winter passed. March blew down warm gales that thawed the ice; the snow melted away; in April the bare willow boughs reddened like flames; spring came early across the fields, and with the spring came Passion-week. It was Good Friday. After church Miss Yuler walked on an errand for Madam Van Voorst to the village beyond, and, the day being so balmy, took her way along the shore. She had very seldom followed this path; her walks had always been in another direction — for to people who have a narrow, personal melancholy the sea is never grateful; and, except to watch the picturesque tides of the Bay

of Fundy, she had no fancy now for looking over its stretches of color and foam. The tide was out; she walked rapidly, reached the village, and performed her errand. . . .

It was about two hours past noon when, bathed and refreshed, Van came down stairs. He looked into the drawing-room to see his grandmother sitting there, her spectacles dropping from her nose, the prayer-book in her lap, the April sun overlying her as she nodded away to the tune of her dream.

"Grandma!" he cried, abruptly, "where's Miss Yuler?"

"Which?" said the old lady, giving her shoulder a little shake, and righting herself.

"Has Miss Yuler got home?"

"Not that I know of. Why, what's the matter?"

"What time does the tide full?"

"About four."

"It wants a quarter. Good God, she'll be overtaken!" And he dashed out to the stable. Madam Van Voorst followed quickly.

"What are you about?" she cried, as he flung the saddle on Fautour. "You are not going to cross the sands now? Van! Van! You'll be drowned!"

He flung her off like a rain-drop, sprang to the saddle, and was away like the wind.

As is very well known, it is impossible for any one to cross the head of the bay when the roar of the distant tide has once been heard; the rushing torrent overtakes the adventurous runner, and the fleetest horse cannot escape its speed. As Van's Fautour leaped down the rocks to the sand, and opened a hard gallop along the edge, a whisper like the rustle of wind in the pine-tops shivered through the air. Van's eyes grew fiercer; he turned the spurs in and flew forward. The whisper crept hoarsely on his ear; it became voluminous and panting; it gathered and swept its swift sighs, and swelled, and broke into a low roar, as if a lion shook his bristling mane, and glared around his distant den. Still Van bounded on; the horse was stung with fright; the sand shook with shocks of sound; he stood in the stirrup, and strained his sight along the shore; the wind of the advancing tide blew in his uncovered hair. Suddenly, at a third of the distance across, Fautour swerved and stood with a quiver. Miss Yuler was standing quietly before him on the beach, her bonnet in her hand. She appeared to have been running, but must now have been motionless for several minutes; she had found it useless to make any farther

effort, and had abandoned the idea of life. Whatever grace of nature enriched her soul, she had in this moment surrendered herself to its sway. On her face shone the awful pallor of those who confront Death, and await him. There was, besides, some eagerness in her glittering eye to catch the beauty of her destroyer. She saw Van; the color rushed up again into her cheek and lip; he gave his foot for a step, without a word, seized her hands, lifted her before him, turned Fautour about with a savage rapidity, and flew back. It was better to die so than alone. His eyes were fastened on her; she only looked out and down the bay; neither spoke. It was now a race for life. On, spear's length by spear's length, bounded the horse; on, rushing and seething, chased the tide; its chill breath stole across them, its damp swathed them, white wreaths of mist curled over their heads. At the right the banks and crags seemed awaiting its flood; at the left a narrow line of low waves crept sinuously, peering into the bay, and tossing their snowy crests like troops of wild horses. Fautour felt the danger, and did not need the red spur; with his double burden he doubled his strides, and left his shadow behind him. On they raced; an element raced after. The dull and muffled tone broke in full and sonorous; the separate hiss and splash became distinct; scenting their prey, three feet at a time the waves came leaping in, receding and foaming, and eddying up again, till a wall of chrysoprase transparency towered between them and the western sky, and rolled, in shattered light and fusing volume, to fill its destined depth of fathom, with the noise of many waters and the speed of wind. Off from the trembling sand to the rocks sprang Fantour; up he clambered from steep to steep; the early sunset was bathing all summits in soft crimson warmth, the pale gold of the orbed moon hung in the east with all her potent influences, foam-flakes fell heavily on their hair; another step would save them. A plunge — the crest curled under them, and the last wave sent its spent torrent to cool the burning hoofs that were planted rigid as iron, and the tide was full.

The whole household had poured out to watch the catastrophe. Miss Yuler stepped coolly to the ground again. Van dismounted, and, replying curtly to their shower of interrogatories, gave the bridle to a servant and strode towards the house. Whether he thought the life he had saved belonged to him or not, he was not the one to take advantage of Miss Yuler's first impulse of gratitude, if any such impulse found room in her heart; and in less than an hour everything was restored to its usual quiet.

CELIA THAXTER.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter was born in Portsmouth, N. H., June 29, 1835. She passed the greater part of her early life upon the Isles of Shoals, a rocky group about ten miles distant from the main land. She published in the Atlantic Monthly, in 1867–8, a series of papers upon these islands which were of exceptional interest and value. In faithfulness of observation, pictorial art, and the perfect keeping of style, they are almost unrivalled among magazine articles. With the recollection of these pictures in mind the editor had determined to present some specimens in this volume. But an examination of her Poems, recently published (1872), showed that the elements of strength and beauty in her prose were retained and even heightened in her verse. The range of the poems is confined to the sea and its shores, so that they are lacking in the variety of scenery, of thought, and of sentiment, which we admire in some other authors. But on the solitary coast, in view of the sea, with its changeful skies, its distant ships, and its white-winged sea birds, she is emphatically the most picturesque of poets and subtilest of ideal colorists. Her verses have the very swing of the sea. As we read we feel its cool breath, we perceive its delicate scent, and we hear the ripple of the waves and the soft rote on the pebbly beach. It is marvellous, too, to notice how the language yields to her art, and becomes as liquid and as graceful as the waves themselves. The various scenes of The Summer's Day, as studies of atmospheric effects, should have been painted by Turner. It is doubtful whether that poem is not fully equal, as a work of art, to The Wreck of the Pocahontas, here printed. The Little Sandpiper is an exquisite sketch; Before Sunrise glows with the very light of the east; — but we should merely enumerate all the titles in the little book, which is a casket of gems, if we were to continue. The Burgomaster Gull is included by the author among Poems for Children, but its bright pictures of the birds that haunt the islands cannot fail to please those who are children no longer.

THE WRECK OF THE POCAHONTAS.

I LIT the lamps in the lighthouse tower,
For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
They shone like a glorious clustered flower, —
Ten golden and five red.

Looking across, where the line of coast
Stretched darkly, shrinking away from the sea,
The lights sprang out at its edge, — almost
They seemed to answer me.

O, warning lights! burn bright and clear,
Hither the storm comes! Leagues away
It moans and thunders low and drear, —
Burn till the break of day!

Good night! I called to the gulls that sailed
Slow past me through the evening sky;
And my comrades, answering shrilly, hailed
Me back with boding cry.

A mournful breeze began to blow ;
  Weird music it drew through the iron bars ;
The sullen billows boiled below,
    And dimly peered the stars.

The sails that flecked the ocean floor
  From east to west, leaned low and fled ;
They knew what came in the distant roar
    That filled the air with dread !

Flung by a fitful gust, there beat
  Against the window a dash of rain : —
Steady as tramp of marching feet
    Strode on the hurricane.

It smote the waves for a moment still,
  Level and deadly white for fear ;
The bare rock shuddered, — an awful thrill
    Shook even my tower of cheer.

Like all the demons loosed at last,
  Whistling and shrieking, wild and wide,
The mad wind raged, while strong and fast
    Rolled in the rising tide.

And soon in ponderous showers the spray,
  Struck from the granite, reared and sprung,
And clutched at tower and cottage gray,
    Where overwhelmed they clung,

Half drowning, to the naked rock ;
  But still burned on the faithful light,
Nor faltered at the tempest's shock,
    Through all the fearful night.

Was it in vain ? That knew not we.
  We seemed, in that confusion vast
Of rushing wind and roaring sea,
    One point whereon was cast

The whole Atlantic's weight of brine.
  Heaven help the ship should drift our way !
No matter how the light might shine
    Far on into the day.

When morning dawned, above the din
  Of gale and breaker boomed a gun!
Another! We who sat within
    Answered with cries each one.

Into each other's eyes, with fear,
  We looked through helpless tears, as still,
One after one, near and more near,
    The signals pealed, until

The thick storm seemed to break apart,
  To show us, staggering to her grave,
The fated brig. We had no heart
    To look, for nought could save.

One glimpse of black hull heaving slow,
  Then closed the mists o'er canvas torn,
And tangled ropes swept to and fro
    From masts that raked forlorn.

Weeks after, yet ringed round with spray,
  Our island lay, and none might land,
Though blue the waters of the bay
    Stretched calm on either hand.

And when at last from the distant shore
  A little boat stole out, to reach
Our loneliness, and bring once more
    Fresh human thought and speech,

We told our tale, and the boatman cried:
  "'Twas the *Pocahontas*, — all were lost!
For miles along the coast the tide
    Her shattered timbers tossed."

Then I looked the whole horizon round, —
  So beautiful the ocean spread
About us, o'er those sailors drowned!
    "Father in heaven," I said, —

A child's grief struggling in my breast, —
  "Do purposeless thy children meet
Such bitter death? How was it best
    These hearts should cease to beat?

"O, wherefore? Are we nought to thee?
Like senseless weeds that rise and fall
Upon thine awful sea, are we
No more then, after all?"

And I shut the beauty from my sight,
For I thought of the dead that lay below;
From the bright air faded the warmth and light —
There came a chill like snow.

Then I heard the far-off note resound,
Where the breakers slow and slumberous rolled,
And a subtile sense of Thought profound
Touched me with power untold.

And, like a voice eternal, spake
That wondrous rhythm, and "Peace! be still!"
It murmured; "bow thy head, and take
Life's rapture and life's ill,

"And wait. At last shall all be clear."
The long, low, mellow music rose
And fell, and soothed my dreaming ear
With infinite repose.

Sighing, I climbed the light-house stair,
Half forgetting my grief and pain;
And while the day died sweet and fair,
I lit the lamps again.

THE BURGOMASTER GULL.

THE old-wives sit on the heaving brine,
White-breasted in the sun,
Preening and smoothing their feathers fine,
And scolding every one.

The snowy kittiwakes overhead,
With beautiful beaks of gold,
And wings of delicate gray outspread,
Float listening while they scold.

And a foolish guillemot, swimming by,
Though heavy, and clumsy, and dull,
Joins in with a will when he hears their cry
'Gainst the Burgomaster Gull.

For every sea-bird, far and near,
With an atom of brains in its skull,
Knows plenty of reasons for hate and fear
Of the Burgomaster Gull.

The black ducks gather, with plumes so rich,
And the coots in twinkling lines;
And the swift and slender water-witch,
Whose neck like silver shines;

Big eider-ducks, with their caps pale green,
And their salmon-colored vests;
And gay mergansers sailing between,
With their long and glittering crests.

But the loon aloof on the outer edge
Of the noisy meeting keeps,
And laughs to watch them behind the ledge
Where the lazy breaker sweeps.

They scream, and wheel, and dive, and fret,
And flutter in the foam;
And fish and mussels blue they get
To feed their young at home:

Till, hurrying in, the little auk
Brings tidings that benumbs,
And stops at once their clamorous talk, —
"The Burgomaster comes!"

And up he sails, a splendid sight,
With "wings like banners" wide,
And eager eyes both big and bright,
That peer on every side.

A lovely kittiwake flying past,
With a slippery pollock fine, —
Quoth the Burgomaster, "Not so fast,
My beauty! This is mine!"

His strong wing strikes with dizzying shock;
Poor kittiwake, shrieking, flees;
His booty he takes to the nearest rock,
To eat it at his ease.

The scared birds scatter to left and right,
But the bold buccaneer, in his glee,
Cares little enough for their woe and their fright, —
"'Twill be *your* turn next!" cries he.

He sees not, hidden behind the rock,
In the sea-weed, a small boat's hull,
Nor dreams he the gunners have spared the flock
For the Burgomaster Gull.

So proudly his dusky wings are spread,
And he launches out on the breeze, —
When, lo! what thunder of wrath and dread!
What deadly pangs are these!

The red blood drips, and the feathers fly,
Down drop the pinions wide;
The robber-chief, with a bitter cry,
Falls headlong in the tide!

They bear him off with laugh and shout;
The wary birds return;
From the clove-brown feathers that float about
The glorious news they learn.

Then such a tumult fills the place
As never was sung or said;
And all cry, wild with joy, "The base,
Bad Burgomaster's dead!"

And the old-wives sit with their caps so white,
And their pretty beaks so red,
And swing on the billows, and scream with delight,
For the Burgomaster's dead!

MOSES COIT TYLER.

Moses Coit Tyler was born at Griswold, Conn., in 1835, and was graduated at Yale College in 1857. He studied theology in the seminary at Andover, Mass., and was settled as pastor of a church in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1860, where he remained two years. He is now Professor of English Literature in the University of Michigan. He has been a contributor to the New York Independent, and various other periodicals. He published in 1869 a series of essays upon physical culture, entitled The Brawnville Papers. He writes in an earnest, vigorous style, that smacks of the field and the street no less than of university culture, and upon topics of the highest practical importance.

[From The Brawnville Papers.]

MARTYRS TO SCIENCE.

ABOUT fifty years ago the sensibilities of England and America were profoundly and generously stirred by the story, related by Robert Southey, of the wonderful life and the premature death of a student at Cambridge, named Henry Kirke White. No doubt this story owed not a little of its impressiveness to the eminence of the author who told it, and to the charms of that exquisite prose of which the Poet Laureate was so consummate a master. A delicate youth, born in lowly circumstances, with the glorious face and the temperament of genius, attracts to himself the favor of a wealthy patron, and is enabled to enter one of the renowned universities of the world. Pensive, poetical, aspiring, prayerful, and bilious, he pants to satisfy the lofty expectations of his admirers, and succeeds in becoming the model of a virtuous but romantic and lackadaisical student. He wrestles with the stern realities of the Calculus, and indites sonnets to the moon; composes eloquent hymns to his Creator, and madrigals to his lady's eyebrow; writes polished epigrams in the style of Horace, which show the elegance of his taste, and essays on Melancholy in the style of Addison, which reveal the disordered condition of his liver; supplicates Heaven for the restoration of his health, and denies himself needful sleep by the help of strong tea, pins, and cold-water compresses; utters a pious ejaculation before every meal, and then swallows it with a rapidity indicative of his contempt for the functions of teeth, gastric juice, and all other carnal things; gains all the highest prizes, amazes all the wisest Dons, violates all the holiest laws of health, and dies in a blaze of glory, a Martyr to Science!

"Success is the mother of imitation;" and the unintended evil of

Kirke White's radiant and rose-watery career infected the colleges of Christendom. Straightway we had a plague of pious and moony young gentlemen, who excelled in Homer and hypochondria; cultivated prayer, poesy, and dyspepsia; made tender reference in rhyme to their lyres, their lutes, and their longings to be no more; sauntered languishingly by purling brooks, when they ought to have been kicking the foot-ball; sat up burning an extravagant quantity of midnight oil, when they had been much more profitably employed snoring in their bunks; and, while confounding the twinges of a morbid conscience with the pangs of indigestion, and while mistaking the depression of abused nerves for an angelic summons to leave this Vale of Tears, they awaited somewhat impatiently the time when they should also become Martyrs to Science, bemoaned and canonized by the principal parish sewing societies of the civilized world.

If this sort of thing had continued, it is impossible to say into what a state the literary world would have descended. It is probable that science would have come to be synonymous with sciatica, and the word learning would have suggested lankness, lassitude, and long hair; the chief purpose of going to college would have been to acquire the dead languages, an interesting cough, the tearful sympathy of old women, and an early death; the royal road to knowledge would have signified a turnpike leading into the graveyard. An old scholar would have been as rare as white blackbirds and four-leaved clover, and gray hair would have been an infallible proof that its possessor is an ignoramus.

Fortunately, before the new philosophy had become rooted in the world, a great, robust, and manly scholar, Thomas Arnold, was called to preside over one of the famous foundation schools of England. He was a man who, above all things, scorned cant, effeminacy, and unreality, and he set himself, with all the earnestness of his powerful nature, to the task of exterminating this spirit of literary sickliness. He refused to admire learned noodles of the Kirke White order; he called them by their true names, not Martyrs to Science, but Suicides of Vanity, Ignorance, and Folly.

In this spirit Dr. Arnold reprobated, as an impiety, the whole system of cultivating one part of our nature at the expense of another. He fought it in the class-room and in the chapel; he talked against it, wrote against it, lectured against it, preached against it. He assailed it with texts of Scripture, with the maxims

of Greek ethics, and the verdicts of common sense. He told his boys that, just as there was the virtue of honesty, and the virtue of justice, and the virtue of fortitude, and the virtue of charity, and the virtue of reverence, so was there the gymnastic virtue — the virtue of obedience to the laws of health. He told them that this was Christian truth, — a portion of the Christianity which existed in the world before Christianity was born. He told them that good health was of more consequence to them than a knowledge of the Binomial Theorem, or than facility in the manufacture of Latin hexameters; that sound lungs and capable stomachs were the necessary conditions of useful scholarship; and that they would be displeasing him, disappointing their friends, and disobeying God if they postponed bodily vigor to the mistaken requirements of literary ambition.

I am not aware that the term Muscular Christianity was ever applied by Dr. Arnold, or was ever used in his time; but there can be no doubt that it was he who first gave the broad and wholesome impulse which has culminated in the habit of thought described by that facetious expression, and that it was his influence which produced such heroes and scholars as Charles Kingsley, Dean Stanley, and Thomas Hughes — a race of men as superior to the type represented by Kirke White as Shakespeare is superior to Tupper, as harmony and power are to inanity, as physical jubilance is to headache and heartburn, as common sense is to nonsense, as reality is to moonshine. . . .

Muscular Christianity seems to me to be a vindication of the full nobleness of meaning contained in the word *Education!* That glorious word, so much used, so much abused, grasps within its golden rim everything which can develop, strengthen, harmonize, and intensify, and render effective all those faculties of our entire nature, intellectual and corporeal, which the Creator has endowed us with; and in the logical application of this truth, it stands forth in assertion of the long-despised and repudiated claims of the body. It says that since every part of our nature is the sacred gift of God, he who neglects his body, who calumniates his body, who misuses it, who allows it to grow up puny, frail, sickly, misshapen, homely, commits a sin against the Giver of the body. Ordinarily, therefore, disease is a sin. Round shoulders and narrow chests are states of criminality. Dyspepsia is heresy. The headache is infidelity. It is as truly a man's moral duty to have a good digestion, and sweet breath, and strong arms, and stalwart legs, and an erect bearing, as

it is to read his Bible, or say his prayers, or love his neighbor as himself.

Long creeds, either for churches or gymnasiums, are stumbling-blocks and snares. The creed of Muscular Christianity is as brief as it is just, comprehensive, and sublime: "ALL ATTAINABLE HEALTH IS A DUTY; ALL AVOIDABLE SICKNESS IS A SIN."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, N. H., November 11, 1836. He was employed for some years in a counting-room in New York, and afterwards became a reader for a publishing house. He was a writer for the Evening Mirror, the Home Journal, and the Saturday Press, of New York, and has been a frequent contributor, both of prose and verse, to the magazines. His first poems were published in 1854, entitled The Bells. Daisy's Necklace appeared in 1856; The Ballad of Baby Bell and Other Poems, and The Course of True Love, in 1858; Pampineia in 1861; and later collections of Poems in 1863 and 1865. He published Out of His Head, a prose romance, in 1862, and The Story of a Bad Boy in 1869. This last is one of those fortunate books that, while it is a faithful reflex of the thoughts, feelings, and character of boys, has a higher meaning for men. It breathes a noble spirit, and is a genuine boy's book, without any offensive *writing down* to youthful comprehension.

Mr. Aldrich's poems are exquisitely tender in sentiment, graceful in movement, and evidently inspired by sympathy with nature. Indeed his "call" to poetry is manifest, and the alternate light and shadow of his verses, we feel sure, have been reflected from his own life. His poems are pure as pearls. It is a pleasure to reflect that among all the writers of popular poetry in this country there are but few whose lines are ever discolored by passion, or who do not show that true beauty is at accord with the purest morals and highest idea of right.

CASTLES.

THERE is a picture in my brain
That only fades to come again, —
The sunlight through a veil of rain
To leeward gliding,
A narrow stretch of brown sea-sand,
A light-house half a league from land,
And two young lovers, hand in hand,
A castle building.

Upon the budded apple trees
The robins sing by twos and threes,
And ever at the faintest breeze
Down drops a blossom;

And ever would that lover be
The wind that robs the bourgeoned tree,
And lifts the soft tress daintily
On Beauty's bosom.

Ah, graybeard, what a happy thing
It was, when life was in its spring,
To peep through Love's betrothal ring
At fields Elysian, —
To move and breathe in magic air,
To think that all that seems is fair, —
Ah, ripe young mouth and golden hair,
Thou pretty vision!

Well, well, I think not on these two
But the old wound breaks out anew,
And the old dream, as if 'twere true,
In my heart nestles:
Then tears come welling to my eyes,
For yonder, all in saintly guise,
As 'twere, a sweet dead woman lies
Upon the trestles!

—

BEFORE THE RAIN.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes, and swamps, and dismal fens, —
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind, — and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

AFTER THE RAIN.

THE rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold, a disk, a speck;
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

PISCATAQUA RIVER.

THOU singest by the gleaming isles,
By woods and fields of corn-
Thou singest, and the heaven smiles
Upon my birthday morn.

But I within a city, I,
So full of vague unrest,
Would almost give my life to lie
An hour upon thy breast;

To let the wherry listless go,
And, wrapt in dreamy joy,
Dip and surge idly to and fro,
Like the red harbor-buoy;

To sit in happy indolence,
To rest upon the oars,
And catch the heavy earthy scents
That blow from summer shores;

To see the rounded sun go down,
And with its parting fires
Light up the windows of the town,
And burn the tapering spires!

And then to hear the muffled tolls
From steeples slim and white,
And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,
The Beacon's orange light.

O River! flowing to the main
Through woods and fields of corn,
Hear thou my longing and my pain
This sunny birthday morn:

And take this song, which sorrow shapes
To music like thine own,
And sing it to the cliffs and capes
And crags where I am known.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

William Dean Howells was born in Martinsville, Belmont County, O., March 1, 1837. His father, who was a printer and newspaper publisher, removed to Hamilton, O., in 1840, and in his office the son learned the business. He was afterwards connected with the Cincinnati Gazette and the Ohio State Journal (of Columbus). He was a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, and other magazines, and in 1860 published a volume with Mr. J. J. Piatt, entitled Poems of Two Friends. In 1861 he was appointed consul to Venice, where he resided until 1865. In July, 1870, he became the editor of the Atlantic Monthly. Venetian Life was published in 1866; Italian Journeys in 1867; No Love Lost, a poem, in 1868; Suburban Sketches in 1871; Their Wedding Journey in 1872.

Mr. Howells writes with facility and elegance. We do not complain that he is not profound; there are a plenty of authors who are ambitious of that distinction. His observations are those of a cultivated man, expressed with simplicity and feeling, with pleasing reminiscences of youthful sentiment, and humor of a quiet kind. His sketches of Italian life are among the most readable of modern works of travel. In the Suburban Sketches the author discourses upon the surroundings of Boston, dealing with the less obvious features, and often toying with a subject in a tantalizing way. In the account of the Musical Festival of 1869, for instance, the author uses his most dainty touches to describe the "side shows," and to paint for us the Huldahs and Zekiels who came down to the Jubilee, but he has not set down a word "with blood in it" for the grandeur of that incomparable chorus. One scene in the volume is drawn with a masterly hand. It arrests the attention and haunts the memory like an imagined tableau by Gerome, composed for the Bridge of Sighs. It is no *dilettante* artist that conceived and executed that sketch.

Mr. Howells's poems have many fine points. The Movers, printed here, is a piece of realism which carries its own warrant of truth in every line. All his poems have graceful turns of thought, and leave an abiding impression of artistic feeling and melody.

[From Suburban Sketches.]

In winter, the journey to or from Boston cannot appear otherwise than very dreary to the fondest imagination. Coming out, nothing can look more arctic and forlorn than the river, double-shrouded in ice and snow, or sadder than the contrast offered to the same prospect in summer. Then all is laughing, and it is a joy in every nerve to ride out over the Long Bridge at high tide, and, looking southward, to see the wide crinkle and glitter of that beautiful expanse of water, which laps on one hand the granite quays of the city, and on the other washes among the weeds and wild grasses of the salt meadows. A ship coming slowly up the channel, or a dingy tug violently darting athwart it, gives an additional pleasure to the eye, and adds something dreamy or vivid to the beauty of the scene. It is hard to say at what hour of the summer's day the prospect is loveliest; and I am certainly not going to speak of the sunset as the least of its delights. When this exquisite spectacle is presented, the horse-car passenger, happy to cling with one foot to the rear platform steps, looks out over the shoulder next him into fairy land. Crimson and purple, the bay stretches westward till its waves darken into the grassy levels, where, here and there, a hayrick shows perfectly black against the light. Afar off, south-eastward and westward, the uplands wear a tinge of tenderest blue, and in the nearer distance, on the low shores of the river, hover the white plumes of arriving and departing trains. The windows of the stately houses that overlook the water take the sunset from it evanescently, and begin to chill and darken before the crimson burns out of the sky. The windows are, in fact, best after nightfall, when they are brilliantly lighted from within, and when, if it is a dark, warm night, and the briny fragrance comes up strong from the falling tide, the lights, reflected far down on the still water, bring a dream, as I have heard travelled Bostonians say, of Venice and her magical effects in the same kind. But for me the beauty of the scene needs the help of no such association; I am content with it for what it is. I enjoy also the hints of spring which one gets in riding over the Long Bridge at low tide in the first open days. Then there is not only a vernal beating of carpets on the piers of the drawbridge, but the piles and walls, left bare by the receding water, show green patches of seaweeds and mosses, and flatter the willing eye with a dim hint of summer. This reeking and saturated herbage, — which always seems to me, in contrast with dry land growths, what the water-logged life

of seafaring folk is to that which we happier men lead on shore, — taking so kindly the deceitful warmth and brightness of the sun, has then a charm which it loses when summer really comes; nor does one later have so keen an interest in the men wading about in the shallows below the bridge, who, as in the distance they stoop over to gather whatever shell-fish they seek, make a very fair show of being some ungainlier sort of storks, and are as near as we can hope to come to the spring-prophesying storks of song and story. A sentiment of the drowsiness that goes before the awakening of the year, and is so different from the drowsiness that precedes the great autumnal slumber, is in the air, but is gone when we leave the river behind and strike into the straggling village beyond.

[From Poems of Two Friends.]

THE MOVERS.

PARTING was over at last, and all the good-bys had been spoken.
Up the long hill-side the white-tented wagon moved slowly,
Bearing the mother and children, while onward before them the father
Trudged with his gun on his arm, and the faithful house-dog beside him,
Grave and sedate, as if knowing the sorrowful thoughts of his master.

April was in her prime, and the day in its dewy awaking:
Like a great flower, afar on the crest of the eastern woodland,
Goldenly bloomed the sun, and over the beautiful valley,
Dim with its dew and shadow, and bright with its dream of a river,
Looked to the western hills, and shone on the humble procession,
Paining with splendor the children's eyes, and the heart of the mother.

Beauty, and fragrance, and song filled the air like a palpable presence.
Sweet was the smell of the dewy leaves and the flowers in the wild wood,
Fair the long reaches of sun and shade in the aisles of the forest.
Glad of the spring, and of love, and of morning, the wild birds were singing:
Jays to each other called harshly, then mellowly fluted together;
Sang the oriole songs as golden and gay as his plumage;

Pensively piped the querulous quails their greetings unfrequent,
While, on the meadow-elm, the meadow-lark gushed forth in music,
Rapt, exultant, and shaken, with the great joy of his singing;
Over the river, loud-chattering, aloft in the air, the kingfisher
Hung, ere dropped, like a bolt, in the water beneath him;
Gossiping, out of the bank flew myriad twittering swallows;
And in the boughs of the sycamore quarrelled and clamored the blackbirds.

Never for these things a moment halted the movers, but onward,
Up the long hill-side, the white-tented wagon moved slowly,
Till, on the summit, that overlooked all the beautiful valley,
Trembling and spent, the horses came to a stand-still unbidden;
Then from the wagon the mother in silence got down with her children,
Came and stood by the father, and rested her hand on his shoulder.

Long together they gazed on the beautiful valley before them;
Looked on the well-known fields that stretched away to the woodlands,
Where, in the dark lines of green, showed the milk-white crest of the dogwood,
Snow of wild-plums in bloom, and crimson tints of the red-bud;
Looked on the pasture fields, where the cattle were lazily grazing —
Softly, and sweet, and thin came the faint, far notes of the cowbells; —
Looked on the oft-trodden lanes, with their elder and blackberry borders;
Looked on the orchard, a bloomy sea, with its billows of blossoms.
Fair was the scene, yet suddenly strange and all unfamiliar,
Like as the faces of friends, when the word of farewell has been spoken.

Long together they gazed; then at last on the little log-cabin —
Home for so many years, now home no longer forever —
Rested their tearless eyes in the silent rapture of anguish.
Up on the morning air no column of smoke from the chimney
Wavering, silver and azure, rose, fading and brightening ever;
Shut was the door where yesterday morning the children were playing;

Lit with a gleam of the sun the window stared up at them blindly;
Cold was the hearthstone now, and the place was forsaken and empty.

Empty? Ah, no! but haunted by thronging and tenderest fancies,
Sad recollections of all that had ever been, of sorrow or gladness,
Once more they sat in the glow of the wide red fire in the winter;
Once more they sat by the door in the cool of the still summer evening;
Once more the mother seemed to be singing her babe there to slumber;
Once more the father beheld her weep o'er the child that was dying;
Once more the place was peopled by all the Past's sorrow and gladness!
Neither might speak for the thoughts that came crowding their hearts so,
Till, in their ignorant sorrow, aloud the children lamented;
Then was the spell of silence dissolved, and the father and mother
Burst into tears and embraced, and turned their dim eyes to the westward.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

Francis Bret Harte was born in Albany, N. Y., in the year 1837. He was an infant when his father died, and at the age of seventeen he went to California, where he taught school, worked in the mines, became a compositor, and at length an editor. He was employed for some time in government offices. In 1868 he founded the Overland Monthly, and was its first editor. In this magazine he published the poems, tales, and sketches that have made him better known, probably, than any writer of his age in the world. His poems are in various moods, — some characterized by tender beauty, some by manly vigor, — but most of them full of rollicking humor, and expressed in the audaciously picturesque slang of the Pacific roughs. The Address to the Pliocene Skull, the Story of Dow's Flat, and Alkali Station, are masterpieces in their way, and far above the level of The Heathen Chinee, which so moved the public to mirth. His genius is most conspicuous, we think, in his prose. We use the word "genius" advisedly, for the power to create characters and place them in living relations with each other in vivid scenes, as we see them in The Outcasts of Poker Flat and The Luck of Roaring Camp, is an original gift, — as far beyond the reach of art as the creation of a rose. The vices of the miners, gamblers, and ruffians are unfortunately inseparable from their other strong features; and these stories, though they may be read by pure-minded people (with charitable allowances), are not at all "milk for babes," and could not be properly included in a work like this.

The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Tales was published in 1869; Poems in 1870, also Condensed Novels; East and West Poems in 1872.

Mr. Harte is now engaged in writing for the Atlantic Monthly.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? — No? Ah, well:
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won renown, —
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage-door,
  Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
  And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell, in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine, —
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,

Thundered the battery's double bass, —
Difficult music for men to face ;
While on the left, — where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept, —
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades ;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air ;
The very trees were stripped and bare ;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain ;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed ?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron, — but his best ;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons, — size of a dollar, —
With tails that the country-folk called " swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the " quiltings " long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away ;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin, —
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in, —
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;

And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *repertoire:*
"How are you, white hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy,"—begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off,—
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand;
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his own bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest:
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke, at the final charge, and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 't was boyish fancy, — for the reader
Was youngest of them all, —
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes — o'ertaken
As by some spell divine —
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell? —
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly, —
This spray of Western pine!

"GAIL HAMILTON."

In place of the usual biographical information, we present the following extract from the preface to Country Living and Country Thinking written by this author: —

"I know that I can bear censure; I think I could endure neglect; but there is one thing which I will never forgive, and that is any encroachment upon my personality. Whatever an author puts between the two covers of his book is public property; whatever of himself he does not put there is his private property, as much as if he had never written a word. I do not say that any information which may be gathered, or any conjecture which may be hazarded, concerning the man or the woman who stands behind the mask of the author, may not be a lawful theme of conversation, if people are interested enough to make it so; but the appearance of any such information or conjecture in any public print, whether in the form of book notice or news item, I consider an unpardonable impertinence."

Gail Hamilton's writings have a very decided character, and, in some respects, offer a strong and desirable contrast to the colorless inanities printed in ladies' magazines twenty-five years ago, and then considered to be proper models — or literary fashion-plates — for female authors. Her discussions have covered a wide range, but in nearly everything she has written we see that the motive force lies in her intense abhorrence of the present relative position of the sexes in law and in society. With such feelings and convictions there can be no repose. Every book is a battle, every chapter a skirmish, every sentence a blow or a defiance. The pugnacious tone, if not innate, becomes thus a second nature, and denunciation, in good vigorous Saxon (with some modern phrases not yet in the dictionaries), may be looked for at any moment.

Our judgments of the author are of course derived from her works. We should say that she exhibits unusually contradictory qualities. She has more common sense and less discretion than any woman we now remember. She reverences manhood and hates men. She has given her sex the best possible advice for their culture, their health, their domestic habits, and she berates them for their content in their inevitable lot. She argues tenaciously like one sex and scolds like the other. She writes with an easy mastery of English that a professor might envy, but is certain to bring in some unpardonable slang before finishing an article. Where she has least knowledge she treads with most confidence. Greatly indebted, as all sprightly essayists are, to other thinkers, she is unconscious that her wisdom is not of her own quarrying. With natural gifts of observation, with a natural sense of beauty, and a fund of natural humor, that should make her one of the most delightful of essayists, she seems to prefer the part of a wayward malcontent, and to indite what is irritating rather than what is amiable.

With due respect for her great talents, and making allowances for the state of mind pro-

duced by a constant sense of injustice, we think the cause of woman's elevation is not to be finally won by argument alone. Woman may be raised to an equal position with man; but that will happen when, by the renunciation of playthings, by emancipation from fashion, by development of her moral and intellectual powers, and by assuming a proper share of the burdens of the world, she has shown that she is fitted to maintain that equality.

Among the works of this author are Country Living and Country Thinking (1862); Gala Days (1863); A New Atmosphere (1864); Stumbling Blocks (1864), Skirmishes and Sketches (1865); Summer Rest (1866); Red Letter Days (1866); Wool Gathering (1867); Woman's Wrongs, a Counter Irritant (1868); Battle of the Books (1870); and Woman's Worth and Worthlessness (1871). She is said to be at present (1872) the editor of Wood's Household Magazine, published at Newburg, N. Y.

[From Country Living and Country Thinking.]

MEN AND WOMEN.

— MAN, too, is independent. He goes where and when he lists. He need not be rich to gaze upon all the wonders of the new world, all the magnificence of the old. He can shoulder his knapsack, and traverse the globe. Every spot consecrated by genius, patriotism, suffering, love, is spread out before him. Whatever of beautiful, grand, or glorious is to be found in art or nature is his. He can people his brain with memories that will never die, adorn it with pictures whose colors will never fade, treasure up untold wealth for his soul to feed on in future years.

If the day's long toil leave him restless, if throbbing heart or aching head crave a draught of pure elixir, if the murmur of the waterfall, the glow of the stars, or the ever new splendor of the moon lure him out into the night, he goes, and the hush and solitude bring him rest and healing; the night sweeps into his soul, and cools the fever in his veins. The world recedes. He stands face to face with God. He receives again the breath of life, and becomes a living soul.

Alas, for a woman! She can never do a thing, except gregariously. She has no solitude except in the house, which is no solitude at all. She is always at the mercy of others' whims, caprices, tastes, business engagements, or headaches. If she travels, she must partially accommodate herself to somebody's convenience. She must go in the beaten track. Her eyes must look right on, and her eyelids straight before her. There are no wild wanderings at her own sweet will, no experimental deviations from the prescribed route, no hazardous but delightful flying off in a tangent on the spur of the moment. She cannot separate herself from the past, slough off her identity, and become a new being in new scenes. She must take her old associations with her, and they are a robe of oiled silk, effectually

excluding the new atmosphere which should penetrate to the very sources of life. She cannot enjoy in quietness and silence. She is one of a party, and must go into a rapture here and an ecstasy there, and give a definite reason for both. She must be wakened from a trance of delight by a lisped "How beautiful!" or a quotation from Byron, by some one whose knowledge of Byron is derived from a gilt volume of "Elegant Extracts," or the "American First Class Book." It is very appalling. . . .

THE REACH OF INFLUENCE.

It is not necessarily the man who comes in contact with the largest number of people who exercises the most influence. It may be so, but it does not follow, and we do not know whether it is or not. When John Bunyan was cast into Bedford jail, there were doubtless many pious souls who mourned that the zeal and power of his best years should be thus wasted; yet through those prison walls there streams a light which will grow brighter and brighter till lost in the glory of the Celestial City. Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more, — and none can tell whose sphere is the largest. A mother, tending her child in the quiet seclusion of a Virginian home, sees no foreshadowing of a mighty destiny, yet there comes a day when an empire's fate trembles in the tiny hand now clasping hers. It is therefore impertinent to assume that the responsibility of teachers, or of any one class of people, is greater than that of any other. The only difference is, that one influences at first hand, another at second or third. At every foot-fall we set in motion a chord whose trembling thrills ten thousand more, and will quiver on eternally. Every thought, and word, and deed of every human being is followed by its inevitable consequence: for the one we are responsible; with the other we have nothing to do.

[From the Same.]

MAKING BROWN BREAD CAKES.

Let me give the *modus operandi*. Of fine maize flour, yellow as the locks of the lovely Lenore, take — well, take enough — I cannot tell exactly how much; it depends upon circumstances. Of fresh new milk, white as the brow of the charming Arabella, take — I don't know exactly how much of that, either; it depends

upon circumstances, particularly on the quantity of meal. If you have not new milk, take blue milk, provided it be sweet; or, if you have none that is sweet, sour milk will answer; or, if "your folks don't keep a cow," take water, clear and sparkling as the eyes of the peerless Amanda; but whether it be milk or water, let it be scalding as the tears of the outraged Isabel. Of molasses, sweet as the tones of the tuneful Lisette, take — a great deal, if it is summer; in the winter not quite so much (for the reasons therefor, see Newton's Treatise on the Expansive Power of Fluids, vol. i., p. 175). Of various other substances, animal, vegetable, and mineral, which it becomes not me to mention, — first, because I have forgotten what they are; secondly, because I never knew; and thirdly, because, as the immortal Toots remarks, "it is of no consequence," — take whatever seems good in your sight, and cast them together into the kneading-trough, and knead with all your might and main. Provide yourself, then, with a tin plate, not bright and new, for so will your cakes be heavy, your crust cracked, and your soul sorrowful, but one blackened by fire, and venerable with time, and rough with service. With your own roseate fingers scoop out a portion of the pulpy mass. Fear not to touch it; it is soft, yielding, and plastic as the heart of the affectionate Clara. Turn it lovingly over in your hands; round it; mould it; caress it; soften down its asperities; smooth off its angularities; repress its bold protuberances; encourage its timid shrinkings; and when it is smooth as the velvet cheek of Ida, and oval as the classic face of Helen, give one "last, long, lingering look," and lay it tenderly in the swart arms of its tutelar plate. Repeat the process until your cakes shall equal the sands on the sea shore, or the stars in the sky for multitude, or as long as your meal holds out, or till you are tired. I am prescribing for one only. *Ab uno disce omnes.*

To the Stygian cave, that yawns dismally from the kitchen stove, consign it without a murmur. Item: said stove must have a prodigious crack up and down the front. A philosophical reason for this I am unable to give. I refer the curious in cause and effect to Galen's deservedly celebrated Disquisition on the Relations of Fire and Metals, *passim;* also, Debrauche on Dough, p. 35, Appendix. I only know that the only stove whence I ever saw brown bread cakes issue had an immense crack up and down the front. [Since writing the above, a new stove has been substituted for the old one, and still brown bread cakes are duly marshalled every morn.

ing. Consequently you need not be particular about the crack. Still, I would advise all amateurs to consult the authorities I have mentioned. It will be a good exercise.]

When your cake has for a sufficient length of time undergone the ordeal of fire, bring it again to the blessed light of day. If the edge be black and blistered, like a giant tree blasted by the lightning's stroke, or if the crust be rent and torn as by internal convulsions, cast it away. It is worthless. Trample it under foot. Item: put on your stoutest boots, and provide yourself with cork soles; otherwise the trampling may prove to be anything but an agreeable pastime. But if the surface be a beautiful auburn brown, crisp, brittle, and unbroken, —

> "Joy, joy, forever! your task is done!
> The gates are past, and breakfast is won;"

or, as the clown said of the apple-dumplings, "Them's the jockeys for me."

If you are an outside barbarian, ignorant of the refinements of civilized life, you will at once proceed to cut open with your knife the steaming cake as you would an oyster, and thereby render it heavy as the heart of the weeping Niobe; but if you are a gentleman and a scholar, you will gently sunder its clinging sides without "armed interference," and so preserve its spongy, porous texture. To the uninitiated one part is as good as another; but let me confidentially whisper in your ear, if it should be your duty to pass the plate, present to your neighbor that side which bears the under-crust, as that is liable to be burnt and unpalatable, and reserve to yourself the smoothly-rounded upper-crust, which is deliciously toothsome. Lay your portion on your plate crust downward. With your own polished knife (the reason of this you will presently perceive) carve from the ball of golden butter a lump of magnificent dimensions. Be not niggardly in this respect. Exercise towards yourself a large-hearted generosity; for butter sinks into itself, and in itself is lost with wonderful rapidity, when it rests on a pedestal of hot bread. Press your butter, still adhering to your knife, down into the warm, soft bread, in various places, forming little wells, whose walls are unctuous with the melted luxury, and then — O, THEN! but I cannot sustain the picture which my fancy has drawn.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Cincinnatus Heine Miller was born in the Wabash District of Indiana, November 10, 1841. When he was thirteen years of age his parents emigrated to Oregon, overland, a journey of five months, and settled in the Willamette Valley. The boy worked on the farm for three years, and then went to California to hunt for gold. Though he had had but the slightest opportunities for education, he showed his literary tastes early, and while at work for a company of miners he commenced writing verses. When it was suggested to him that poetry was governed by fixed rules, he broke out into an anathema against "rith-um and measurement," and added, "There's the ideas, and I know what poetic license means." He was not successful as a miner, and led for several years a wild life of adventure in California and Nevada, then with Walker in Nicaragua, and afterwards with a band of nomadic savages. He was miner, astrologer, poet, filibuster, Indian sachem, and roaming herdsman. In 1860 he returned to his home in Oregon, lamed by gunshot and arrow wounds, and commenced studying law in Eugene, the county seat of Lane County. The next year he went to Idaho, where he conducted the hazardous but remunerative business of a miners' express. He returned to Eugene, and edited a newspaper, which was so disloyal as to be suppressed by the military authorities. At this period he married a lady who had been a poetical contributor to his paper. He went to San Francisco for a time, and next removed to Eastern Oregon, where, in 1866 he was elected county judge, an office which he held until 1870. In this year he published, in a small volume, a poem called Songs of the Sierras (the one which is now entitled Californian), giving his name as Joaquin Miller. His wife having obtained a divorce from him, he made provision for his children, and went to England. After great difficulties he found a publisher through the influence of the poet Rosetti. His poems produced a great sensation in both hemispheres, and the author was immediately famous. He returned to Oregon in October, 1871, and set out again for a tour through California and the regions southward.

The writer in the Overland Monthly, from whose account this notice is abridged, says that the poet is temperate, modest, quiet, and simple in his tastes and dress; and that in person he is remarkable only for his profusion of long yellow hair, and for the fine play of expression that illumines his wonderfully delicate and sensitive face.

This singular career gives us a certain interpretation of his wild and vehement, but vividly picturesque verse. He describes the magnificent scenery of the Pacific coast as though his eyes had been the first, and only ones, to behold it. His pictures are the original studies of a strong and intensely individual mind. There is no vagueness, no uncertainty in his free and bold touches. The persons that figure in his stories are undoubted portraits, and however it may be as to the "one virtue," their names were surely linked to the "thousand crimes." Take Byron, or any of the many reflections of himself, such as Lara or Manfred; make him forget the luxuries of cities, but keep all his boiling passions, and especially his bitter misanthropy; set him on horseback in the American desert, amidst hostile savages and skulking bandits; let him banish the humanities learned at Harrow, and paint what he should see, without a thought of "English bards or Scotch reviewers," and he would give us something like the thrilling sensation we feel in following the adventures of Joaquin Miller. It is too soon to attempt any estimate of this new poet. Should he continue writing with equal vigor, and with the larger scope which maturity and culture bring, he may in some measure give a new direction to the poetical thought of the times, now almost wholly influenced by the philosophical school. If he should write no more, he will be remembered as a meteor of portentous brilliancy, while the great stars of our firmament will shine on.

PASSAGES FROM A POEM ENTITLED CALIFORNIAN.

I STAND beside the mobile sea;
And sails are spread, and sails are furled
From farthest corners of the world,
And fold like white wings wearily.
Steamships go up, and some go down
In haste, like traders in a town,
And seem to see and beckon all.
Afar at sea some white shapes flee,
With arms stretched like a ghost's to me,
And cloud-like sails far blown and curled,
Then glide down to the under-world.
As if blown bare in winter blasts
Of leaf and limb, tall naked masts
Are rising from the restless sea,
So still and desolate and tall,
I seem to see them gleam and shine
With clinging drops of dripping brine.
Broad still brown wings flit here and there,
Thin sea-blue wings wheel everywhere,
And white wings whistle through the air:
I hear a thousand sea-gulls call.
Behold the ocean on the beach
Kneel lowly down as if in prayer.
I hear a moan as of despair,
While far at sea do toss and reach
Some things so like white pleading hands.
The ocean's thin and hoary hair
Is trailed along the silvered sands
At every sigh and sounding moan.
'Tis not a place for mirthfulness,
But meditation deep, and prayer,
And kneelings on the salted sod,
Where man must own his littleness,
And know the mightiness of God.
The very birds shriek in distress,
And sound the ocean's monotone.

. . . .

Afar the bright Sierras lie,
A swaying line of snowy white,
A fringe of heaven hung in sight
Against the blue base of the sky.

I look along each gaping gorge,
I hear a thousand sounding strokes
Like giants rending giant oaks,
Or brawny Vulcan at his forge;
I see pick-axes flash and shine
And great wheels whirling in a mine.
Here winds a thick and yellow thread,
A mossed and silver stream instead;
And trout that leaped its rippling tide
Have turned upon their sides and died.

. . . . .

Curambo! what a cloud of dust
Comes dashing down like driven gust!
And who rides rushing on the sight —
Adown yon rocky long defile,
Swift as an eagle in his flight,
Fierce as a winter's storm at night
Blown from the bleak Sierra's height,
Careering down some yawning gorge?
His face is flushed, his eye is wild,
And 'neath his courser's sounding feet
(A glance could barely be more fleet)
The rocks are flashing like a forge.
Such reckless rider! I do ween
No mortal man his like has seen.
And yet, but for his long serape,
All flowing loose, and black as crape,
And long silk locks of blackest hair
All streaming wildly in the breeze,
You might believe him in a chair,
Or chatting at some country fair
With a friend or señorita rare,
He rides so grandly at his ease.

But now he grasps a tighter rein,
A red rein wrought in golden chain,
And in his tapidaros stands,
Half turns and shakes two bloody hands,
And shouts defiance at his foe;
Now lifts his broad hat from his brow
As if to challenge fate, and now
His hand drops to his saddle-bow,
And clutches something gleaming there
As if to something more than dare,
While halts the foe that followed fast
As rushing wave or raving blast,
More sudden-swift than though were prest
All bridle-bands at one behest.

. . . . .

What crimes have made that red hand red?
What wrongs have written that young face
With lines of thought so out of place?
Where flies he? And from whence has fled?
And what his lineage and race?
What glitters in his heavy belt?
And from his furred catenas gleam?

What on his bosom that doth seem
A diamond bright or dagger's hilt?
The iron hoofs that still resound
Like thunder from the yielding ground
Alone reply; and now the plain,
Quick as you breathe and gaze again,
Is won, and all pursuit is vain.

I stand upon a stony rim,
Stone-paved and patterned as a street;
A rock-lipped cañon plunging south,
As if it were earth's opened mouth,
Yawns deep and darkling at my feet;
So deep, so distant, and so dim
Its waters wind, a yellow thread,
And calls so faintly and so far,
I turn aside my swooning head.
I feel a fierce impulse to leap
Adown the beetling precipice,
Like some lone, lost, uncertain star;
To plunge into a place unknown,
And win a world all, all my own;
Or if I might not meet that bliss,
At least escape the curse of this.

I gaze again. A gleaming star
Shines back as from some mossy well
Reflected from blue fields afar.
Brown hawks are wheeling here and there,
And up and down the broken wall
Cling clumps of dark green chaparral,
While from the rent rocks, gray and bare,
Blue junipers hang in the air.

Here, cedars sweep the stream, and here,
Among the boulders mossed and brown
That time and storms have toppled down
From towers undefiled by man.
Low cabins nestle as in fear,
And look no taller than a span.
From low and shapeless chimneys rise
Some tall, straight columns of blue smoke,
And weld them to the bluer skies;
While sounding down the sombre gorge,
I hear the steady pick-axe stroke,
As if upon a flashing forge.

Another scene, another sound! —
Sharp shots are fretting through the air,
Red knives are flashing everywhere,
And here and there the yellow flood
Is purpled with warm smoking blood.
The brown hawk swoops low to the ground,
And nimble chipmonks, small and still
Dart striped lines across the sill
That lordly feet shall press no more.
The flume lies warping in the sun,
The pan sits empty by the door,
The pick-axe on its bed-rock floor
Lies rusting in the silent mine.
There comes no single sound nor sign
Of life, beside yon monks in brown
That dart their dim shapes up and down
The rocks that swelter in the sun;
But dashing round yon rocky spur
Where scarce a hawk would dare to whirr,
Fly horsemen reckless in their flight.
One wears a flowing black capote,
While down the cape do flow and float
Long locks of hair as dark as night,
And hands are red that erst were white.

All up and down the land to-day
Black desolation and despair
It seems have sat and settled there,
With none to frighten them away.
Like sentries watching by the way
Black chimneys topple in the air,
And seem to say, Go back! beware!
While up around the mountain's rim
Are clouds of smoke, so still and grim
They look as they are fastened there.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Austin Phelps, and granddaughter of the late Professor Moses Stuart, was born in Andover, Mass., August 31, 1844. She wrote a number of successful juvenile books at an early age. She became known as a writer of signal ability by the publication of Gates Ajar in 1868. This was followed by Hedged In, and by Men, Women, and Ghosts, both published in 1869. The Silent Partner, from which the selection following was taken, appeared in 1871.

Miss Phelps writes with the firm touch of a practised hand, and deals with some of the social problems that are to require all the courage, wisdom, patience, and love of generations for their happy solution. She is quite fortunate in sketches of character, and though her benevolent purposes are sufficiently obvious, her men and women are real persons, and not merely the mouthpieces of warring opinions. The Silent Partner has many of the elements of a powerful novel; natural dialogue, well contrasted scenes, and the onward movement, and high moral qualities which secure the reader's earnest attention and sympathy.

[From The Silent Partner.]

A VIEW OF A FACTORY GIRL'S LIFE.

If you are one of "the hands" in the Hayle and Kelso Mills, you go to your work, as is well known, from the hour of half past six to seven, according to the turn of the season. Time has been when you went at half past four. The Senior forgot this the other day in a little talk which he had with his silent partner — very naturally, the time having been so long past; but the time has been, is now, indeed, yet, in places. Mr. Hayle can tell you of mills he saw in New Hampshire last vacation, where they ring them up, if you'll believe it, winter and summer, in and out, at half past four in the morning. O, no; never let out before six, of course. Mr. Hayle disapproves of this. Mr. Hayle thinks it not humane. Mr. Hayle is confident that you would find no mission Sunday school connected with that concern.

If you are one of "the hands" in the Hayle and Kelso Mills — and again, in Hayle and Kelso — you are so dully used to this classification, "the hands," that you were never known to cultivate an objection to it, are scarcely found to notice its use or disuse. Being surely neither head nor heart, what else remains? Conscious scarcely, from bell to bell, from sleep to sleep, from day to dark, of either head or heart, there seems even a singular appropriateness in the chance of the word with which you are dimly struck. Hayle and Kelso label you. There you are. You are the fingers of the world. You take your patient place. The world may have need of you, but only that it may think, aspire, create, enjoy. It needs your patience as well as your place. You take both, and you are used to both, and the world is used to both, and so, having put the label on for safety's

sake, lest you be mistaken for a thinking, aspiring, creating, enjoying compound, and so some one be poisoned, shoves you into your place upon its shelf, and shuts its cupboard door upon you.

If you are one of "the hands," then, in Hayle and Kelso, you have a breakfast of bread and molasses probably; you are apt to eat it while you dress; somebody is heating the kettle, but you cannot wait for it; somebody tells you that you have forgotten your shawl; you throw it over one shoulder, and step out, before it is fastened, into the sudden raw air; you left lamp-light in-doors; you find moonlight without; the night seems to have overslept itself; you have a fancy for trying to wake it, would like to shout at it or cry through it, but feel very cold, and leave that for the bells to do by and by. You and the bells are the only waking things in life. The great brain of the world is in serene repose. The great heart of the world lies warm to the core with dreams. The great hands of the world, the patient, perplexed, one almost fancies at times, just for the fancy, seeing you here by the morning moon, the dangerous hands, alone are stirring in the dark.

You hang up your shawl and your crinoline, and understand, as you go shivering by gaslight to your looms, that you are chilled to the heart, and that you were careless about your shawl, but do not consider carefulness worth your while by nature or by habit; a little less shawl means a few less winters in which to require shawling. You are a godless little creature, but you cherish a stolid leaning, in these morning moons, towards making an experiment of death and a wadded coffin.

By the time that gas is out, you cease, perhaps, — though you cannot depend upon that, — to shiver, and incline less and less to the wadded coffin, and more to chat with your neighbor in the alley. Your neighbor is of either sex and any description, as the case may be. In any event, warming a little with the warming day, you incline more and more to chat. If you chance to be a cotton-weaver, you are presently warm enough. It is quite warm enough in the weaving-room. The engines respire into the weaving-room; with every throb of their huge lungs you swallow their breath. The weaving-room stifles with steam. The window-sills of this room are guttered to prevent the condensed steam from running in streams along the floor; sometimes they overflow, and water stands under the looms; the walls perspire profusely; on a damp day, drops will fall from the roof.

The windows of the weaving-room are closed; the windows must

be closed ; a stir in will break your threads. There is no air to stir. You inhale for a substitute motionless, hot moisture. If you chance to be a cotton-weaver, it is not in March that you think most about your coffin.

Being "a hand" in Hayle and Kelso, you are used to eating cold luncheon in the cold at noon, or you walk, for the sake of a cup of soup or coffee, half a mile, three quarters, a mile and a half, and back. You are allowed three quarters of an hour in which to do this. You come and go upon the jog-trot.

You grow moody, being "a hand" at Hayle and Kelso's, with the growing day ; are inclined to quarrel or to confidence with your neighbor in the alley ; find the overseer out of temper, and the cotton full of flaws ; find pains in your feet, your back, your eyes, your arms ; feel damp and sticky lint in your hair, your neck, your ears, your throat, your lungs ; discover a monotony in the process of breathing hot moisture, lower your window at your risk ; are bidden by somebody whose threads you have broken at the other end of the room to put it up, and put it up ; are conscious that your head swims, your eyeballs burn, your breath quickens ; yield your preference for a wadded coffin, and consider whether the river would not be the comfortable thing ; cough a little, cough a great deal, lose your balance in a coughing fit, snap a thread, and take to swearing roundly.

From swearing you take to singing ; both perhaps are equal relief, active and diverting. There is something curious about that singing of yours. The time, the place, the singers, characterize it sharply — the waning light, the rival din, the girls with tired faces. You start some little thing with a refrain and a ring to it ; a hymn, it is not unlikely ; something of a River and of Waiting, and of Toil and Rest, or Sleep, or Crowns, or Harps, or Home, or Green Fields, or Flowers, or Sorrow, or Repose, or a dozen things, but always, it will be noticed, of simple, spotless things, such as will surprise the listener who caught you at your oath of five minutes past. You have other songs, neither simple nor spotless it may be ; but you never sing them at your work, when the waning day is crawling out from spots between your looms, and the girls lift up their tired faces to catch and keep the chorus in the rival din.

You like to watch the contest between the chorus and the din ; to see — you seem almost to see — the struggle of the melody from alley to alley, from loom to loom, from darkening wall to darkening wall, from lifted face to lifted face ; to see — for you are very sure

you see — the machinery fall into a fit of rage. That is a sight! You would never guess, unless you had watched it just as many times as you have, how that machinery will rage. How it throws its arms about, what fists it can clench, how it shakes at the elbows and knees, what teeth it knows how to gnash, how it writhes and roars, how it clutches at the leaky, strangling gas-lights, and how it bends its impotent black head, always, at last, without fail, and your song sweeps triumphant, like an angel, over it! With this you are very much pleased, though only "a hand," to be sure, in Hayle and Kelso.

You are singing when the bell strikes, and singing still when you clatter down the stairs. Something of the simple spotlessness of the little song is on your face, when you dip into the wind and dusk. Perhaps you have only pinned your shawl, or pulled your hat over your face, or knocked against a stranger on the walk; but it passes; it passes and is gone. It is cold and you tremble, direct from the morbid heat in which you have stood all day; or you have been cold all day, and it is colder, and you shrink; or you are from the weaving-room, and the wind strikes you faint, or you stop to cough, and the girls go on without you. The town is lighted, and people are out in their best clothes. You pull your dingy veil about your eyes. You are weak and heart-sick all at once. You don't care to go home to supper. The pretty song creeps, wounded, back for the engines in the deserted dark to crunch. You are a miserable little factory-girl with a dirty face.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

[Born in New York, January 2, 1752. Died at Monmouth, N. J., December 18, 1832.]

THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands:
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison for a journey drest,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of bone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the finer essence gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit;
Yet mark the swelling turf, and say,
They do not *lie*, but here they *sit*.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Marian with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer — a shade.

And long shall timorous Fancy see
The painted chief and pointed spear,
And reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

[Born at Port Royal, Bermuda, June 29, 1752. Died in Virginia, November, 1827.]

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

Days of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet a while ye can last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

[Born in Frederick County, Md., August 1, 1779. Died at Baltimore, January 11, 1843.]

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O, SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming:
And the rocket's red glare, and bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream;
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

[Born in Scituate, Mass., January 13, 1785. Died in the city of New York, December 9, 1842.]

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well."
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

ANDREWS NORTON.

[Born in Hingham, Mass., December 31, 1786. Died at Newport, R. I., September 18, 1853.]

SCENE AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

The rain is o'er. How dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind flows cool; the scented ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

'Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest, to gaze below a while,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth; from off the scene
Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on Nature — yet the same —
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,
Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,
Which sounds from all below, above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence; low-born care,
And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
And 'mid this living light expire.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

[Born in Dublin, Ireland, September 24, 1789. Died at New Orleans, September 10, 1847.]

STANZAS.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky.
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see —
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail — its date is brief,
Restless — and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea;
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

ELIZA TOWNSEND.

[Born in Boston, in 1789. Died January 12, 1854.]

AN INVOCATION TO PEACE.

[Concluding stanzas of a Poem entitled The Rainbow.]

But thou, around whose holy head
The balmy olive loves to spread,
Return, O nymph benign!
With buds that paradise bestowed,
Whence "healing for the nations" flowed,
Our bleeding temples twine.

For thee our fathers ploughed the strand,
For thee they left that goodly land,
The turf their childhood trod;
The hearths on which their infants played,
The tombs in which their sires were laid,
The altars of their God.

Then, by their consecrated dust,
Their spirits, spirits of the just,
Now near their Maker's face,
By their privations and their cares,
Their pilgrim toils, their patriot prayers,
Desert thou not their race.

Descend to mortal ken confest,
Known by thy white and stainless vest,
And let us on the mountain crest
That snowy mantle see;
O, let not here thy mission close,
Leave not the erring sons of those
Who left a world for thee.

Celestial visitant! again
Resume thy gentle golden reign,
Our honored guest once more;
Cheer with thy smiles our saddened plain,
And let thy rainbow o'er the main
Tell that the storms are o'er.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

[Born in the city of New York, June 9, 1792. Died at Tunis, Africa, April 10, 1852.]

SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us here,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call; —
O, give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

JOHN NEAL.

[Born in Portland, Me., August 25, 1793.]

BIRTH OF A POET.

On a blue summer night,
While the stars were asleep,
Like gems of the deep,
In their own drowsy light;
While the new-mown hay
On the green earth lay,
And all that came near it went scented away.
From a lone woody place
There looked out a face,
With large blue eyes,
Like the wet, warm skies,
Brimful of water and light;
A profusion of hair
Flashing out on the air,
And a forehead alarmingly bright:
'Twas the head of a poet! He grew
As the sweet strange flowers of the wilderness blow;
Till every thought wore a changeable stain,
Like flower leaves wet with the sunset rain.

A proud and passionate boy was he,
Like all the children of Poesy;
With a haughty look and a haughty tread,
And something awful about his head;
With wonderful eyes
Full of woe and surprise,
Like the eyes of them that can see the dead.

Looking about,
For a moment or two he stood
On the shore of the mighty wood,
Then ventured out,
With a bounding step and a joyful shout,
The brave sky bending o'er him!
The broad sea all before him!

EDWARD EVERETT.

[For biographical notice, see p. 147]

DIRGE OF ALARIC THE VISIGOTH,

Who stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

When I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes;
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of Power to rest;
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place forever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the king of kings;
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods that gave them birth;—
The captured crown of many a king,
The ransom of a conquered earth:
For e'en though dead will I control
The trophies of the capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar or mound to mark the spot:
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terror of the Goth,
Their iron-breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empires kneels
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car;
'Twas God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
O'er guilty king and guilty realm;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
And vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
In vain within their seven-hilled towers;
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty,
And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done:
I go to him from whom I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name:
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done,
But darker ministers of fate
Impatient, round the eternal throne,
And in the caves of vengeance wait;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

[Born in Biddeford, Me., June 19, 1799. Died in New York, September 5, 1841.]

THE BUGLE.

"But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle's note;
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream.
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo turned an answering blast." *Lady of the Lake.*

O, WILD enchanting horn!
Whose music up the deep and dewy air
Swells to the clouds, and calls an echo there,
Till a new melody is born.

Wake, wake again; the night
Is bending from her throne of Beauty down,
With still stars beaming on her azure crown,
Intense and eloquently bright!

Night, at its pulseless noon!
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long,
Barks at the melancholy moon!

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
With lone halloo and roundelay.

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stirred spirit hears thee with a start
As boyhood's old, remembered shout.

O, have ye heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around ye steal!

Or have ye, in the roar
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Shriller than eagle's clamor, to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never soar.

Go, go; no other sound,
No music, that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound!

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

[Born at Trenton, N. J., May 27, 1799. Died at Burlington, N. J., April 27, 1859.]

EVENING.

"Let my prayer be — as the evening sacrifice."

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee!
Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.
Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thy eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE.

[Born in Providence, R. I., February 10, 1802. Died at Cleveland, Ohio, January 3, 1868.]

TO THE WEATHERCOCK ON OUR STEEPLE.

THE dawn has broke, the morn is up,
Another day begun;
And there thy poised and gilded spear
Is flashing in the sun,
Upon that steep and lofty tower
Where thou thy watch hast kept,
A true and faithful sentinel,
While all around thee slept.

For years upon thee there has poured
The summer's noonday heat,
And through the long, dark, starless night,
The winter storms have beat;
And yet thy duty has been done,
By day and night the same;
Still thou hast met and faced the storm
Whichever way it came.

. . . .

How oft I've seen, at early dawn,
Or twilight's quiet hour,
The swallows, in their joyous glee,
Come darting round thy tower,
As if, with thee, to hail the sun,
And catch its earliest light,
And offer ye the morn's salute,
Or bid ye both — good night!

And when around thee or above
No breath of air has stirred,
Thou seem'st to watch the circling flight
Of each free, happy bird,
Till, after twittering round thy head
In many a mazy track,
The whole delighted company
Have settled on thy back.

Then, if perchance, amidst their mirth,
A gentle breeze has sprung,
And prompt to mark its first approach,
Thy eager form hath swung,
I've thought I almost heard thee say,
As far aloft they flew,
"Now all away! — here ends our play,
For I have work to do!"

Men slander thee, my honest friend,
And call thee, in their pride,
An emblem of their fickleness,
Thou ever-faithful guide.
Each weak, unstable human mind
A "weathercock" they call;
And thus, unthinkingly, mankind
Abuse thee, one and all.

They have no right to make thy name
A by-word for their deeds: —
They change their friends, their principles,
Their fashions, and their creeds;
Whilst thou hast ne'er been known
Thus causelessly to range,
But when thou changest sides canst give
Good reason for the change.

Thou, like some lofty soul, whose course
The thoughtless oft condemn,
Art touched by many airs from heaven
Which never breathe on them, —
And moved by many impulses
Which they do never know,
Who, round their earth-bound circles, plod
The dusty paths below.

. . . . .

Bright symbol of fidelity,
Still may I think of thee;
And may the lesson thou dost teach
Be never lost on me; —
But still, in sunshine or in storm,
Whatever task is mine,
May I be faithful to my trust
As thou hast been to thine.

EDWARD COATES PINKNEY.

[Born in London, October, 1802. Died in Baltimore, April 11, 1828.]

A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns, — the idol of past years.

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long remain;
But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh will not be life's but hers.

I filled this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon —
Her health! and would on earth there stood some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

[Born in Philadelphia, October 10, 1802. Died in New York, July 6, 1864.]

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot:
There, woodman, let it stand;
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heartstrings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot:
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

REV. JOSEPH H. CLINCH.

[Born in Trinity, Newfoundland, January 30, 1806. A resident of Boston.]

HYMN

For the Dedication of the Shurtleff School House in South Boston.

Where Ignorance holds its iron reign,
Where mists of deadly Error rise,
There Virtue lifts her voice in vain,
There Freedom droops and Honor dies.

Until they pluck fair Wisdom's fruit,
And drink of Learning's sacred wave,
Degraded man is but a brute,
Degraded woman but a slave.

The land is cursed whose children feel
No warmth by Learning's hand impressed;
'Tis Ignorance shapes and drives the steel
That pierces Freedom's bleeding breast.

For this we build: — for Freedom's sake,
These fanes we raise and dedicate;
For this we lavish wealth, to make
Our schools the bulwarks of the state.

Great God! with favoring eye look down!
Prosper the labor of our hand!
Accept our work, — our efforts crown
To elevate and bless the land!

EPES SARGENT.

[Born at Gloucester, Mass., September 27, 1812. A resident of Boston.]

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:
O, give me the flashing brine,
The spray, and the tempest's roar!

Once more on deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land!
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean-bird, set free:—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

THE cold blast at the casement beats;
The window-panes are white;
The snow whirls through the empty streets:
It is a dreary night!
Sit down, old friend; the wine-cups wait;
Fill, to o'erflowing fill!
Though Winter howleth at the gate,
In our hearts 'tis summer still!

For we full many summer joys
And greenwood sports have shared,
When, free and ever-roving boys,
The rocks, the streams, we dared;
And, as I look upon thy face,
Back, back o'er years of ill,
My heart flies to that happy place,
Where it is summer still.

Yes, though like sere leaves on the ground,
Our early hopes are strown,
And cherished flowers lie dead around,
And singing birds are flown,
The verdure is not faded quite,
Not mute all tones that thrill;
And seeing, hearing thee to-night,
In my heart 'tis summer still.

Fill up! The olden times come back
With light and life once more;
We scan the Future's sunny track
From Youth's enchanted shore;—
The lost return: through fields of bloom
We wander at our will;
Gone is the Winter's angry gloom—
In our hearts 'tis summer still.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

[Born in New York in 1806.]

SONG.

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

O, if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here a while would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions,
To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

JONES VERY.

[Born in Salem, Mass., August 28, 1813.]

TO THE PAINTED COLUMBINE.

BRIGHT image of the early years
When glowed my cheek as red as thou,
And life's dark throng of cares and fears
Were swift-winged shadows o'er my sunny brow!

Thou blushest from the painter's page,
Robed in the mimic tints of art;
But Nature's hand in youth's green age
With fairer hues first traced thee on my heart.

The morning's blush, she made it thine;
The morn's sweet breath, she gave it thee;
And in thy look, my Columbine!
Each fond-remembered spot she bade me see.

I see the hill's far-gazing head,
Where gay thou noddest on the gale;
I hear light-bounding footsteps tread
The grassy path that winds along the vale.

I hear the voice of woodland song
Break from each bush and well-known tree,
And on light pinions borne along,
Comes back the laugh from childhood's heart of glee.

O'er the dark rock the dashing brook,
With looks of anger, leaps again,
And, hastening to each flowery nook,
Its distant voice is heard far down the glen.

Fair child of art! thy charms decay,
Touched by the withered hand of Time;
And hushed the music of that day,
When my voice mingled with the streamlet's chime;

But on my heart thy cheek of bloom
Shall live when Nature's smile has fled;
And, rich with memory's sweet perfume,
Shall o'er her grave thy tribute incense shed.

There shalt thou live and wake the glee
That echoed on thy native hill;
And when, loved flower! I think of thee,
My infant feet will seem to seek thee still.

THE WIND-FLOWER.

Thou lookest up with meek, confiding eye
Upon the clouded smile of April's face,
Unharmed though Winter stands uncertain by,
Eying with jealous glance each opening grace.

Thou trustest wisely! in thy faith arrayed
More glorious thou than Israel's wisest king;
Such faith was His whom men to death betrayed
As thine who hear'st the timid voice of Spring.

While other flowers still hide them from her call
Along the river's brink and meadow bare,
Thee will I seek beside the stony wall,
And in thy trust with child-like heart would share,
O'erjoyed that in thy early leaves I find
A lesson taught by Him who loved all human kind.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

[Born in Fryeburg, Me., June 1, 1816. Resides at Montpelier, Vt.]

A PICTURE.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place;
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning wheel,
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three; —

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While, close to his heaving breast,
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed; —
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay —
Fast asleep were they both that summer day!

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

[Born 1817. For biographical notice, see p. 417.]

WORDSWORTH.

THE grass hung wet on Rydal banks,
The golden day with pearls adorning,
When side by side with him we walked
To meet midway the summer morning.

The west wind took a softer breath,
The sun himself seemed brighter shining,
As through the porch the minstrel stepped —
His eye sweet Nature's look enshrining.

He passed along the dewy sward,
The blue-bird sang aloft "good morrow!"
He plucked a bud, the flower awoke,
And smiled without one pang of sorrow.

He spoke of all that graced the scene,
In tones that fell like music round us;
We felt the charm descend, nor strove
To break the rapturous spell that bound us.

We listened with mysterious awe,
Strange feelings mingling with our pleasure;
We heard that day prophetic words,
High thoughts the heart must always treasure.

Great Nature's Priest! thy calm career
With that sweet morn on earth has ended —
But who shall say thy mission died
When, winged for Heaven, thy soul ascended!

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

[Born in Portland, Me., June 18, 1819.]

I. NOVEMBER.

THE dead leaves their rich mosaics,
Of olive, and gold, and brown,
Had lain on the rain-wet pavements,
Through all the embowered town.

They were washed by the autumn tempest,
They were trod by hurrying feet,
And the winds came out with their besoms
And swept them into the street,

To be crushed and lost forever
'Neath the wheels, in the black mire lost, —
The Summer's precious darlings,
She nurtured at such cost!

O words that have fallen from me!
O golden thoughts and true!
Must I see in the leaves a symbol
Of the fate which awaiteth you?

II. APRIL.

AGAIN has come the Spring-time,
With the crocus's golden bloom,
With the smell of the fresh-turned earth-mould,
And the violet's perfume.

O gardener! tell me the secret
Of thy flowers so rare and sweet!
— "I have only enriched my garden
With the black mire from the street!"

Atlantic Monthly, July, 1858.

GENERAL HENRY R. JACKSON.

[Born in Savannah, Ga., 1819. Yale, 1839. Author of Tullalah, &c.]

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

[These lines were written while the author was in command of the first Georgia regiment, then in camp on the Rio Grande, below Matamoras, and a part of General Taylor's army of Mexican invasion. The general wrote them in pencil on his knee in his tent.]

THE tattoo beats, the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night in solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, my dearest one,
Whose love my early life hath blessed;
Of thee and him — our baby son —
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
O, guard the tender sleeper's rest!

And hover gently, hover near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet —
To mother, wife — the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear —
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before thy throne,
O, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while at thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall and rise,
No tear is wept to thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies; —

That thou canst stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by thy stern commands
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast;
No frowning look or angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild —
By day, by night, in joy or woe —
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God, protect my wife and child!

MARIA (WHITE) LOWELL.

[Born in Watertown, 1821. Died in Cambridge, 1853.]

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND AFTER THE LOSS OF A CHILD.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled,
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of Death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

But nought can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged paths to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go;
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on, o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy-soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night,
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,—
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me!"

LUCY LARCOM.

[Born at Beverly Farms, Mass., in 1826.]

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
O, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos:
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.

May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

'Tis November;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shores she views.
Twenty seasons: —
Never one has brought her any news.

Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

HENRY TIMROD.

[Born at Charleston, S. C., December, 1830. Died in Columbia, S. C., October 8, 1867.]

ODE,

SUNG ON THE OCCASION OF DECORATING THE GRAVES OF THE CONFEDERATE DEAD, AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY, CHARLESTON, S. C.

I.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause,
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

II.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of our fame is blown,
And somewhere waiting for its birth
The shaft is in the stone!

III.

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

IV.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-mouldered pile
Shall overlook this bay.

V.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies;
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies
By mourning beauty crowned!

REV. WALTER MITCHELL.

[From Atlantic Monthly, January, 1858.]

TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE.

I.

The weather leach of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain and the lee shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

II.

Open, one point on the weather bow,
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island head;
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

III.

I stand at the wheel, and, with eager eye,
To sea, and to sky, and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "FULL AND BY!"
Is suddenly changed to "FULL FOR STAYS!"

IV.

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "STAND BY FOR STAYS!"

v.

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coils in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

VI.

And the light on Fire Island head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "READY! ABOUT!"

VII.

No time to spare! It is touch and go;
And the captain growls, "DOWN HELM! HARD DOWN!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's frown.

VIII.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "AY, AY, SIR! HA-A-R-D A-LEE!"

IX.

With the swerving leap of a startled steed,
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

X.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats,
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps,
And thunders the order, "TACKS AND SHEETS!"

XI.

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;
The sails are black from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for "MAINSAIL, HAUL!"

XII.

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung;
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

XIII.

"LET GO AND HAUL!" 'Tis the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more;
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

XIV.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "BELAY THERE, ALL!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

XV.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle-bunk in a jacket dry, —
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

CHARLES JAMES SPRAGUE.

[Born in Boston, January 16, 1823. Still a resident of this city.]

TO MY HERBARIUM.

Ye dry and dead remains!
Poor, wrinkled remnants of a beauteous prime!
Why, from your final doom, should I take pains
To stay the hand of time?

The world would pass you by;
For beauty, grace, and fragrance all are gone.
Your age is homeliness to every eye,
And prized by me alone.

Not beautiful, but dear,
Your wrecks recall to me the happy past;
Wand-like, your stems can summon to appear
The days that could not last.

I breathe the summer air!
I wander in the woodland paths once more!
Again the copse, the dell, the meadow, wear
The loveliness of yore.

Turned to the god of day,
Your little lips come, prayerfully, apart,
With the soft breeze your leaves, reviving, play
Sweet music to my heart.

The friend who in those years
Shared warmly in my rambles, far and wide,
Back, with the same old fondness, reappears,
And trudges at my side.

These are your charms to me!
While such dear recollections ye awake,
Your ruins, blackened, crumbling though they be,
I treasure for their sake.

May I, like you, dry flowers,
When in young life I can no more engage,
A dear memento be of happy hours
To those who tend my age.

ELIZABETH (LLOYD) HOWELL.

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong:
I murmur not that I no longer see:
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme! to thee.

All-merciful One!
When men are farthest, then art thou most near;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred, — here
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand,
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song,

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture, waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit, strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON.

[Born at Windham, Me., April 30, 1838. Educated at Portland High School. Married M. Woolson, a master in the English High School, Boston.]

OVER THE HILLS.

I SIT upon Wachuset, and behold
Far to the north New Hampshire's mountains rise;
Nor steepled towns nor forest lands, unrolled
In near, encircling vales, can tempt my eyes
From those blue peaks that skirt the distant scene,
Veiling with softer light their brows serene.

Withdrawn in misty shadows, grandly dim,
Monadnock towers supreme o'er all the view;
While faint as dreams, upon the horizon's rim,
The Unkanoonucs lift their domes of blue,
And clustered fair, in nearer plains below,
The hills of Sharon catch the sunset glow.

I see no longer town or gleaming pond,
Bathed in the mellow splendors of the west,
But gaze away to those cool heights beyond,
Where wavy range and solitary crest
Speak to my heart of scenes I loved of yore
Beneath their slopes, in days that are no more.

O, lone bird, soaring near this airy peak
Whereon I sit, stay not for darkening skies;
O'er rosy lakes and purpling valleys seek
A little city in the north that lies
Set low in meadows by a river wide,
With trees embowered and fields on either side.

When there, alit upon some gilded vane
That tells its dwellers of the veering wind,
Your eye shall scan the movements on the plain,
The haunts I love, the friends there left behind;
Look sharp and long, for I shall question well,
When home you speed again, your tale to tell.

O, little bird, sweet bird, the shadows grow!
I sit alone and watch the sunset pale
Behind your flight, while in the woods below
Shudders the night wind rustling from the vale:
Yet fancy flies to see you settling down
With sunrise carols o'er that river town.

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

"Come a little nearer, — thank you, — let
me take the cup:
Draw your chair up, — draw it closer, — just
another little sup!
May be you may think I'm better; but I'm
pretty well used up, —
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but
I'm just a going up!

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it
ain't much use to try."
"Never say that," said the surgeon, as he
smothered down a sigh;
"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier
to say die!"
"What you *say* will make no difference, Doc-
tor, when you come to die."

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You
were very faint, they say;
You must try to get some sleep now." "Doc-
tor, have I been away?"
"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor
— Doctor, please to stay!
There is something I must tell you, and you
won't have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm
ready now to go;
Doctor, did you say I fainted? but it couldn't
ha' been so, —
For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was
wounded at Shiloh,
I've this very night been back there, on the
old field of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember: The last time
the lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the
noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before
something called my name:
'Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton!'
— just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so dis-
tinctly and so slow,
Knew it couldn't be the lighter — he could
not have spoken so, —
And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I
couldn't make it go;
For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't
make it go!

"Then I thought, It's all a nightmare, all a
humbug and a bore;
Just another foolish *grape-vine* — and it won't
come any more;
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the
same way as before: —
'Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton!'
— even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden
burst of light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood
that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs
opposite,
When the river was perdition, and all hell
was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again
in all its power,
And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some
celestial tower;
And the same mysterious voice said, 'It is
the eleventh hour!
Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton —
It is the eleventh hour!'

"Doctor Austin! — what *day* is this?" "It
is Wednesday night, you know."
"Yes, — to-morrow will be New Year's, and
a right good time below!
What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly
twelve." "Then don't you go!
Can it be that all this happened — all this —
not an hour ago!

"This was where the gunboats opened on
the dark rebellious host,
And where Webster semicircled his last guns
upon the coast;
Here were still the two log-houses just the
same, or else their ghosts, —
And the same old transport came, and took
me over — or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted
far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss, —
there McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and
where Hurlbut's heroes died, —
Lower down, where Wallace charged them,
and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed
them he was of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered, and
where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we
all began to win —
There was where the grape-shot took me,
just as we began to win.

"Now, a shroud of snow and silence over
everything was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old
hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this mo-
ment, I was dead, —
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow
upon the dead!

"Death and silence! Death and silence! all
around me as I sped!
And behold, a mighty tower, as if builded to
the dead, —
To the heaven of the heavens, lifted up its
mighty head,
Till the stars and stripes of heaven all
seemed waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based it towered — up
into the infinite —
And I knew no mortal mason could have
built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a wind-
ing stair of light,
Wound around it and around it till it wound
clear out of sight!

And, behold, as I approached it — with a rapt
and dazzled stare, — . .
Thinking that I saw old comrades just as-
cending the great stair, —
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of —
'Halt, and who goes there!'
'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.' 'Then
advance, sir, to the stair!'

"I advanced! — That sentry, Doctor, was
Elijah Ballantyne! —
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had
formed the line! —
'Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Wel-
come by that countersign!'
And he pointed to the scar there, under this
old cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, think-
ing only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a
bright and bloodless glaive;
'That's the way, sir, to headquarters.' 'What
headquarters?' 'Of the brave.'
'But the great Tower?' 'That,' he answered,
'Is the way, sir, of the brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his
uniform of light;
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so
new and bright;
'Ah,' said he, 'you have forgotten the New
Uniform to-night, —
Hurry back, for you must be here at just
twelve o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were
sitting *there*, and I —
Doctor — did you hear a footstep? Hark —
God bless you all! Good by!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my
knapsack, when I die,
To my son — my son that's coming — he
won't get here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he
never did before, —
And to carry that old musket — " Hark! a
knock is at the door! —
"Till the Union — " See! it opens! —
"Father, father! speak once more!"
"*Bless you!*" gasped the old gray sergeant,
and he lay and said no more!

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

[Born at Pomfret, Conn., 1835. Married Wm. U. Moulton, of Boston. Contributor to Harper's, the New York Tribune, &c.]

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it—
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
The roses bloom on the hill,
And beside the brook in the pasture
The herds go feeding at will.

Within, in the wide old kitchen,
The old folk sit in the sun,
That creeps through the sheltering woodbine,
Till the day is almost done.

Their children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone!
And the old wife's ears are failing
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

O, the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eyes' bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine
Till the day was almost done,
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated outward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm!

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road
That leads to the Beautiful City,
Whose "builder and maker is God."

Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of the vanished spring-time
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlasted time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had printed there—

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west,
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's house in the skies.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

[Born at Hartford, Conn., 1833. A resident of New York.]

THE MOUNTAIN.

Two thousand feet in air it stands
Betwixt the bright and shaded lands,
Above the regions it divides
And borders with its furrowed sides.
The seaward valley laughs with light
Till the round sun o'erhangs this height;
But then the shadow of the crest
No more the plains that lengthen west
Enshrouds, yet slowly, surely creeps
Eastward, until the coolness steeps
A darkling league of tilth and wold,
And chills the flocks that seek their fold.

Not like those ancient summits lone,
Mont Blanc, on his eternal throne, —
The city-gemmed Peruvian peak, —
The sunset portals landsmen seek,
Whose train, to reach the Golden Land,
Crawls slow and pathless through the sand, —
Or that, whose ice-lit beacon guides
The mariner on tropic tides,
And flames across the gulf afar,
A torch by day, by night a star, —
Not thus, to cleave the outer skies,
Does my serener mountain rise,
Nor aye forget its gentle birth,
Upon the dewy, pastoral earth.

But ever, in the noonday light,
Are scenes whereof I love the sight, —
Broad pictures of the lower world
Beneath my gladdened eyes unfurled.
Irradiate distances reveal
Fair nature wed to human weal;
The rolling valley made a plain:
Its checkered squares of grass and grain;
The silvery rye, the golden wheat,
The flowery elders where they meet, —
Ay, even the springing corn I see,
And garden haunts of bird and bee;
And where, in daisied meadows, shines
The wandering river through its vines,
Move specks at random, which I know
Are herds a-grazing to and fro.

. . . .

If foiled in what I fain would know,
Again I turn my eyes below
And eastward, past the hither mead
Where all day long the cattle feed;
A crescent gleam my sight allures
And clings about the hazy moors, —
The great, encircling, radiant sea,
Alone in its immensity.

Even there, a queen upon its shore,
I know the city evermore
Her palaces and temples rears,
And woos the nations to her piers;
Yet the proud city seems a mole
To this horizon-bounded whole;
And, from my station on the mount,
The whole is little worth account
Beneath the overhanging sky,
That seems so far and yet so nigh.
Here breathe I inspiration rare,
Unburdened by the grosser air
That hugs the lower land, and feel
Through all my finer senses steal
The life of what that life may be,
Freed from this dull earth's density,
When we, with many a soul-felt thrill,
Shall thrid the ether at our will,
Through winding corridors of morn
And starry archways swiftly borne.

Here, in the process of the night,
The stars themselves a purer light
Give out, than reaches those who gaze
Enshrouded with the valley's haze.
October, entering Heaven's fane,
Assumes her lucent, annual reign;
Then what a dark and dismal clod,
Forsaken by the sons of God,
Seems this sad world, to those who march
Across the high, illumined arch,
And with their brightness draw me forth
To scan the splendors of the North!
I see the Dragon, as he toils
With Ursa in his shining coils,
And mark the Huntsman lift his shield,
Confronting on the ancient field
The Bull, while in a mystic row

The jewels of his girdle glow:
Or, haply, I may ponder long
On that remoter, sparkling throng,
The orient sisterhood, around
Whose chief our Galaxy is wound;
Thus half enwrapt in classic dreams,
And brooding over Learning's gleams,
I leave to gloom the under land,
And from my watch-tower, close at hand,
Like him who led the favored race,
I look on glory face to face!

So, on the mountain-top, alone,
I dwell, as one who holds a throne;
Or prince, or peasant, him I count
My peer, who stands upon a mount,
Sees farther than the tribes below,
And knows the joys they cannot know;
And, though beyond the sound of speech
They reign, my soul goes out to reach,
Far on their noble heights elsewhere,
My brother-monarchs of the air.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[Born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. Died April 15, 1865.]

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG, NOVEMBER, 1863.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

NOTES.

Page 13. The last paragraphs on this page contain the ideas afterwards amplified by Mr. Webster in his version of what Mr. Adams's speech in support of the Declaration might have been.

P. 18. *Catholic* is here used in its original sense of *general* or *universal*. — *Amor patriæ.* Love of country.

P. 20. *Congé.* Leave to depart.

P. 23. *Saxum vetustum.* An ancient rock.

P. 27. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.* He carries every point who mingles the useful with the agreeable.

P. 35. *Granger.* Hon. Gideon Granger, who was postmaster-general under Jefferson and Madison, resided at Suffield, Conn., on the route of the mail coaches to Washington. Suffield was the "imperial city," and it was probably famed for the articles of commerce playfully mentioned by Mr. Ames.

P. 53. *Louis Bourdaloue.* An eminent French preacher (1632–1704). — *Jean Baptiste Massillon.* A brilliant pulpit orator (1663–1742).

P. 59. *Palinurus.* The pilot in Virgil's Æneid.

P. 63. *Nimbus.* A cloud.

P. 76. *Michael Angelo.* Michael Angelo Buonarotti, sculptor, architect, painter, and poet; a man of colossal genius (1474–1563).

P. 81. — *another morn*
Risen on mid noon.

Paradise Lost, Book V. l. 310.

P. 97. *Haroun Alraschid.* A famous caliph in the Thousand and One Nights.

P. 133. *Mme. de Stael.* Daughter of Necker, minister of finance to Louis XVI. Celebrated as a leader in politics and in society (1766–1817). — *Attila.* King of the Huns. Began to reign A. D. 434. See note on p. 598. — *Genghis Khan.* A Tartar conqueror (1160–1227). — *The Justinian Collection.* The Roman law was digested into a code by order of the Emperor Justinian (482–565).

P. 134. *Voltaire.* The assumed name of François Arouet, a wit, poet, and deistical writer (1694–1778). — *Pulchre! bene! optime!* Beautiful! well done! excellent! — *Racine (Jean).* A French tragic poet (1639–1699).

P. 135. *Primus ego in patriam.* I am first in my country. — *Corneille.* See note on p. 363. — *Calderon* (de la Barca). A famous Spanish poet and dramatist (1600–1681).

P. 148. *Claude.* Claude Gelée, of Lorraine, the greatest of landscape painters (1600–1682). — *Salvator.* Salvator Rosa, a great Italian painter (1615–1673). — *Paul Potter.* A Dutch painter of animals (1625–1654).

P. 150. *Dante.* Dante degli Alighieri, the illustrious Italian poet (1265–1321). — *Campanile.* A bell tower. — *Michael Angelo.* See note on p. 76. — *Raphael.* Raffaello Sanzio, of Urbino, a famous painter (1483–1520). — *Titian.* Tiziano Vercelli, a Venetian painter (1477–1576). — *Lucumons.* The appellation of the ancient Etruscan priests and princes.

P. 151. *Ahime!* &c. The lines may be paraphrased thus: "Alas! those eyes are

darkened that saw more than was ever seen in the ancient times, and were themselves a light to future ages. *At evening from the top of Fesolé*, &c. Paradise Lost, Book I. — *Galileo.* The famous mathematician and astronomer (1564–1642).

P. 152. *E pur si muove.* And yet it moves.

P. 176. *Don John of Austria.* Younger brother of Philip II., son of the Emperor Charles V.

P. 186. *Cervantes* (Miguel de). Author of the immortal romance of Don Quixote (*pron.* Kehóty).

P. 188. *Longinus.* A Greek critic and philosopher (213–273). See account of his fate, by Gibbon, in English Literature, Vol. I., art. *Zenobia.*

P. 190. *The Stoics.* A sect of philosophers in Athens, followers of Zeno.

P. 197. *Stuart* (Gilbert Charles), a celebrated American portrait painter (1756–1828).

P. 200. *His look drew audience*, &c. The correct reading is —

his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air.

Paradise Lost, Book II. line 300.

P. 201. *William Penn* (1644–1718).

P. 205. *Roger Williams.* The founder of Rhode Island (1606–1683). — *Pascal.* Blaise Pascal, an eminent philosopher and religious writer, born in Auvergne, France (1623–1662). — *Edwards.* Jonathan Edwards. See Introduction.

P. 231. *Can these things be*, &c. Shakespeare, Macbeth, Act III., Scene 4.

P. 234. "The Problem" contains the noblest lines written in our time. The imagery has a colossal grandeur, and the expression is perfectly commensurate with the thought.

P. 241. *The Hall of Eblis* is the final scene in a supernatural romance of singular power, entitled Vathek, written by William Beckford, an eccentric Englishman.

P. 242. *Jean Paul Richter*, a German philosopher (1763–1825).

P. 252. The *Sclavi*, or Slavonians, were the progenitors of the Russians, the Poles, and other nations of Eastern Europe and Northern Asia.

P. 254. *Tortos Ixionis angues*, &c. The writhing serpents of Ixion and the huge wheel. — *Rhizopod.* One of the lowest forms of animal life.

P. 256. *Faust* is the hero of a poem by the German poet Goethe (Johann Wolfgang von) 1749–1832. The precise sound of the name cannot be represented in English letters; it is something like Gerta (G hard), and something like Gerty. — *Mephistopheles* is the tempting fiend in the story.

P. 257. *General Francis Marion.* An American officer in the revolutionary war (1732–1795).

P. 259. For *Roderick Dhu*, see Scott's Lady of the Lake.

P. 262. *The helmet of Mambrino.* This is an allusion to Don Quixote, who conceived that he must needs provide himself with a helmet that had been worn by a hero of romance, and, meeting a barber who carried his brass basin on his head, he seized it, and insisted that it was the helmet of Mambrino (a personage in Orlando Furioso, Canto I.).

P. 264. *Weedless.* Without clothing.

P. 268. *Jacques Bridaine.* A famous French preacher (1701–1767). The motto is, Eternity is a clock, whose pendulum says, and repeats without cessation, these two words only in the silence of the tombs, Forever! never! Never! forever!

P. 275. *The Mouse Tower.* Hatto II., the fifteenth Archbishop of Mayence, who died about 975, (according to the legend) was devoured by mice in his tower, near Bingen, and the people thought it to be a judgment for his cruelty in having refused to part with provisions when there was a great scarcity.

P. 284. The topography of Athens cannot be elucidated in the brief space of a note. Consult Appleton's Cyclopædia, art. *Athens* (written by Professor Felton).

P. 286. *Socrates.* An Athenian philosopher (B. C. 469–399).

P. 292. *Hafiz.* A Persian poet. Born early in the fourteenth century, died 1391.

P. 293. *Kosmos.* Literally *order*, the universe. — *The Cross* is the constellation visible only in southern latitudes, as the *Bear* is seen circling the pole in the northern heavens.

P. 294. *Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired Milan.* The reference is to the dome of St. Peter's, and to the cathedral of Milan, which is covered with a myriad of pinnacles and over eight thousand statues.

P. 306. *Stuart.* See note for p. 197.

P. 308. *Patois* (patwâh). A local or provincial corruption of language.

P. 314. *Montaigne* (Michael de). A celebrated French essayist (1533–1589). — *Béranger* (Pierre Jean de). The first of French lyric poets (1780–1857).

P. 315. *Sainte-Beuve* (Charles Augustin). Poet and critic (1804–1871). — *Causeries du Lundi* (Monday Chats) is the title of a series of critical papers, originally issued weekly.

P. 317. *Aphrodite.* The Greek name of Venus. — *Pallida Mors.* Pale death. — *Naked Pict.* An allusion to a couplet commonly attributed to Sir Richard Blackmore, containing a fine specimen of a bull: —

> "A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
> Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won."

In a note in Boswell's Life of Johnson [1767 ætat. 60] it is said that the lines were not by Blackmore, but had been altered by some wag from a passage in The British Princes by the Honorable Edward Howard: —

> A vest as admir'd Voltiger had on,
> Which from this Island's foes his grandsire won, &c., &c.

— *Amati.* The name of a family in Cremona, famous, in the seventeenth century, as makers of violins. — *Stradivarius* (Antonio), father and son, makers of violins, also at Cremona.

P. 318. *Maestros.* Masters. — *Virtuoso.* A collector of curiosities. — *Dilettante.* A lover (as of music).

P. 320. *Feræ naturæ.* Of a wild nature.

P. 325. *Purpureos spargam flores.* I will scatter purple blossoms.

P. 326. *Hyacinthus.* A youth beloved by Apollo, killed by accident, or rather changed, after receiving a mortal blow, into the flower that bears his name.

P. 331. Antioch has been recently (1872) almost entirely destroyed by earthquakes.

P. 334. *O, the blood more stirs,* &c. Shakespeare's Henry IV., Part I., Act I., Scene 3. — *Cita mors,* &c. Swift death, and joyful victory. Horace, Sat. I. 1, 8.

P. 337. *Siegfried.* The hero of the Norse tales. He was not a smith, as the author seems to suppose. She is thinking of the smith that forged Siegfried's magic sword.

P. 338. *Fata Morgana.* Castles of the Fairy Morgana, a form of mirage occasionally seen by observers standing on eminences on the Calabrian shore, and looking westward upon the Strait of Messina. It occurs on still mornings, when the sun, rising behind the mountains, strikes down upon the smooth surface at an angle of forty-five degrees. The heat then acts rapidly upon the stagnant air, the strata of which, slowly intermingling, present a series of mirrors which variously reflect the objects upon the surface. Objects upon the Sicilian shore opposite, beneath the dark background of the mountains of Messina, are seen refracted and reflected upon the water in mid channel, presenting enlarged and duplicated images. Gigantic figures of men and horses move over the picture, as similar images in miniature are seen flitting across the white sheet of the camera obscura.

P. 342. *Fountain heads and pathless groves,* &c. From The Nice Valour, by J. Fletcher.

P. 344. Porphyrogene, from Πορφυρογέννητος, "born in the purple:" a title given to the heir of a Byzantine emperor.

P. 350. *Gil Blas.* The hero of a famous novel of Spanish life, written (in French) by

Alain René Le Sage (1668–1747). The English translation is by Smollett. The uncle, Gil Perez, was an ignorant canon, who taught his nephew to read.

P. 359. *Humboldt.* Alexander von Humboldt, traveller, naturalist, and philosopher (1769–1859). — *Walker, the filibuster.* Attempts were made in 1855, and later, by a small party of Americans, under the lead of William Walker, and with the connivance of the United States authorities, to seize upon Nicaragua, and other portions of the Isthmus. He was at last overthrown and executed in Honduras in 1860.

P. 363. *Moliere.* A comic dramatist of France (1622–1673). By the French considered to be a rival of Shakespeare. — *Corneille.* Poet and dramatist. Born at Rouen, 1606, died at Paris, 1684. — *Bossuet.* Perhaps the greatest of French preachers. Born at Dijon, 1627, died at Paris, 1704.

P. 365. *I catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty.* The children of the public schools of Boston sang on the occasion.

P. 366. *Truce of God.* An institution of the middle ages, designed to mitigate the violence of private war by prohibiting engagement in hostilities, at least on the holy days, from Thursday evening to Sunday evening of each week, also during the entire season of Advent and Lent, and on certain festival days. — *Cestus.* A girdle.

P. 374. *Articles of vertu.* Objects of art and taste.

P. 386. *Sir Guyon* is the Knight of Temperance (Faerie Queene, Book II.), and *Florimel* a female character in Book III.

P. 391. *O sanctissima*, &c.

> "O most holy, O most pure,
> Sweet Virgin Mary,
> Mother beloved, undefiled!
> Pray, pray for us."

P. 398. *Cæsar.* The emperor. It will be observed that the name has come to signify an absolute monarch, as in Kaiser and Czar.

P. 404. *Corpo santo.* Holy body. The name given to the strange electrical bodies sometimes seen in the rigging or on the spars of a ship.

P. 407. *Ecce iterum Crispinus.* Lo! here is Crispinus again. Juvenal, 4th Satire.

P. 410. The lines of Moore refer to the death of Sheridan. — *Schiller.* Johann Chr. Friedrich von Schiller, one of the most eminent of German poets and dramatists (1759–1804).

P. 423. *Luca della Robbia.* A sculptor of Florence (1388–1463), the inventor of enamelled terra cotta. — *Certosa.* A monastery of Carthusians (*Chartreuse* in French, *Charterhouse* in English).

P. 430. *Undine.* A water spirit, in the romance of that name by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué. — *Hafiz.* See note on p. 292.

P. 435. *Carrara.* A district in Italy famous for its quarries of fine white marble.

P. 441. *Empayred.* A modern author would use the word "disparaged."

The English language. The first and third lines of each stanza are dactylic hexameters, acatalectic, with spondaic substitutions; the lines that alternate are hexameters and pentameters, all catalectic in *one* syllable. The first line is seen to be symmetrical with the first line of the Æneid: —

Give me of	every	language	first my	vigorous	English.
Arma vi-	rumque ca-	no Tro-	jæ qui	primus ab	oris.

But it would be a very difficult and not over profitable task, in a treatise like this, to give an analysis of all the lines. Most of them are musical and correct, but some are only rough and vigorous, *e. g.*: —

While o'er thy | bastions wit | flashes its | glittering | sword.

Bastions wit does not make a very elastic dactyl.

The spondaic line, —

— — — — — — — — — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑

Now clear, | pure, hard, | bright, and | one by | one, like to | hail stones,

will naturally require a slow and deliberate utterance. Other lines seem to lead to a change of accent, *e. g.* : —

"Iron dug from the North, ductile gold from the South."

In this line the reader inevitably falls into the accent of choriambic metre, and reads it like two choriambic monometers, with a spondee for a basis, thus: —

— — — ⏑ ⏑ —

Iron | dug from the North,
Ductile | gold from the South.

A very simple and sufficient direction to the reader is to think only of the musical lilt, and read boldly. As in skating, the danger of a fall is while halting; when the motion is established, all will go surely and smoothly. It is not possible to analyze the feet with the rapidity of reading, and determine the respective quantities of the syllables; but if the cæsural pause is established as a central point, or pivot, the swing naturally follows.

It is commonly said by writers on prosody that the classic metres cannot be employed in English, because English words do not have "quantity." We venture to assert that they *do* have quantity, and that the knowledge or the intuitive feeling of quantity is what gives the subtile, melodious charm to the verses of certain poets. We should not go further and assert that rules could be constructed, as in Latin and Greek prosody, by which the quantity of every syllable could be ascertained; but the reader whose ear for rhythm has been cultivated will find that English words arrange themselves naturally in long and short syllables, and that an English hexameter is not destitute of force, music, or variety of expression. The measure of *Evangeline* will occur to all as a fine specimen of constructive art. — *Torres Vedras.* A town in Portugal, admirably fortified by Wellington in 1810.

P. 447. *Minerva,* in the classic fable, sprang full grown and armed from the brain of Jupiter.

P. 451. *Arno.* A river that flows by Florence. — *Beatrice.* A lady beloved by Dante. — *Ghibelline.* The people of Italy, in the time of Dante, were divided into two political parties, Guelphs and Ghibellines. The former espoused the cause of the pope, the latter that of the emperor. — *Cumæ.* A city in Italy, near which was the famous cave from which the Sibylline prophecies were uttered.

P. 472. *Helper of mortals, hear.* Εἰς Ἄρεα. This is commonly put seventh in the Homeric hymns. Hermann, however, after Ruhnken, prints it among the Orphic hymns, and it is probably not Homeric.

P. 473. *Happy then are they,* &c. Εἰς τὴν μητέρα πάντων. Hymn 20 in Didot collection, 5–19 verses. — *I will sing a new song,* &c. Psalm cxliv. 9–15.

P. 474. *Then the earth shook,* &c. Psalm xviii. 7–16. — *Then he sat on high,* &c. Iliad xiii. 15–31.

P. 475. *Like leaves on trees,* &c. Iliad vi. 146–149. — *As for man,* &c. Psalm ciii. 15–18.

P. 487. *Dele.* Omit.

P. 516. *Claude.* See note on p. 148. — *Turner* (Joseph M. W.). An eminent English landscape painter (1775–1851).

P. 520. *Pindar.* A great lyric poet (B. C. about 522–442). — *Epaminondas.* A famous Theban general. Died B. C. 362.

P. 521. *O fons Bandusiæ,* &c. O fountain of Bandusia, more glittering than crystal. Horace, Ode III. 13.

P. 522. *Adsum.* The date is for the death of Thackeray. In The Newcomes, by this

author, a gentleman reduced to poverty (Colonel Newcome) is obliged to seek a shelter in his old age in a charitable institution, where the daily roll-call was answered by *Adsum*, meaning "present," or "I am here." On his death bed the veteran, before closing his eyes forever, answers, as if to a summons from the other world, "Adsum." — For notes on Dante, Cervantes, &c., see previous pages.

P. 528. *Exogenesis.* Growth upon the outside.

P. 541. *Parvenu.* A person of low origin. The epithet is applied generally to those of vulgar manners.

P. 547. The reader will find that these exquisite poems require the closest attention, and that they amply repay it.

P. 549. *Nom de plume.* An author's assumed name.

P. 555. *Arachne.* A Greek damsel, skilled in weaving and embroidery, who, having affronted Athene by a challenge, was changed to a spider.

P. 563, *et seq.* *Old-wife* is a common name often given to the long-tailed duck, one of the wild sea ducks of New England in the winter. The old-wives are so called on account of their noisy and peculiar call-notes, resembling a loud, excited conversation. Their plumage has in it much white. — The *kittiwake* is a small variety of gull, found on our coast in the winter. — The *guillemot* is a kind of sea-fowl, web-footed, with short wings, not good at flying, but expert in swimming and diving. It is an arctic bird. — The *burgomaster* is our largest gull, a great destroyer of the eggs and young of the sea-fowl, and a robber of other birds. — *Coot* is a name given very improperly to our larger sea ducks, such as the eider, the king-duck, velvet-duck, &c. — The *merganser* is a sea-fowl, duck-like, but it has a serrated, narrow bill instead of the usual bill of a duck. — The *water-witch* is our little grebe, a sea bird with curious lobed feet, but a thorough water-bird, diving with great celerity, and almost impossible to shoot. — The *loon* is also a lobe-footed bird, and an expert diver. — The *auk* is an arctic bird of the nature of the penguin, with wings so small it can scarcely fly at all. The auks take the place of penguins in the northern hemisphere.

P. 579. *A slangy repertoire.* A stock of low phrases.

P. 587. *Caramba.* An exclamation of impatience, anger, or regret, according to the tone. — *Tapidaros.* Covered stirrups. — *Senorita.* A young Spanish lady. — *Catenas.* Reins. — *Canon.* A deep gorge or ravine. — *Chaparral.* A dense thicket. — *Serape.* A horseman's cloak or blanket.

Pp. 598, 599. Attila was the king of the Huns, and for many years, in the first half of the fifth century, was the terror both of Constantinople and Rome. Not long after the death of Alaric, he invaded the Roman empire at the head of half a million of barbarians, and with fire and sword laid waste many of its most fertile provinces. Into the bold sketch of Alaric, which is given in this dirge, the poet, in the license of his art, has thrown some of the distinguishing features of Attila. It may be well to advise the youthful reader that, as a matter of sober history, it was Attila, and not Alaric, who used to say that the grass never grew where his horse had trod; and that it was not Alaric, but Attila, who was called the Scourge of God. With this appellation the king of the Huns was so well pleased that he adopted it as one of his titles of honor. — *Note by J. Pierpont, in American First Class Book.*

P. 611. That this poem should have been attributed to Milton himself is not so strange when we consider that it is a paraphrase of a passage in Milton's "Second Defence of the People of England." The thoughts *are* Milton's; the form in which they are expressed, though beautiful in parts, and creditable to the authoress, is not at all Miltonian.

P. 613. This striking poem is taken from a volume published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. The author died about the year 1865. He resided at one time in Cambridge, Mass., and before that in New Albany, Ind. The editor has not been able to learn anything further of him. — *Grapevine.* The term in camp for a false report (as by the telegraph).

P. 617. Although Abraham Lincoln was not an author in the usual sense of the word, he had the good fortune to deliver one short address, which will not suffer by comparison

with any passage of similar length either in English or in any other modern tongue. The simplicity of the language is in harmony with the moral sublimity of the ideas. We seem, as we read, to be contemplating the SOUL of the man rising before us serene and unconscious as a mountain. The French philosopher, Vauvenargues, said that "GREAT THOUGHTS COME FROM THE HEART." Applying the apophthegm to this immortal address of Lincoln's, we see that the spontaneous sentiments and conceptions of a great and noble nature, especially those occurring at the scene of some great event, are more vital and powerful than any result of the voluntary intellectual processes. There was not a scholar living who could have added any point, dignity, or grandeur to these sentences.

40

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WHAT TO READ.

[From a Familiar Letter to —— ——, ætat. 16.]

"I HAVE seen many courses of reading laid down for young people, but I never knew one to be followed. The growing tastes and wants of each student soon lead him away from any predetermined plan, and the literary adviser must be satisfied with giving a few general hints. After the Bible and Shakespeare, I hold that the most generally useful and entertaining books (and no book is faithfully read that is not entertaining) are Plutarch's Lives, Boswell's Life of Johnson, the Waverley Novels, Montaigne's Essays, Pepys's Diary, and Don Quixote. If the mature reader has a turn for philosophy, he will add the Dialogues of Plato, the works of Herbert Spencer and J. Stuart Mill, and Porter on the Human Intellect. If more fiction be desired, as will be quite likely, he can draw upon Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, — adding Gil Blas, Hawthorne, Cooper, Goethe, La Motte Fouqué, and Andersen. One of the chief uses of fiction is for recreation after the study of more weighty books.

At some time during youth should be read Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, Freeman, Grote, Niebuhr or Mommsen, Hallam, Motley, Prescott, Bancroft or Hildreth — not forgetting Burke, nor Carlyle, probably the most prejudiced, but certainly the most picturesque and powerful of them all. The claims of science must not be overlooked. No person can be considered well-read who has not some acquaintance with the works of such writers as Lyell, Hugh Miller, Tyndall, Huxley, Humboldt, and Darwin. In poetry there is room for a wide diversity of taste; but all critics agree in the pre-eminence of these authors: Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Goldsmith, Burns, Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Tennyson, Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell. Read the Brownings also, if you like them, and William Morris, if you have time. I would read Homer in Bryant's

translation, Dante in the version of Longfellow or Parsons, and Faust as rendered by Taylor or Brooks. Cranch's Virgil is also highly commended. To supplement your knowledge of history and geography you will need to read travels occasionally; among them those of the Abbe Huc, Captain Burton, Bayard Taylor, Eliot Warburton, Kinglake, Dr. Kane, J. L. Stephens, Layard, Livingstone, and G. W. Curtis. Criticism is best read late in your course, when you have acquired some general knowledge and the power of independent thought. The first of all modern critics is Carlyle, and, next to him, Macaulay. Channing, Taine, and Ruskin are each admirable in diverse ways. Examples of the Essay — a form of composition which has been adopted by many of the finest writers — may be found in the works of Addison, Steele, Lamb, De Quincey, Leigh Hunt, Emerson, Irving, Holmes, and Lowell. You will become acquainted with many other writers in this fascinating department when once you begin to read. Biography should be regarded as a branch of history, and, in many respects, the most instructive part of it. There is not space to give even a tolerable list of the best biographies, and you must consult the library catalogues.

It is a good plan, if you have the time, to have two books on hand at once, so that every day you may read history or popular science, and refresh yourself afterwards with travels, fiction, poetry, or amusing essays. The order of reading is not very important. It is only important *to begin*, and to pursue what you have chosen until it becomes a pleasure and a daily necessity. Thirty pages a day will in a year amount to twenty ordinary volumes.

I have not mentioned any works for your religious instruction, because I prefer to leave that subject to the care and direction of your parents.

I wish to add that the most pure and idiomatic English ever written is to be found in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, and Franklin's Autobiography.

You will need to have always at hand an unabridged dictionary, — Worcester's or Webster's — and a large atlas. If you write or speak you will find Soule and Wheeler's Manual of English Pronunciation and Spelling indispensable; and you can hardly do without Wheeler's Dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction. For practice in elocution you will find the lessons in Professor Munroe's Vocal Culture of great service. For reference, an Encyclopædia is very essential."

Your friend faithfully.

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" " O. Goldsmith-
[illegible]

Ella are you going out horse-back
riding in the morning?
I went last Saturday at 10 o'clock
on the track I was out this morning
trying a new horse

Ella Ella
Ella Ella

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